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I.

ANY one who has for a time sojourned in a provincial town in Italy—in one of those towns so far more interesting in point of artistic treasures, architectural monuments, historic memories, picturesque local characteristics, as well as strong municipal feelings and traditions, than any but a very few even of our county capitals—will remember well the peculiar air of peace, silence, evangelical poverty, and ascetic piety which hangs over the little Franciscan convent and its plain but devout church, which are probably to be found just outside the gate, with a slight ascent leading to them, and a small “bosco,” or half grove, half garden, in which they seem to nestle. If it be at that time in the afternoon when the summer sun is sinking low enough to tempt the people from the comparatively cool shade of their houses, an hour and a half or so before the *Ave Maria* is to sound, peasant women and children, or a few of the clergy or ecclesiastical students, a devout lady or two, and an occasional pious shopkeeper, may climb the little steep to say a few prayers before the *Santissimo* or the time-honoured picture of our Lady which is there venerated, and there may be a few suppliants paying their devotions at the Stations of the *Via Crucis* which fringe the upward path—rude mural paintings, perhaps, with a fence of light wire in front, in which the children have stuck their flowers time out of mind. If it be the month of May, or in the octave of some great festival, there may perhaps be Benediction for the people, and at certain times the confessors will be at work, with a little group of people kneeling on the floor around each box, awaiting their turn. Earlier in the afternoon, the visitor may perhaps have strolled in in time to hear the little choir behind the high altar resonant with strong masculine notes, as the frati have been reciting a portion of the Divine Office; and when the time for Benediction has come,

the candles, in wooden candlesticks, will have been lit up, not too many in number, the blue and white veil will have been drawn down in front of the picture of our Lady over the altar, and the *Kyrie eleison*, with the rest of the Litany of Loreto, will have been followed by the *Tantum ergo*, to those plain simple strains to which they are invariably wedded in the Italian churches. But whatever may have been going on in the church, and whether the visitor has had it nearly to himself, with only the occasional break of the momentary appearance of some brown-robed sacristan to deck and prepare the altar, or whether he has found his own quiet prayer in the church suddenly joined by the influx of a crowd of worshippers for some short popular service; ending with the *Evviva Maria e Chi la credè*—in either case he cannot fail to carry away with him the feeling of deep calm, heavenly peace, repose, and separation from the noisy troublesome world, without leaving it altogether out of sight, which seems a peculiarly Franciscan influence. There is more absolute seclusion, a greater distance from temporal things and the giddy stir of ordinary life, in a Chartreuse or a Camaldoli; the Franciscan sanctuaries seem to breathe the spirit of Nazareth—poverty, rustic simplicity, humility, prayer, silence, and, at the same time, charity and quiet activity.

The imaginary visitor of whom we have been speaking may not be able in after years to recall without an effort the impressions of some quiet half-hour spent in a Franciscan church, with its simple wooden choir, its clean though poorly clad altars, its artless and simple decorations, and the air of tranquil happy mysticism and solid devotion in which everything it contains seems to float. For all we know, the progress of Italian Liberalism and its diabolical propaganda, which have already done so much to poison the fine peasantry of the Peninsula, may have already wrought much havoc among the quiet seats of devotion of which we speak—but, at all events, the stranger from a northern land like ours will find little even in the most Catholic atmosphere around him to remind him of St. Francis and his children. Even if he has had the great privilege of rambling with more leisure than is usually allowed to a traveller through the Umbrian shrines, if he has knelt in the solemn sanctuary of the Sagro Convento, with the frescoes of Giotto over his head, looked on the bed of St. Francis in the romantic solitude of the Carceri, if he has heard the frati of Sta.

Maria degli Angeli chant the *Salve Regina* before the little chapel which still stands under the dome of that large and stately church, or seen the first conventual home of the order at Rivo Torto—he will still frequently want something to keep these fragrant memories fresh and green, as they might be made by a half-hour's stroll in the valley of Spoleto, where he might gaze on the beauties of Assisi as it lies along the side of the Apennine, its old feudal castle rising above it, and the Sacred Convent which guards the bones of the *glorioso poverello di Cristo* as its northern bulwark, and the fine church of Sta. Chiara, containing the tomb of that cherished daughter of St. Francis, near its southern gate—from which gate, as we trust, no Garibaldian impiety or Piedmontese enlightenment has as yet removed the inscription which records the blessing with which the saint, when near his end, made it a holy city in the eyes of all true Christians—

BENEDICTA TU CIVITAS A DOMINO,
QUIA PER TE MULTÆ ANIMÆ SALVABUNTUR,
ET IN TE MULTI SERVI ALTISSIMI HABITABUNT,
ET DE TE MULTI ELIGENTUR AD REGNUM ÆTERNUM.

To such a one we can suggest nothing better as a revival of the sweet and peaceful influence of Franciscan shrines, or of the churches which seem to inherit the very air of Assisi or the Carceri, than to take down from the shelf where his relics of Italian travel repose the little well-thumbed volume, the name of which we have prefixed to this paper, which he may have picked up perhaps at a bookstall in Florence or in the streets of Perugia or Foligno. It need not be an old book, for happily it has ever been and still is so popular as to be constantly republished in many parts of Italy. The copy which lies before us, which was found without difficulty in London, is thus described on the title—" *Fioretti di San Francesco* (testo di lingua). Edizione tratta di quella di Firenze dell'anno 1718, con aggiunte tratte del Codice Fiorentino. Venezia, 1853."

II.

The *Fioretti* form one of those books of which the existence seems natural, almost necessary, and independent of any individual authorship. There are old contemporary lives of St. Francis himself; but this is not a life of St. Francis, although he is the principal figure in it—a figure, moreover, as distinct and defined in character as it is possible for us

to ask. Were there nothing left to us about St. Francis except the *Fioretti*, we should know little of much of his history, especially of the earlier part of his life, but we should know the man perfectly. He looks out of every page at us, bright, gentle, humble, mortified, crucified, and overflowing with love and joy, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, as needy, yet enriching many, as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." It is the Apostles' character as drawn by the most eloquent of themselves, coloured by the ineffable warmth, grace, gaiety, and picturesque beauty which belong to the Italian character and the sunny richness of the Umbrian valleys. But it is not St. Francis alone who looks out from these pages at us. He is the father of many children, who reflect his sweet humility and tender piety without losing their individual features, and the whole characteristic history of the order is in a way foreshadowed in these simple narratives. A book like this has many authors: it may be said to have the spirit of the whole Franciscan race as its author. In fact, no single author can be assigned to it, and it is probably a compilation from many floating sources—but a compilation made by a master hand. There seems to have been a form of the book, earlier than that in which we now possess it. Marco di Lisbona, the first "chronicler" of the order, quotes certain "*Fioretti*" composed by a certain Frate Ugolino del Monte di Santa Maria; but the extracts which he gives from this old author, who was almost, if not quite, contemporary with St. Francis, seem to show that he was more diffuse and long than the writer of the present *Fioretti*. There can be no doubt that the later author has used the work of the former, and we thus have an evidence of his skill and self-denial in making the accounts concise rather than expanding them. From two places (chs. xli. and xlvi.) it would appear that the author lived in the middle of the thirteenth century, and another indication (ch. liii.) of the same kind would place him nearly a century later—and we must account for the apparent discrepancy by the supposition that he has compiled from different sources and left the language as he found it. The best authorities fix the date of the work in the middle of the fourteenth century, when the beautiful Tuscan tongue was in its golden prime, and this fact has won for the book, on which the Academicians "*della Crusca*" have set the stamp of "*testo di lingua*," a place among the classics of the Italian language on that score also. It is, indeed, as far

as a foreigner can judge, written in a most genuine and picturesque vernacular tongue, which we may perhaps best compare to the English of Sir Thomas More, save that the latter has far more of the flavour of learning and literary culture, while the Italian of the *Fioretti* is the language of the common people, homely, simple, and full of native poetry. It is the prose which Boccaccio and Passavanti, a little later, wrote in perfection—one of them, unfortunately, in the service of a licentiousness which contrasts very strongly with the pure Christian morality which distinguishes the *Fioretti*.

It is time to say a few words about the contents of the work of which we are speaking. The *Fioretti* are a collection of anecdotes, sayings, miracles, and "examples" of St. Francis, his early companions and others of the first few generations of his order. They do not profess, as we have said, to be anything like a complete history. There is no great need for indulging in speculation as to their origin; they must have been the natural growth of the interest felt among the religious children of the great saint of Assisi in all that belonged to him, and they remind us of the simple "pious stories" which are habitually related, by one after another in turn, among the members of religious communities at their simple recreations. No doubt the fondness of the Italians, even of the Italian peasantry, for tales and legends, a fondness which still makes the professed *conteur* so popular among them, has had something to do with their origin as with their propagation and the continual favour which they have always enjoyed; but they bear on their face the stamp of the religious home, though of a religious home extremely simple and humble, open to the visits of the seculars around it, influencing them by its contact, bound to them and knit up with them, as is the case in all Catholic countries, with the widespread mendicant order of which St. Francis is the glorious father in God. The *Fioretti*, properly so called, consist of fifty-three chapters. They open with an enumeration of certain points in which the glorious "Messer St. Francis" was conformed to the pattern of our Lord Jesus Christ—in that our Lord had taught the twelve Apostles at the beginning of His preaching to despise all worldly things and follow him in poverty and in the other virtues, and so St. Francis had chosen at the beginning of his order twelve companions professors of the deepest poverty; in that one of the Apostles, and one of the twelve companions, had become apostate and suicide; and in

the great virtues and heavenly favours with which others of each band of disciples had been endowed. This idea of the conformity of St. Francis to our Lord's example is very familiar to Franciscan writers, and, as might be expected, is often illustrated by them, among other things, by the mysterious privilege of the stigmata bestowed upon the saint. It is worked out with immense elaboration in a rare old book, called the *Liber Conformitatis* of Bartholomew of Pisa—a book which we have seen accused of extravagance, but which contains a great deal written in exactly the same spirit with the *Fioretti*, and which deserves to be carefully studied by any one who desires to glean the fullest possible store of traditionary details about St. Francis. Even to us, at this distance of time, with a score of great saints between us and St. Francis, who have, like him, stamped their character upon orders which bear their name, whose office it is to repeat throughout all time that peculiar note out of the perfect harmony of the perfections of the great Teacher and Example of all saints which it has been their lot to bring out and re-echo with the greatest force—even to us, with St. Dominic and St. Francis of Paula and St. Ignatius and St. Philip Neri and St. Vincent of Paul and St. Francis of Sales and St. Francis Caracciolo and St. Teresa and St. Alphonsus, and so many more standing in the nearer foreground of history, there is still something about St. Francis in his imitation of the public life of our Lord which, in its full intensity, seems an incommunicable grace reserved to him. This resemblance is the key-note to the whole beautiful world of tradition and legend which is preserved in the *Fioretti*, and which distinguishes them from other strains of similar divine music, such as the old *Vitæ Patrum* or the *Dialogues* of St. Gregory.

It is not easy to arrange in any well-defined classes the chapters which follow this short introduction. They do not follow the chronological order in the life of St. Francis, though there is so much order as is involved in the fact that they begin with the account of the conversion of Frate Bernardo di Quintavalle, the first disciple of the saint, and end with stories of frati who lived after the death of the latter. The arrangement, such as it is, seems to depend rather upon the frati who, next to St. Francis himself, are the principle figures. Thus Bernardo is the second person concerned in chapters ii.—vi., and this last tells us how he was blessed by St. Francis, as Ephraim was blessed by the patriarch Jacob, on the death-bed of the saint.

The Manasses, so to speak, of the scene, is the famous Frate Elia di Cortona, who is the dark figure in the history of St. Francis. He already appears as proud and angry in one of these early chapters about Bernardo, and later on in the book (ch. xxxviii.) we have an account of the foreknowledge of St. Francis of the sad errors of his later career. Two others of the earliest frati, Leone and Masseo, are coupled with St. Francis in a few chapters almost immediately following those in which Bernardo figures (viii.—xiii.); Frate Leone occurs in another later on (xxxvi.), and Frate Masseo in another (xxxii.). St. Clare follows, but the chapters relating to her are somewhat scattered (xv., xvi., xxxiii., xxxv.); there are two (xxxix., xl.) about St. Antony of Padua, the latter chapter being that which relates how he preached to the fishes at Rimini, when the heretics would not listen to him; Frate Ruffino has two (xxix., xxx.), Frate Currado, with others, three (xlii., xliii., xliv.), and Frate Giovanni delle Vernia, five (xlix.—liii.). The rest of the chapters relate to frati who are not specially named, or to famous anecdotes and miracles in which St. Francis is almost the only figure. More than one relate to his peculiar love for and power over the lower order of God's creation, and among these the famous story of the wolf of Gubbio occurs (ch. xxi.). The best known of another kind are perhaps the account of the *Capitolo* of five thousand frati, called the chapter *di stuoje*, the conversion of the Soldan of Babylonia, and the healing of the leper, body and soul (chs. xviii., xxiv., xxv.) There is a long vision of the next world in another chapter (xxvi.).

These chapters, which constitute the first and the best known part of the *Fioretti*, are succeeded by what is in truth a work by itself relating to the stigmata of St. Francis. It is divided into five "Considerations." The first of these tells us how St. Francis, with three of his companions, went up to Monte Alvernia to spend what is called the *quarcesima* of St. Michael—a sort of Lent before the feast of September 29th; the second and third carry on the story to the reception of the stigmata, and the fourth gives a sort of narrative of the rest of the life of St. Francis, with proofs of the reality of the stigmata, while the fifth relates certain visions and revelations by which the truth of the miracle was afterwards confirmed. Then follow twelve chapters, some very short, containing the life of that most amusing and characteristic person, Frate Ginepro, and these again are followed by a short life of Frate Egidio, another of the companions of

St. Francis. The whole work concludes with eighteen short chapters, containing the "doctrine and remarkable sayings" of this same Frate Egidio, on moral and religious subjects.

III.

It is not easy to make our choice from so rich a garden, for the purpose of giving our readers some adequate idea of the beauty and native freshness of its flowers. Perhaps we may begin with that which is certainly in a peculiar manner characteristic of St. Francis, the view which is given in the *Fioretti* of the position of the lower creation in God's great home and kingdom, and its relation to man when restored by the recovery of perfect innocence to the condition which he occupied in Paradise, or rather, when placed by singular Christian grace in a position far superior to that originally assigned to him. It is, we conceive, impossible to meditate deeply upon the glorious thought expressed by St. Paul in the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans—not to speak of other places of Holy Scripture, in which the future peace of the whole creation of God is spoken of—without being led to the idea that the almost impenetrable distance which separates man from the lower animals, and the hostility which seems naturally to exist between them, are not parts of the original plan of the universe, and that as they are to be done away with finally in the restoration of all things, so they may be partially annihilated in particular cases for some special purpose in the designs of God, and to mark the peculiar privileges of his most favoured servants. "For the expectation of the creature waiteth for the revelation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him that made it subject, in hope, because the creature also itself shall be delivered from the servitude of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. For we know that every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain, even till now."* These thoughts, and others which are familiar to the careful student of St. Paul's Epistles, about the summing up of everything in Christ, Who is the firstborn of the whole creation, and the like, are perfectly in harmony with the view which meets us in the famous poems of St. Francis of the universal link of brotherhood between the children of God in various grades of being, and from this it is but a slight step to the breaking down of barriers raised up between

* Rom. viii. 19—22.

them by the Fall. We cannot speak of this view as entirely belonging to St. Francis, for it meets us continually in the lives of the older saints, and is, indeed, involved in the doctrine of the new creation of grace through Jesus Christ. But it fell in naturally with the simple, joyous, and tender character of St. Francis, and it made one of the features in the stories concerning him which fastened themselves easily in the minds of a people whose home was placed where nature in all its aspects is so bright and beautiful, without being tame or wanting in grandeur.

We must give one or two extracts. The first "sermon" of St. Francis to the birds is connected in the *Fioretti* with two important steps in the advance of the order. He had doubted whether it were better for him and his frati to attend to prayer and the study of their own perfection exclusively, or to go forth and preach to the world, and he had deputed Frate Masseo, one of his earliest companions, to go and ask first St. Clare and her nuns, and then Frate Silvestro, in whom he had great confidence, to ask light from heaven on the subject, and then to bring him their answers. The answers bade him without doubt go forth and preach, and he made his beginning at Saverniano, where the people of all classes and conditions were so moved by his preaching that they came to put themselves in his hands, and it was for them that he first imagined the rule of the famous "Third Order." Before his preaching, St. Francis had commanded the birds—*rondine*, which we suppose must be translated swallows—to cease their chirping while he was speaking to the people, and the birds had obeyed. After he left the place, he found, between Cannajo and Bevagna—all these places are in the valley of Spoleto—a large number of birds on some trees along the road, and he bade his companions wait for him while he went to preach to his sisters the birds.

The substance of the sermon of St. Francis was this—

My sisters the birds, you are much indebted to God your Creator, and always and in every place you ought to praise Him, since He hath given you liberty to fly everywhere, and hath besides given you clothing, yes, two-fold and three-fold. Also, because He preserved you in the ark of Noe, in order that your race might not come to nought. Again, you are bound to Him for the air, which is the element which He hath assigned to you. Besides all this, you do not sow nor reap, and God feedeth you, and giveth you the rivers and springs for your drink, the mountains and the valleys for your shelter, and the lofty trees to make your nests in. And since you know not how to spin or to sew, God

clotheth you, you and your children, and thus it is much that your Creator loveth you, since He giveth to you so many good gifts. And, therefore, take heed, my sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and make it your study ever to praise God.*

The birds, we are told, listened with attention, and showed their great delight,

And St. Francis rejoiced with them, and was delighted and marvelled much at all that multitude of birds, at their beautiful varieties, at their great attention and tameness, and for this he devoutly praised in them the Creator of all. And at last, when his preaching to them was over, St. Francis made over them the sign of the Cross and gave them leave to depart. Then all those birds first flew up into the air with wonderful singings, and then, according to the Cross which St. Francis had made, they divided into four parts—one towards the east, another towards the west, another towards the south, and the fourth towards the north, and each flight of them went away singing in that wondrous manner, signifying by this that, as St. Francis, the standard-bearer of the Cross of Christ, had preached to them and made over them the sign of the Cross, according to which they divided themselves into the four quarters of the world, so also the preaching of the Cross of Christ revived by St. Francis was to be by him and by his frati carried throughout the whole world, which same frati, like the birds, possessing nothing of their own in this world, were to commit themselves to the providence of God alone.

There is thus a symbolical meaning attributed to this anecdote by this early writer, which may remind those versed in Patristic commentaries on the Gospels of the interpretations that have been given of the wonderful draught of "great fishes, one hundred and fifty and three," mentioned in the last chapter of St. John, just before the solemn charge delivered to St. Peter to feed the lambs and the sheep of his Master. There is a great family likeness between this sermon of St. Francis to the birds and the other famous sermon of St. Antony to the fishes at Rimini, and on this last occasion it is distinctly supposed that the miracle was wrought to confound the heretics, who would not listen to the preaching of the saint—

St. Antony being at one time at Rimini, where there was a great multitude of heretics, he desired to bring them back to the light of true faith and to the path of virtue. And for many days he preached to them and disputed concerning the faith of Christ and the Holy Scriptures, but they not only did not yield to his holy reasonings, but, hardened and obstinate as they were, were not even willing to hear him. One day, then, St. Antony, by divine inspiration, went to the bank of the river near to the sea, and standing there between the river and the sea, he

* *Fioretti*, ch. xvi.

began to speak as by way of sermon to the fishes on the part of God—"Hear the word of God, ye fishes of the sea and of the river, since the unbelieving heretics refuse to hear it." And when he had said thus there came of a sudden to him at the bank so great a multitude of fishes of all sizes—great, small, and between the two—that never in that sea or in that river had there been so great a number.

They all placed themselves in order, according to the story, "with greatest peace and gentleness and order," and then St. Antony began his sermon—

My brethren the fish, you are much bound, according to your power, to thank our Creator, Who has given to you so noble an element for your dwelling, so that, as it pleases you, you have either sweet waters or salt; and He hath given you many shelters to avoid the storm, and a clear and transparent home, and food on which you can live. God your Creator, so kindly and good, gave you, when He created you, commandment to increase and multiply, and gave you also His blessing, and so, when the general deluge came, and all the other living things died, you alone did God keep alive without hurt or loss. He hath also given you fins, so that you can move wherever you will. To you it was granted, by the command of God, to save Jonas the prophet, and after three days to cast him up on the land safe and sound. You, too, offered the tribute money to Jesus our Saviour, which He, poor as He was, had not wherewithal to pay. You were the food of Jesus Christ, the Eternal King, both before and after His resurrection, by a singular mystery. For all which things you are much bound to praise and bless God, Who hath given to you so many and so great benefits more than to the other creatures.

The fishes, as the birds in the case of St. Francis, show their attention and delight at the sermon, and then St. Antony—

Seeing so great reverence on the part of fishes towards God their Creator, rejoiced in spirit, and with loud voice said—"Blessed be God Everlasting, because the fishes of the water honour Him more than heretical men, and the creatures without reason hear the Word better than men who do not believe." And the more he preached so much the more did the crowd of fishes increase, and none moved from his place. And the people of the city began to run to see the miracle, and even the heretics aforementioned were carried along with them, and, seeing so plain and wonderful a miracle, were filled with compunction, and threw themselves at St. Antony's feet to hear his preaching.

The story naturally ends in their conversion, and then St. Antony dismisses the fishes much as St. Francis dismissed the birds. The reader of the life of St. Francis will remember several other occasions in which his familiar love for and power over the birds was shown, as when he bade them cease their chirping at the Carceri, that he might not be disturbed in

his prayer, or elsewhere, that he and his companions might recite the Divine Office in peace. But by far the most striking story of the kind is that to which we have already alluded in passing—the taming of the wolf who infested the town of Gubbio. This has been so lately put before the public in Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of St. Francis* that we must forbear from introducing it here.

With regard to all these stories it may be very easy to smile or to sneer at the simplicity which believes them as they are told. We are not now concerned to enter further into the question, but to our mind simple incredulity is more worthy of pity than simple credulity as to such matters. No one, we suppose, has ever claimed as much as the very highest historical authority for the statements in the *Fioretti*, though it is probable that, in many cases where such evidence could be had, they rest upon the testimony of eye-witnesses. But the book is obviously legendary in its character—legendary in a good and Christian sense, and the old argument returns to our lips as to the general credibility of such anecdotes as those of which we have been speaking, that it is impossible to deny their truthfulness on *à priori* grounds without using arguments which would destroy many of the Scripture miracles which are still, we are happy to say, commonly believed among Englishmen—grounds which would, moreover, leave but an uncertain foundation for the rest. But when the question of general possibility has been once set aside, as one of which we are in truth not adequate judges, the details of each particular story must rest upon the authority of the individual witnesses from whom it proceeds. We have already said that there is the strongest ground for considering that the present state of the brute creation, and, in particular, its relation to man, who was created to be its lord and head, is a consequence of the Fall. And the restoration of a nobler, more peaceful, and more intelligent relation between the two is not only to be anticipated beforehand in the case of those most like to our Lord, but is actually foreshadowed in more than one incident of sacred history.

But it is hardly in the temper of the *Fioretti* to indulge in such speculations as these. Our next extract shall be one which has nothing to do with miracles, except the miracles of grace. It is probably familiar to many of our readers, but as there is no English translation, as far as we are aware, of the *Fioretti*—we trust we may soon have one—it will bear putting forth here in as fair a rendering as we can give.

One day St. Francis was coming from Perugia to Sta. Maria degli Angeli with Frate Leone in time of winter, and the extreme cold gave him great pain. So he called Frate Leone, who was walking in front of him, and said to him—"Frate Leone, if the Friars Minor were to give in all lands great example of holiness and good edification, nevertheless write down and note diligently that in this there is not perfect joy." Then St. Francis went on a little further and called him the second time—"O Frate Leone, even if a Friar Minor give sight to the blind and make the crooked straight, though he cast out devils, make the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, the dumb to speak, and, what is far more, though he raise from the grave the dead of four days, yet write that in this there is not perfect joy." And then he went on a little, and cried aloud—"O Frate Leone, if the Friar Minor knew all tongues and all sciences, and all the Sacred Scriptures, so that he could prophesy and reveal, not only future things, but also the hidden things of the conscience and the soul, yet write that in this there is not perfect joy." And so he passed on a little further, and then St. Francis called out again loudly—"O Frate Leone, little lamb of God, even if the Friar Minor speak with the tongues of angels, and know the courses of the stars and the virtue of all herbs, and had revealed to him all the treasures of the earth, and knew the power of the birds and the fishes and all animals, and of men and of trees and of stones and of roots and of waters, write that in this there is not perfect joy." And going on still a further space, St. Francis cried aloud—"O Frate Leone, though the Friar Minor knew how to preach so well as to convert all the infidels to the faith of Christ, yet write that in this there is not perfect joy." And so he went on in this way of speech for two miles, and then Frate Leone, wondering much at it, asked him and said—"Padre, I beg of you on the part of God that you will tell me where is perfect joy." And St. Francis answered him—"When we shall come to Sta. Maria degli Angeli, wet though we are with the rain and frozen up with the cold, and all covered with mud and worn out with hunger; and when we knock at the door of the convent, and the porter shall come in a rage and shall say, 'Who are you?' and we shall say, 'We are two of your frati,' and he shall say, 'What you say is not true; you are two rascals, going about and cheating the world and stealing the alms of the poor, away with you!' and shall not open to us, and make us stand outside in the snow and rain, in cold and hunger, all day till nightfall—then, if we shall bear all this injury and cruelty and all these reproofs patiently, without being troubled at them and without complaining of him, and shall think humbly and charitably that that porter knows us of a truth, and that God makes him speak so against us, then, Frate Leone, write that in this there is perfect joy. And if we go on knocking, and he come out in a passion, and drive us away like importunate idlers with reproaches and cuffs, saying, 'Get away from here, you vile thieves; go to the Ospedale, for here you shall get nothing to eat and no lodging,' and if we bear this also patiently and joyously and with love, then, Frate Leone, write that here is perfect joy. And if, constrained by our hunger and the cold and the night, we knock again and call him, and pray him, for the love of God and with many tears, to open to us and at least to let us inside; and he, still more enraged, shall say, 'These are shameless scoundrels; I'll pay them off as they deserve,' and shall come

out with a knotted stick, and take us by our habits and throw us on the ground, and roll us in the snow and beat us with every knot in his stick—if we bear patiently and with joy all these things, thinking on the sufferings of our Blessed Lord Christ, which we ought to endure for love of Him, then, Frate Leone, write that in this is perfect joy. And so hear the conclusion, Frate Leone. Above all the graces and gifts of the Holy Spirit which Christ giveth to His friends is the gift of conquering oneself, and of willingly suffering pain and injuries and reproaches and discomforts for the love of Christ; because in all the other gifts of God we cannot glory, for they are not our own, but of God, and hence the Apostle saith, 'What hast thou which thou hast not received from God? and if thou hast received it of Him, why dost thou boast of it as if it were thine own?' But in the cross of tribulation and affliction we can glory, because so saith the Apostle, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

These strains of beautiful and sublime doctrine are frequent in the *Fioretti*, though they are not often—except in the last portion, which contains the doctrine of Beato Egidio—given simply by way of instruction. Here is a long chapter, which contains a perfect poem as well as a perfect sermon—

Frate Giovanni della Penna was a boy and a scholar in the province of La Marca. One night a most beautiful Child appeared to him, and called him, saying, "Giovanni, go to San Stefano, where one of My Friars Minor is preaching. Believe what he teaches, and attend to what he says, because I have sent him to you—and after this you have to make a long journey, and then you shall come to Me." Upon this Giovanni rose up at once, and felt a great change in his soul. He went to San Stefano, and there found a great multitude of men and women standing and listening to the sermon. The friar who had to preach was one named Frate Filippo, and he was one of the first friars to go into the March of Ancona. So he went up to preach, and he preached most devoutly, not with words of human wisdom, but in the power of the Spirit of Christ, making announcement of the kingdom of eternal life. When the sermon was over, the boy went to Frate Filippo and said, "Padre, if it pleased you to receive me into your order, I would willingly do penance and serve our Lord Jesus Christ." As Frate Filippo saw and recognized in this boy a wonderful innocence and ready will to serve God, he said to him, "Come to me on such a day at Recanati, and I will get you received," for there was to be held there a Provincial Chapter. From this the boy, who was of great simplicity, thought that this was the long journey which he was to make, according to the revelation which he had had, and then to go to Paradise; and this he looked to do immediately after he had been received into the order. So he went and was received. Then, seeing that his thoughts were not then fulfilled, and hearing the Minister say in chapter that if any one would like to go to the province of Provence in virtue of holy obedience, he would willingly give permission, he conceived a great desire to go thither, thinking in his heart that this was the long journey which he was to make before he was to go to Paradise, but he was

ashamed to say so. At last, relying upon Frate Filippo, already mentioned, who had got him received into the order, he besought him lovingly that he would obtain for him the favour to be sent into the province of Provence, and Frate Filippo, seeing his simplicity and holiness of intention, won for him the permission. So Frate Giovanni with great joy set forth to go, thinking in himself that when that journey was over he should go to Paradise. But it so pleased God that he remained in that province five-and-twenty years in this expectation and desire, living all the time with great goodness and holiness and exemplariness, ever making increase in virtue and favour before God and men, and most highly beloved by the frati and by seculars. Now, one day Frate Giovanni was devoutly occupied in prayer, weeping and lamenting himself because his desire was not fulfilled and his time of pilgrimage in this life was prolonged; and while he was thus engaged, our Blessed Lord Christ appeared to him. And at the sight of Christ the soul of the frate was all melted with love; and our Lord said to him, "My son Frate Giovanni, ask of Me what thou wilt." And he answered, "O my Lord, I know not what thing to ask of Thee save Thyself, for I desire nothing else; but this only I beseech Thee, that Thou pardon me all my sins, and give me the grace that I may see Thee again when I am in the greatest need." Jesus said, "Thy prayer is granted," and with this He disappeared, leaving Frate Giovanni all full of consolation. Then, at last, the frati of the March, hearing of the fame of his holiness, so worked with the General that he sent him the obedience to go back to the March. And when he received this obedience, he set out on his way joyfully, thinking that when that journey was over he should go to heaven, according to the promise of Christ. But after his return to the province of the March, he lived there for thirty years, unrecognized by any one of his kinsfolk, and every day he was expecting the mercy of God, that He would fulfil the promise made to him. In this space of time he more than once filled the office of Guardiano with great discretion, and God wrought through him many miracles. And among others he had of God the gift of prophecy. And once, when he had gone out of the convent, one of his novices was assaulted by the devil and so strongly tempted that he gave way to the temptation, and took thought within himself how he would leave the order as soon as Frate Giovanni came home. And Frate Giovanni, by the spirit of prophecy, knew the matter, and the temptation and the thought which he had taken; and he came home straightway, and called the novice to him and told him that he wished him to go to confession, and, before he made his confession, he told him the whole temptation from beginning to end, according as God had revealed it to him. And at the end he said, "My son, since you waited for me, and would not go away without my blessing, God hath given you the grace that you shall never leave the order, but shall die in the order with the grace of God." And then the novice was strengthened in his good purpose, and remained in the order and became a holy friar. All these things Frate Ugolino told me. And the said Frate Giovanni was a man of cheery and quiet mind, of seldom speech, and a man of great prayer and devotion; and, in particular, when Matins were over, he never went back to his cell before Lauds, but remained in the church praying until day-break. One night that he

was thus in prayer after Matins, the angel of God appeared to him and said, "Frate Giovanni, your journey is now accomplished, for the end of which you have so long waited, and therefore I tell this to you on the part of God that you may ask whatever grace you will. And, moreover, I tell you that you may choose which you will, either one day in Purgatory or seven days of pain in this world." And Frate Giovanni choose rather to have the seven days of pain in this world. And all at once he fell sick of divers diseases—he was attacked by a violent fever, and he had gout in his hands and feet, and pleurisy, and many other illnesses. But what was worst to him of all was that a devil stood before him with a great paper on which were written all his sins of thought and deed that he had ever done, and went on saying to him, "For these sins which you have done in thought, in word, and in deed, you are condemned to the depth of hell." And Frate Giovanni did not remember him of any good that he had ever done, nor that he was in the order, nor that he had ever been in it, but he thought that he was damned just as the devil said. And so, when they asked him how he was, he said, "Very bad ; for I am damned." And when the frati saw this, they sent for an old frate, a holy man and a great friend of Frate Giovanni, by name Frate Matteo of Monte Rubbiano, and when Frate Matteo came to him on the seventh day of his suffering, and greeted him and asked him how he was, Frate Giovanni answered him that he was very bad, because he was damned. Then said Frate Matteo, "Do you not remember that you have often made confession to me, and that I have given you entire absolution of all your sins? Do you not remember, also, that you have served God continually for many years in this holy order? Again : Do you not remember that the mercy of God surpasses all the sins of the world, and that our Blessed Saviour Christ hath paid, to redeem us, an infinite price? And now, therefore, be of good hope, for of a certainty you are saved." And while he was saying this, because at that moment was accomplished the time of his purgation, all that temptation went away and consolation came back to the soul of Frate Giovanni. And he said, with great joy, to Frate Matteo, "You must be weary, and the hour is late, I pray you to go and repose yourself." And Frate Matteo would not leave him. Nevertheless, at the last, when he urged it greatly, he left him and went to rest, and Frate Giovanni remained alone with the friar who was waiting upon him. And, behold, our Blessed Christ came with immense brightness and excessive sweetness of fragrance, according to the promise which He had made to him to appear to him a second time when he should be in greatest need, and healed him perfectly from all his sickness. And then Frate Giovanni joined his hands and thanked God for that He had now brought to a most excellent end that long journey of his in this miserable life, and commended and gave up his soul to God, passing from this mortal life unto eternal life with our Blessed Christ, Whom he had for so great a time longed for and expected to see.

Our extracts are of necessity long, for our object is to give as fair a notion as may be of the varied beauties of the *Fioretti*. We have hitherto confined ourselves to what may be called the

more miscellaneous parts of the volume. It is well to say that it has its amusing side in the life of Frate Ginepro, but before we proceed to that we must give a specimen of the chapters which relate to the sublime story of the stigmata. These chapters are in some respects the most elaborate portions of the whole, and seem to be founded on the authentic traditions derived from the frati who were the companions of St. Francis at the time. They form almost a continual history. Instead of detaching any part from this story, we shall give the following beautiful anecdote—another perfect poem in itself—relating to an apparition of St. Francis after his death—

Another time a certain devout and holy frate, reading in the "Legend" of St. Francis the chapter of the holy stigmata, began with great anxiety of spirit to think what might have been those secret things which St. Francis said that he would not reveal to any one while he lived, which the holy seraph said to him when he appeared to him. And this frate used to say to himself, "These words St. Francis was not willing to tell to any one in his lifetime, but now, after his bodily death, perhaps he would tell them, if he was devoutly asked to do so." And from that time forth the devout frate began to pray to God and St. Francis, that it might please them to reveal those words. And he persevered for eight years in this prayer, and in the eighth year he found grace to be heard therein in the manner following. One day after dinner, after making his thanksgiving in church, he was then in a certain place of the church in prayer, and begging this favour of God and St. Francis even more devoutly than was his wont, and with many tears. And there came another frate to call him, and order him on the part of the Guardian to go with that other into the village on business of the house. So he, making no doubt that obedience was more meritorious than prayer, as soon as ever he heard the command of his superior, humbly relinquished his prayer, and went his way with that other frate who had called him. And, as it pleased God, by that act of ready obedience he won that grace which he had not earned by all his long prayers. And so it was, that as soon as ever they got outside the door of the convent they met with two strange frati, who seemed as if they were come from a country a long way off, and one of them seemed to be young, and the other old and thin, and, as the weather was bad, they were all covered with mud and wet through. So that obedient frate was full of great compassion for them, and said to his companion with whom he was going, "Dearest brother, if the business on which we are going be such as will let us wait a little, seeing that these foreign frati are in much need that we should receive them with great charity, I pray thee that thou wilt let me go first to wash their feet, and especially the feet of the old frate, who has the greater need, and you may wash the feet of the other, the young one, and then we will go our way on the affairs of the convent." And the other frate consented to the charity of his companion, and so they returned indoors, and received these foreign frati with much charity, taking them into the kitchen to warm them-

selves and dry themselves by the fire, where there were eight other frati warming themselves. And after they had been a little time at the fire, they took them aside to wash their feet, as they had agreed between themselves. And as that devout and obedient frate was washing the feet of the old man, and wiping off the mud from them, for they were very muddy, and as he looked on them, lo! there he saw on that old man's feet the marks of the holy stigmata. And immediately for joy and wonderment he began to embrace them, and cry out, "Either thou art Christ or thou art St. Francis!" And at his voice and words the frati that were at the fire all rose up, and came there to see with great fear and reverence those glorious stigmata. And then that old frate at their prayer allowed them to see them clearly, to touch them, and to kiss them. And when they were yet more filled with wonder for their great joy, he said to them, "Doubt not nor fear, dearest brethren and children; I am your Father, St. Francis, who, according to the will of God, founded your three orders. And because I have been by this frate who has washed my feet, entreated now for eight years, and to-day more fervently than ever before, that I would reveal to him those secret words which the seraph said to me when he gave me the stigmata, words which I never would make known as long as I lived; now to-day, by commandment of God, and on account of his perseverance in prayer, and of his prompt obedience in leaving the sweetness of his contemplation when called by his companion, I am commissioned by God to reveal to him here before you all that which he asks." And the saint turned him to that frate and said to him, "You know, dearest, that when I was on the Mount of La Vernia all wrapt up in the memory of the Passion of Christ, and when in that apparition of the holy seraph I was by Christ marked on my body with the marks of His Wounds, as you see, then Christ said to me, 'Knowest thou what I have done to thee? I have given to thee the marks of My Passion. And what I have given to thee? I have given to thee that thou shouldest be my standard-bearer. And as I on the day of my death went down into Limbus, and all the souls that I found there, by virtue of My holy Wounds I took thence and led them to Paradise, so I grant unto thee from henceforth, that thou mayest be like unto Me in death as thou hast been like to Me in life, that when thou art passed out of this life, every year on the day of thy death thou mayest go to Purgatory, and all the souls there of thy three orders, the Friars Minor, and the Sisters of St. Clare, and of the Tertiaries, and besides these, those of persons devout to thee that thou shalt find there, thou mayest take them in the power of the stigmata which I have given to thee, and lead them to Paradise.' And these words I never uttered as long as I lived in the world." And after these words, St. Francis and his companion immediately disappeared.

IV.

We think that the readers of this and similar stories with which the *Fioretti*—and, we may add in passing, the "Chronicles of St. Francis," and the histories of other religious orders besides that of the Friars Minor—may be said even to abound, will not dissent from the opinion which we have expressed of their

extreme natural beauty. Every one knows how eagerly the art of the highest school of painters which the Christian world has produced has fastened upon St. Francis and his history, as furnishing it with its most congenial subjects. Putting aside for the moment all question of the actual truth of some of these anecdotes, can it be denied that, if they are considered as Christian poetry, they contain touches which would show the master's hand, and that their general effect is one of surpassing loveliness? The same thought meets us in stories like that of St. Elisabeth of Hungary with her roses, and a thousand others. The saintly character, as it is drawn for us over and over again in countless legends which modern enlightenment is inclined to reject as unhistorical, is almost more difficult to account for if it is considered as a creation of the imagination than if it is believed in as the work of grace. Some writers have appealed to the character of our Blessed Lord Himself as drawn by the Evangelists as to an evidence of its own truth. Who could have invented it, if it had not been there in truth? We may say the same, in some degree, for the saintly history of the imitation of our Lord by His chosen servants. If it is, as a whole, to be rejected as untrue, then we have to give a whole army of monastic chroniclers credit for a simple beauty of creative genius such as the world has seldom seen even in the highest poets.

We have said something about the probable origin of the sources of the *Fioretti*, which, indeed, could hardly have had any other origin than the saintly traditions of the various convents of the Order of St. Francis. The general character of the component parts of the book seems to show that we have the stories rather as they would have been collected in their native simplicity by some quiet frate, who took notes of the pious anecdotes in circulation among his brethren, than by any one who professed literature as a calling and was at all likely to think of the effect of his compilation on the great world outside the cloister. They are the home stories of the order. It is quite in keeping with this character, indeed it is an integral feature of it, that there should be no inconsiderable number of anecdotes in which the picturesque shades off into the grotesque. Friars are simple beings, and they are as fond of a laugh in their quiet way as the people in the world—perhaps they are fonder. At all events, their mirth is easily roused, and is as innocent and happy as that of children. We suspect that the tales in which Frate Ginepro figures were always favourites in the convents from whose inhabit-

ants we receive the *Fioretti*. A modern French writer, to whom his countrymen owe a very good translation of the *Fioretti*, has avowed that he was rather "disconcerted" when he arrived at that part of the book which contains the doings of Frate Ginepro.* We rather doubt whether, if M. l'Abbé Riche had been a friar himself, he would have found so much reason for difficulty. "We tried," he tells us, "to find some explanation to give ourselves of all the details of his life according to the principles of the faith, and we could never get rid of the idea that there was something in them all rather beyond the foolishness of the Cross." But after a time he found out a sufficient answer to his doubts. The author of the *Fioretti* tell us how Frate Ginepro was one day cruelly knocked about and tortured by a certain "tyrant," Niccolò, who was led to believe that the good frate intended to assassinate him, and the *Liber Conformitatis* adds the information that poor Ginepro's brains were never worth much after the treatment he then received. We think that Ginepro was "eccentric" at the very first, without any beating from Niccolò, and that his presence among the frati, with all that, does not need any great explanation. There will always be plenty of "characters" in a large body of simple, earnest men, such as the order became—men of prayer and mortification, and so of great holiness, notwithstanding a few personal oddities, which oddities, probably, are highly prized by their brethren as sources of innocent and charitable amusement and enjoyment, quite as much as they are regretted on account of the occasional trouble to which they may now and then give rise. Melancholy, gloom, reserve, whether constitutional or the results of some secret fault, are out of place altogether in a religious community; but it is not so with cheerful eccentricity and the childlike simplicity which goes sometimes nearly to the verge of childishness. These last qualities are not inconsistent with great holiness. St. Francis knew that the frati were sometimes a little "exercised" by the pranks of Frate Ginepro; but he said he would gladly have a whole wood full of such junipers, and as the readers of the *Fioretti* know, the sayings and doings of this grotesque character have been treasured up by his successors in the order to an extent which has been the case with those of very few others.

The same reason which has made us forbear from selecting for our readers some of the most striking chapters in the former

* M. l'Abbé Riche. *Fioretti* on petites fleurs de St. Francis d'Assise. Traduites de l'Italien. Paris, 1859.

part of the *Fioretti*, must to some extent guide us in our selection as to Frate Ginepro. Mrs. Oliphant has at least mentioned the chief of his most amusing exploits—how, for instance, when he was set to watch by a sick friar, he found out that the invalid craved for nothing so much as for a pig's foot, and so went off at once to the woods and fastened on the first pig he met, cut off its foot, and cooked it with immense joy and charity for the benefit of the frate. The owner, of course, came to complain, and St. Francis had to make the humblest apologies—all in vain, for the man's anger was not to be appeased, till at last the culprit was sent to beg his pardon, and by his great simplicity and humility won him to compunction and charity, so as to give the Convento the whole pig whose foot had been so cruelly cut off. We may remark, that to relate the story in this summary way is not to do justice to the author of the *Fioretti*. The story reads in the book as if it had been taken down by some short-hand writer from the lips of an accomplished story-teller—and such, no doubt, were many of the frati among whom these legends originally lived. We are tempted to translate the latter part of the anecdote, as a proof of this assertion.

And St. Francis, full of prudence, while all the other frati were in silent astonishment, thought and said in himself, "Might Frate Ginepro have done this in his indiscreet zeal?" And he secretly caused Frate Ginepro to be called to him, and asked him, saying—"Might you have cut off the foot of a pig in the wood?" To whom Frate Ginepro, not as a person who had committed a defect, but rather as a person who thought he had done a great charity, all joyous, answered and said, "My sweet Father, it is true that I cut off a foot of the said pig in the wood; and the reason of it, my Father, if you will, you shall hear with compassion. I went in charity to visit that frate who is sick," and then he told him the whole tale in order, and added—"I declare to you that, considering the consolation which that dear frate of ours had, and the comfort which that same foot was to him, I believe for certain that if I had cut off the feet of a hundred pigs as I did of one, God would have held it for good." To whom St. Francis, with a certain zeal for justice and great sharpness, said, "O Frate Ginepro, why have you done so scandalous a thing? Certainly with good reason enough does that man there complain and feel so angry against us, and it may well be that he will go through the whole city speaking against us for this great fault, and he has good cause. Therefore I command you by holy obedience to run after him till you catch him, and throw yourself on the ground before him and tell your fault, promising to make satisfaction such and so complete that he shall have no reason to be angry with us. This that you have done is certainly far too bad." Frate Ginepro was much surprised at these words—and there were all the frati standing in

astonishment—and much he marvelled that any one should be displeased at an act of so much charity. For it appeared to him that all these temporal things are nothing at all, except inasmuch as they are charitably communicated to our neighbours. And Frate Ginepro answered—"Do not doubt, Padre mio, but that I will at once pay him and make him content. And why ought I to be so much put about for this, since, after all, this pig whose foot I cut off, belonged more to God than to him, and since so great a charity has been done?" And with that he runs off, and comes up to the man, who was beyond all measure out of sorts, and without a grain of patience left in him, and he tells him how and for what reason he had cut off the pig's foot, and all this with as much fervour and exultation and joy as if he had been a person who had done the man some great favour, for which he on his part was bound to give him a great recompence. But the other, full of rage and carried away by fury, gave Frate Ginepro a great deal of abuse, calling him a rattle-pate and a fool, a thief and an out-and-out black-guard. And Frate Ginepro was exceedingly astonished at all this abuse, and so, although for his part he delighted in being spoken to injuriously, he thought the man had not understood him well, for he considered it a matter for joy, and not at all for anger. And so he tells him the story over again—and then he threw himself on his neck and embraced him and kissed him, and told him how it had been done for charity and nothing else, and invited him to do still more, and begged of him the remainder of the pig in the same way, and all with so much charity and simplicity and humility, that at last the man came to himself again, and with many tears threw himself upon the ground, acknowledging the injurious things he had said and done to the frati there; and he takes the pig, and kills it, and cooks it and carries it with much devotion and many tears to Sta. Maria degli Angeli, and gives it to the frati to eat, out of compassion for the injury that he had done them.

Mrs. Oliphant has also given in a few lines the story of Frate Ginepro's cutting off the ornaments of the altar in the Cathedral of Assisi to give them to a poor woman, when the sacristan had left him in charge that he might go to his own dinner, and how, when the General had scolded Frate Ginepro, he went into the town and got a cake made for the General, because his voice had got hoarse while he was administering the reproof. She has also mentioned the story of his playing at sea-saw with children in public at Rome, when a crowd had collected to do honour to him on his arrival. She has said nothing about his wonderful feat of cooking for a community so as to last them for a fortnight. All the frati had to go out on business of different kinds, so the Guardiano left him in charge, telling him to manage "to have done a little cooking by the time they came back to refresh the good frati." So Ginepro promised and began to moralize—

"What superfluous care all this is, that a frate is to be wasted in the kitchen, and kept away from all prayer! Well, now that I am left here

this time to cook, I'll do so much of it, that all the frati, even if there were more of them, shall have enough to last them a fortnight." So he goes off in haste to the village, and begs great pots to cook in, and gets fresh meat and dried meat, and chickens, and eggs, and vegetables, and begs a quantity of wood and sets it on fire, and puts in all that he had got—fowls with their feathers on and eggs with their shells on, and everything just the same.

Then the frati return, and one of them, knowing Frate Ginepro's simplicity, goes to the kitchen to see what he is at, and finds him dancing about with the greatest activity and eagerness from one of the great pots to another, half scorched by the great fire which he had made. "Frate Ginepro is cooking for a wedding," he says to his brethren. Then, after a time, the bell rings for dinner, and Frate Ginepro brings in his performance, "all red in the face from his exertions and the heat of the fire, and he says to the frati, 'Now, take plenty of food, and then let us all go to prayer, and let no one henceforth think about all these cooking times, for I have done so much cooking to-day that I shall have more than enough for a fortnight'—and then he puts his provisions upon the table before the frati, so that there was no pig in all Rome so hungry that would have touched them. And Frate Ginepro begins to praise his dishes, to make them go down better, and as soon as he sees the others not eating, he says, 'These fowls so dressed are good to strengthen the brain, and this dish here will keep your body from getting too dry, it is so good.'" But it is all in vain. The frati admire his devotion and simplicity, but the Guardiano sharply rebukes him, "being disturbed by so much folly and so many good things spoiled"—and then Ginepro humbles himself so sweetly that he is at last pardoned.

We are in some danger, perhaps, of not quite appreciating this same good frate as he deserves to be appreciated. Man has been defined as an animal that can laugh—and we carry few things in our memory so well or so long as a joke and a good story. We have known men of prayer, of great spiritual discernment, and other high gifts, who have yet impressed themselves upon some who have come across them chiefly by their humour, and sometimes by a facetiousness which by no means amounted to real humour. We suspect that Frate Ginepro, though he must always have been a singular character, was something a great deal more than this to St. Francis and his other companions of the first generation of the order. It

is clear from the anecdotes that remain of him, that he was held in very great veneration by the men of his time, even outside the community of the Friars Minor. In the story of his ill-treatment by the tyrant Niccolò, when the Guardiano goes to the last-named personage to intercede for the life of his victim, he tells him that he has unjustly condemned one of the holiest frati then alive in the Order of St. Francis. And then he tells him that it is Frate Ginepro. Niccolò, adds the story, was stupefied, because he had heard of the fame of the holy life of Frate Ginepro, and he ran at once with the Guardiano to set him free—he had been fastened to a horse's tail, and dragged about—and threw himself on the ground before him to implore his forgiveness. Again, in the story of the "altalena"—the see-saw, which Frate Ginepro took his place with the children at play—we are told that a great number of the Romans had come out to meet him out of devotion, because his sanctity was so well known. He is said to have had singular power over demons, and one or two of his spiritual counsels that are preserved to us are of exquisite wisdom. Thus, one of the chapters of the short life here given of him relates a discussion between three or four frati, of whom he was one, concerning the best mode of dealing with certain annoying temptations of thought. Frate Egidio said that his method was to consider the foulness and vileness of the sin to which these temptations led, and thus to conceive a great horror of it. Frate Ruffino said that his way was to have recourse at once to direct prayer to God and our Blessed Lady, and that thus he was delivered. But Frate Ginepro said that as soon as he felt the very approach of the devil's suggestion in the matter, he ran and shut the door of his heart and filled it with holy desires, like a fortress well armed and so secure, and that when the evil thought came, as it were, to knock at the door, he told it that the house was full, there was no room for more guests, and that thus the temptation passed away. And then Frate Egidio came round to the opinion of Frate Ginepro, because, as he said, these particular temptations were best met by flight and by avoiding them altogether.

It is hardly right to conclude the notice of the beautiful collection before us, without some little reference to the same "Beato Egidio," of whose sayings and "doctrine" we have a considerable store preserved to us in the *Fioretti*. Frate Egidio was, as it appears, a simple labourer before he joined St. Francis

—at all events, he was the great type in the order of the frati who serve God by the labour of their hands and by their prayers, without preaching otherwise than by their example. He always tried to support himself by his own work, and in a great number of cases gave away most of what he got; but he stipulated for lonely quiet work, so that he might carry on his favourite practice of contemplation, and have leisure to recite the canonical hours, and he had, as St. Bonaventure testifies of him, a very singular gift of spiritual counsel, so as to help all who had recourse to him for guidance and advice. It is to the value which thus came to be set upon his maxims and spiritual sayings that we owe the collection at the end of the *Fioretti*—sterling sound doctrine on a number of practical matters, in several cases retaining the original form of question and answer, although there has been a sort of classification under the heads of different virtues and vices to be pursued or to be avoided. We shall content ourselves with a very short extract, taken from the end of a chapter “on the contempt of temporal goods,” which will bring us round again to the subject with which our extracts began—the love of St. Francis for the animal creation.

If we would not go astray, let us take a lesson from the animals and the birds, who, when once they are fed, are content, and do not seek more than their sustenance from time to time when they are in need of it. And, in like manner, man ought to be content when he has just what he needs in all moderation and without superfluities. Frate Egidio says, that St. Francis is not so fond of the ants as of the other creatures, on account of their great solicitude in gathering together and laying up store of grain in time of summer against the winter time; but that the birds used to please him much more, because they did not make collection of anything during the one season for the other. But the ant gives us an example, that we ought not to remain idle in the summer time of this present life, so that we may not find ourselves empty-handed and unfruitful in the winter day of the Last Judgment.

H. J. C.

Mr. Ruskin as an Art-Critic.

MR. RUSKIN fills far too prominent a position in the art literature of the present day to have escaped the notice of any who make that subject in any sense their own. But beyond this class I believe his influence has extended. The originality of his views and the power of his writings have won for him the attention of many for whom art generally has but little attraction. Men whose habits of mind and pursuits of life have led them into widely different fields of investigation, have yet been drawn aside by his vigour of style and boldness of criticism into at least a partial study of what otherwise would have but little charm for them; and thus they have been won into studies which before had seemed beneath their notice, and have grown unconsciously to the right appreciation of what his genius has placed before their minds in its true greatness and real importance.

Again, the controversies in which Mr. Ruskin has been engaged, his severe criticisms, and the fierce retorts which these have from time to time called forth, have attracted at least the passing notice of another and a far larger class than either of those I have spoken of; and so mere newspaper readers, when politics have flagged and the last bit of scandal has grown stale, have picked up something about Ruskin and pre-Raphaelitism, and have at least some vague notions about the *Stones of Venice* and the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. Thus, more or less understood, through evil report and good report, the name of John Ruskin has made itself known in this wide, busy world of ours: to some a symbol of eccentricity and love of crotchets, to others of radicalism, if not of red republicanism, in the kingdom of art, while, as I believe, to a very large and a daily increasing class, that name is a word of power, telling of no ordinary intellectual vigour united to a wonderful perception and appreciation of nature and art, and both these combined with a command over language and a force of style, which

place him as high in the world of literature as the former qualities do in that to which he has more immediately devoted himself.

It is as an art-critic that I wish to speak of him. He does not limit his labours to this one field, though it is the one with which, I think, his name will hereafter be most permanently associated. His later writings are rather ethical in their character, and treat more or less of very difficult questions of political and moral economy. But these must be passed over here with this brief allusion, as I shall limit my view to the art question, which is, indeed, in itself far too wide for any but a very hasty consideration within my limits here.

Our first inquiry, I think, should be this—What claims has Mr. Ruskin upon our attention? He comes before us as an art-critic, and something more. He undertakes to educate us on a great subject; and in so doing not only casts doubt upon many old canons of art, which time and high authority had made venerable, but without much ceremony throws down old teachers, tears up by the roots many an old belief, and laughs to scorn the sage rules which have long passed muster as art-inspired wisdom—esteeming the venerable figures but dumb idols, the old belief but an ignorant prejudice, and the sage rules but misguiding sophisms. Now, when an instructor comes to us as such a radical reformer, it is but natural that we should closely question his claims; and that, before we give up what, if not the old artistic faith, is at any rate a respectable tradition, and receive in its place that which has the suspicious look of novelty, we should inquire upon what knowledge he grounds his teaching, what studies have preceded his public appearance, and in what respect he has a higher claim upon our faith than those whom he so determinately casts down.

What have we a right to expect in a new teacher who comes before us with such a mission? If I had to sketch the circumstances and the preliminary training of such a one, I would say—He should be a man of many opportunities, with natural gifts, much leisure, and abundant means. He should have great earnestness and untiring industry, with undivided devotion to his subject. He must be able thoroughly to grasp it, and, to that end, his view of it should be comprehensive, so that he may be able to follow it into all its various ramifications. Moreover, he should have a profound reverence for his subject; and this should be founded upon a complete conception of its

greatness. In such hands, art-criticism would be no mere *dilettanteism*, no mere tasteful recreation, but a high and, in a sense, a holy purpose, a mission, a vocation.

These may seem high requirements, as indeed they are, but surely not too high for one who claims so much; anyhow, I believe they are not higher than Mr. Ruskin can make good. Indeed, I may truly say that in sketching these I have drawn by anticipation an outline of Mr. Ruskin's life; and would time allow, I might show in detail how completely his course, as far as we can learn it from his works, has been the high, zealous, and self-sacrificing one which our ideal assumes. The only child of a wealthy London merchant, he has had ample means and leisure to devote himself to a pursuit which, from his point of view, involves a large supply of both. His love for nature is of no ordinary warmth and power, as he himself tells us. "Whatever other faculties," he says, "I may or may not possess, the gift of taking pleasure in landscape I assuredly possess in a greater degree than most men—it having been the ruling passion of my life, and the reason for the choice of its field of labours." How he turned these gifts of nature and fortune to account many of his works might be quoted to show. I shall limit myself to the consideration of one, which will best serve our purpose, in that it is not only his largest and most elaborate production, but is, moreover, his most characteristic work. The history of its birth and growth, from small beginnings and an almost accidental circumstance, into what is the greatest work on landscape painting yet written, is a veritable chapter of Ruskin's autobiography. The gradual development of his views, and the shaping into complete form of what at first are thrown out as crude opinions; the vigour with which new paths of investigation are followed up, and the old false barriers broken through and trodden under foot; the energy with which towering heights are scaled and obscure recesses penetrated; the eagle eye, which can take in at a glance the widest ranges of mountain scenery and yet note with such accuracy the minutest details; the love for nature, which "seems to grow with that it feeds on;" and a power of description which rises with the requirements of his theme—these are but a few of the characteristics of this remarkable work, which lead me to refer to it here as an embodiment of Ruskin—as Ruskinism in its best and truest sense. And in dwelling somewhat minutely upon *Modern Painters*, I shall let

the author speak for himself far more than is customary under such circumstances, and this for two especial reasons; first, because no one can so well express his opinions, and secondly, when there is matter of controversy it is but just to allow a much misrepresented author to state his own case. Let us now proceed to the examination of the five goodly imperial octavo volumes, which grew in seventeen years out of what at first was intended to be but a short ephemeral letter.

The first volume of *Modern Painters* originally appeared complete in itself, under the fuller title, afterwards dropped, of—*Modern Painters: Their superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the ancient Masters*. By a Graduate of Oxford. 1843. In the Preface, he tells us that it "originated in indignation at the shallow and false criticisms of the periodicals of the day on the works of the great living artist (Turner), to whom it principally refers. It was intended to be a short pamphlet, reprobating the manner and style of those critiques, and pointing out their perilous tendency, as guides of public feeling. But, as point after point presented itself for demonstration, I found myself compelled to amplify what was at first a letter to the editor of a review into something very like a treatise on art, to which I was obliged to give the more consistency and completeness, because it advocated opinions which, to the ordinary connoisseur, will sound heretical."

This bold challenge, by a young man of twenty-four, and in an anonymous work, roused, as might be expected, a whole swarm of critics, to whom he replied with equal courage and vigour in a lengthy Preface to the second edition, in which he cleared up or vindicated much that had been misunderstood, and thus placed himself in a still more defensible position. With the third edition, which appeared in 1846, came out a continuation of the work, a second volume, *On the Imaginative and Theoretic Faculties*—"chapters," he says, "which will be found to confirm and elucidate the positions left doubtful in the preceding volume."

To understand the nature of the work and the titles given to the different portions, it will be necessary to mark the chief outlines as drawn by the author himself, and these will, at the same time, show us the greatness of the subject as contemplated by him, as well as how thoroughly his mind grasped the work it had undertaken, and mapped it out into the vast field of labour

it was for so many years to occupy : therein fulfilling one of the conditions we have pointed out as requisite for a true art-critic.

In the first volume he treats of "general principles," and herein "of the nature of ideas conveyable by art," and specially of ideas of power, of imitation, of truth, of beauty, and of relation. In the second section he dwells more at length on ideas of power, generally, as they depend upon execution, and of the sublime. The second, and fuller part, treats of ideas of truth in their connection with beauty and relation ; then of general truths, of tone, of colour, of *chiaroscuro*, and space ; and lastly of particular truths, truth of skies, of earth, of water, and of vegetation. The second volume treats of ideas of beauty ; dividing the subject into two sections, which are devoted respectively to the "theoretic and imaginative faculties," of which term "theoretic" it may be remarked, by the way, that it is substituted by Ruskin for the more commonly employed one, "æsthetic." The theoretic faculty "is concerned with the moral perception and appreciation of ideas of beauty ;" the imaginative faculty is "that which the mind exercises in a certain mode of regarding or combining the ideas it has received from external nature, and the operations of which become in their turn objects of the theoretic faculty to other minds." The error which he combats with respect to the former, the theoretic faculty, is "the considering and calling it æsthetic, degrading it to a mere operation of sense, or perhaps worse, of custom ; so that the arts which appeal to it sink into a mere amusement, ministers to morbid sensibilities, ticklers and fanners of the soul's sleep." The error with regard to the latter, the imaginative faculty, is "in considering that its function is one of falsehood, that its operation is to exhibit things as they are *not*, and that in so doing it mends the works of God."

I believe this second volume discouraged many who had been won by the former to its perusal. It was too philosophical in its tone for those who wanted the excitement of controversy, too dry for those who seek in art literature only amusement and relaxation. Nevertheless, it will well repay a careful study. And then came a long pause ; it was ten years before the third volume of *Modern Painters* appeared. But in this interval, from 1846 to 1856, Ruskin was not idle. Not idle, I mean, as concerns issuing books from the press ; idle from labour in laying up materials for the great work he never could be. But while these were gradually accumulating he produced three other important

works, which indeed may be considered as subsidiary to, if not actual members of, the chief one. In 1849 appeared the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, in 1851-3 the *Stones of Venice*, and in 1854 his *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*. In the Preface to the long-expected third volume he tells us, in his own peculiar way, "the circumstances which have caused the long delay of the work, as well as the alteration which will be noticed in its form." In those ten years an event had occurred which changed in some respects the purpose for which *Modern Painters* was written, and which considerably affected both the scope and progress of the work itself. "The great living artist to whom it referred" was now no more. Turner died in 1851. That greatest of landscape painters, of whom England is so justly proud, had passed away while as yet his greatness was but half appreciated, and in the gloom of this heavy loss we must read the passage I am about to quote from the Preface to this third volume. These words of deep sorrow and of stern irony were wrung from a loving heart; there is a throb of grief in the bitter words, and a flash of indignation in the tearful eye.

The first and second volumes were written to check, as far as I could, the attacks upon Turner, which prevented the public from honouring his genius at the time when his power was greatest. The check was partially given, but too late. Turner was seized by painful illness not long after the second volume appeared; his works, towards the close of 1845, showed a conclusive failure of power, and I saw that nothing remained for me to write but his epitaph.

The critics had done their proper and appointed work; they had embittered, more than those who did not know Turner intimately could have believed possible, the closing years of his life, and had blinded the world in general (as it appears ordained by fate that the world always *shall* be blinded) to the presence of a great spirit among them till the hour of its departure. With them, and their successful work, I had nothing more to do; the account of gain and loss, of gifts and gratitude, between Turner and his countrymen, was for ever closed. *He* could only be left to his quiet death at Chelsea, the sun upon his face; they to dispose a length of funeral through Ludgate, and bury, with three-fold honour, his body in St. Paul's, his pictures at Charing Cross, and his purposes in Chancery. But with respect to the illustration and preservation of those of his works which remained unburied, I felt that much might yet be done if I could at all succeed in proving that these works had some nobleness in them, and were worth preservation. I pursued my task, therefore, as I had at first proposed, with only this difference in method—that instead of writing in continued haste, such as I had been forced into at first by the urgency of the occasion, I set myself to do the work as well as I could, and to collect materials for the complete examination of the canons of art received among us.

Turner and Ruskin are names so intertwined that it is difficult to think, much more to speak, of the one without the other. And here, where we are dwelling upon *Modern Painters*, which, as we see, owes its inspiration to Turner, we cannot avoid saying at least a passing word of this intimate union between the great painter and the critic, as suggested by the remark we have just quoted.

If to Turner we owe this greatest work of Ruskin, so to Ruskin it is that we are indebted for our more correct appreciation of Turner. Of course such paintings as those with which our Royal Academy was rendered illustrious from year to year, and which now hang in the chief room in the National Gallery, would make for themselves a name and for their painter a reputation without any external help. The power of genius will ever make itself felt in the end, let critics do their best (and worst) to prevent it. But Ruskin's task—his labour of love—was to interpret Turner to the uneducated mind, and to vindicate a genius which was far too lofty and too conscious of its own greatness to vindicate itself. It was Ruskin's work to explain the principles of eternal truth which Turner illustrated, to show that what appeared strange was only so because nature had not hitherto been carefully studied and faithfully rendered. Could he have taken the sceptic in art from the picture gallery where Turner's works were so different from those around them, and where they were so often condemned for that very difference, as though the fault must of necessity be on *his* side; could Ruskin have led such a one away from the Academy drawings and the influence of Schools, and brought him to gaze face to face upon nature, and to see that nature as Heaven has made it and as Turner has represented it; could he have purged his eyes from the false images and misrepresentations with which indoor study had blinded him, so that he could indeed see what was set before him, and not what his own preconceived ideas had conjured up in their place—there would have been no need for *Modern Painters*; the great Voice would have spoken so intelligibly, the appeal to the mind through the eye would have been so irresistible. But because this could not be done, the great critic had to study nature laboriously for himself, and then to interpret her utterances in his own exquisite language, that those who would not see for themselves, whom prejudices and a false training had made not only colour-blind but form-blind too, might gradually be educated to the truth and be rewarded

with a power of judging aright, and thereby of appreciating Turner. And thus we see that the uneducated minds to whom it was Ruskin's mission to interpret Turner were neither few nor of little note, but included among them many critics and artists as well as humble students and general lovers of art. And though it is true that Ruskin's labour had a far higher object in view than the right appreciation of Turner, in that great principles, while they have a special and immediate application, have also beyond them a far wider and higher range, yet we must not lose sight of this first object when considering the value of the work before us, in that it has done so much to place in its right position in the national estimation the works of the greatest landscape painter the world has ever seen.

Nor must we forget that Ruskin has done still more for Turner's reputation and for our art education, and through that for the more complete enjoyment of the works of the great painter, in what his own hands have wrought for us, through many months of continuous labour, in mounting and arranging from note-books and confused heaps of papers upwards of *nineteen thousand* of Turner's sketches, which the nation had the wisdom to place in his hands, and which, it is to be hoped, are now all accessible to students, both lay and professional. Surely, then, if any one, Ruskin had a right to complain of the burial of Turner's pictures at Charing Cross and of his purposes in Chancery, for who, as he, had learned for himself how rightly to appreciate those works, and had laboured so ungrudgingly to instruct others? It is some consolation to know that a tardy justice has in measure been done to the great painter by bringing to light some of his long-buried treasures—buried for awhile in the cellars of the National Gallery or in the gloomy recesses of Marlborough House—though much remains to be done before the greatest gift the nation ever received from the hands of a single artist can be honourably held by a complete fulfilment of the stipulated conditions.

One more passage must I quote from this same Preface, which will show the spirit in which the work was undertaken, and the unflagging energy and perseverance with which it was carried through.

I have now given ten years of my life [he says] to the single purpose of enabling myself to judge rightly of art, and spent them in labour as earnest and continuous as men usually undertake to gain position or accumulate fortune. It is true that the public still call me an

"amateur," nor have I ever been able to persuade them that it was possible to work steadily and hard with any other motive than that of gaining bread, or to give up a fixed number of hours every day to the furtherance of an object unconnected with personal interests. I have, however, given up so much of life to this object, earnestly desiring to ascertain, and be able to teach, the truth respecting art, and also knowing that this truth was, by time and labour, definitely ascertainable.

This third volume of *Modern Painters* treats, as the author tells us, "of many things"—of realization, greatness of style, the false ideal and the true, and of landscape—classical, mediæval, and modern, and of many other things. Let us see what connection this has with the volumes that have gone before. To recapitulate briefly (as Ruskin himself does); in the first volume he divided the sources of pleasure open to us in art into three groups, consisting—

First, of the pleasures taken in perceiving simple resemblance to nature (ideas of truth); secondly, of the pleasures taken in the beauty of the things chosen to be painted (ideas of beauty); and lastly, of pleasures taken in the meanings and relations of these things (ideas of relation). The first volume, treating of the ideas of truth, was chiefly occupied with an inquiry into the various success with which different artists had represented the facts of nature—an inquiry necessarily conducted very imperfectly, owing to the want of pictorial illustration. The second volume merely opened the inquiry into the nature of ideas of beauty and relation, by analyzing (as far as I was able to do) the two faculties of the human mind which mainly seized such ideas, namely, the contemplative and imaginative faculties. It remains for us to examine the various success of artists, especially of the great landscape painter whose works have been throughout our principal subject, in addressing these faculties of the human mind, and to consider who among them has conveyed the noblest ideas of beauty, and touched the deepest sources of thought.

Perhaps my readers are growing somewhat tired of "a method so laboriously systematic," as Ruskin himself confesses it to be. If so, let us take heart in finding, in the very next passage, that our author does "not intend now to pursue the inquiry in this way."

It seems to me [he says] that the subject may be more usefully treated by pursuing the different questions which rise out of it just as they occur to us, without too great scrupulousness in marking connections and insisting on sequences.

And then he falls foul, somewhat characteristically, of his own previous plans, and says, truly enough, though following somewhat strangely upon his course hitherto, "much time is wasted

by human beings, in general, on establishment of systems, and it often takes more labour to master the intricacies of an artificial connection than to remember the separate facts which are so carefully connected. . . . I purpose henceforth to arrange my chapters with a view to convenient reference rather than to any careful division of subjects, and to follow out, in any by-ways that may open, on right hand or left, whatever question it seems useful at any moment to settle."

And thus it is, I suppose, that this third volume is "of many things." Before we quit it, however, let us pause awhile and refresh our minds with yet another quotation, which will, I imagine, well illustrate our author's style, at once thoughtful, religious, and picturesque.

He has been dissertating learnedly upon classical landscape, and has reached the mediæval period. Lingered amid those sweet scenes which the painters of that time so quaintly express, he leads us into the fields, and meditates upon the *grass* in the following thoughtful fashion—

The Greek, as we have seen, delighted in the grass for its usefulness; the mediæval, as also our modern, for its colour and beauty. But both dwell on it as the *first* element of the lovely landscape; we saw its use in Homer; we see also that Dante thinks the righteous spirits of the heathen enough comforted in Hades by having even the *image* of green grass put under their feet; the happy resting-place in Purgatory has no other delight than its grass and flowers; and finally, in the terrestrial paradise, the feet of Matilda pause where the Lethe stream first bends the blades of grass. Consider a little what a depth there is in this great instinct of the human race. Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems, there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eye or good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. It seems to me not to have been without a peculiar significance, that our Lord, when about to work the miracle which, of all that He showed, appears to have been felt by the multitude as the most impressive—the miracle of the loaves—commanded the people to sit down by companies "upon the grass." He was about to feed them with the principal produce of earth and the sea, the simplest representations of the food of mankind. He gave them

the seed of the herb ; He bade them sit down upon the herb itself, which was as great a gift, in its fitness for their joy and rest, as its perfect fruit, for their sustenance ; thus, in this single order and act, when rightly understood, indicating for evermore how the Creator had intrusted the comfort, consolation, and sustenance of man to the simplest and most despised of all the leafy families of the earth. And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft and countless and peaceful spears. The fields ! Follow but forth for a little while the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, scented paths—the rests in noonday heat—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and meditation—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and failing in soft blue shadows, where else it would strike upon the dark mould, or scorching dust—pastures beside the pacing brooks—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea—crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices : all these are summed in those simple words ; and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our own land ; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakspeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more, yet we have it but in part. Go out, in the spring-time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free ; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines ; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words in the 147th Psalm, “He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.”

This is a long quotation ; but I could not shorten it without injury to a picture whose force lies in its minute details. Here is word-painting indeed, and by the hand of a master of the art. The home scene, I am sure all must recognize ; to the accuracy of the Swiss spring-tide I can bear witness. Would that our tourists could witness at that bright season the land whose greatest charms, I believe, are revealed, and again withdrawn, before the customary season of autumn travelling.

The fourth volume treats of mountain beauty. After examining “the general principles upon which Turner worked, and justifying his adoption of them as far as they contradicted preceding practice, it remains,” he says, “to trace with more

observant patience the ground which was marked out in the first volume; and whereas in that volume we hastily compared the truth of Turner with that of preceding landscapists, we shall now, as closely as possible, examine the range of what he has done and felt, and the way in which he is likely to influence the future acts and thoughts of men. And I shall attempt to do this, first, by examining what the real effect of things painted—clouds, or mountains, or whatever else they may be—is, or ought to be, in general, on men's minds, showing the grounds of their beauty or impressiveness as best I can; and then examining how far Turner seems to have understood these reasons of beauty, and how far his work interprets, or can take the place of nature." Thus, this volume on mountain beauty consists of chapters on Turnerian picturesque, topography, light, and mystery, for Turnerian general principles: and then follows an examination of mountains, such as, I suppose, was never before attempted, at least, in this its relation to the fine arts.

I think this fourth volume is the most valuable of the whole work, as it is certainly the most original. Original, I mean, in its treatment of a difficult and naturally dry subject, which is thereby made as fascinating as it is instructive. We are carried almost unconsciously into and through geological inquiries, and find ourselves in possession of a scientific knowledge without the weariness of a dry investigation; for Ruskin can "make the dry bones live," and, with a painter's eye, a poet's tongue, and an enchanter's wand, can change a *hortus siccus* into living nature, and out of the specimens of a geological museum build up in all their grandeur the Alpine glories. Or perhaps I should rather say that living, outdoor nature is his lecture-hall, where every required specimen is ready to the master's hand, to be turned to the best account for our instruction. But apart from the manner, which is so happy, the matter is most valuable. It is an education of the eye, which thereby is taught not only to admire what is beautiful or sublime in form, but to understand why such forms are assumed. How is the enjoyment of nature elevated by a process which thus raises the sensuous into the intellectual! and how, again, is the critical faculty enlarged in its capacity and strengthened in its action when founded upon accurate knowledge of what may be called the general principles of nature!

Of Ruskin, the art-critic, we may say what he has so beautifully said of Turner the painter—for both, in their widely

different fields, have wrought with pen and pencil the same great representations of nature upon the same eternal principles of truth—"Retaining in his delineation of natural scenery a fidelity to the facts of science, so rigid as to make his work at once acceptable and credible to the most sternly critical intellect, he can yet invest its features again with the sweet veil of their daily aspect; can make them dazzling with the splendour of wandering light, and involve them in the unsearchableness of stormy obscurity; can restore to the divided anatomy its visible vitality of operation, clothe its naked crags with soft forests, enrich the mountain ruin with bright pastures, and lead the thoughts from the monotonous recurrence of the physical world to the sweet interests and sorrows of human life and death." To understand thoroughly how this is done, a careful study of this fourth volume is required. Let me endeavour briefly just to hint at it.

First, he points out the work which had to be done, the ends to be accomplished, how the mountains and valleys came to be formed. This leads to the consideration of the materials to be employed, which he classifies, not exactly by the old names of primary, secondary, and tertiary rocks, but by others which, while they "involve no theory," are more intelligible. The hard central masses are called crystalline rocks, because they almost always present an appearance of crystallization; the less hard substances, which appear compact and homogeneous, he calls coherent rocks, and for the scattered *debris* he uses the general term diluvium. All this is intelligible enough, and need not frighten any one who dreads the dryness of geological terminology. After making the reader acquainted with the raw material, as it may be called, he passes on to the process of mountain manufacture, or, as he better expresses it, to the "sculpture of mountains." This is worked out with great clearness and fulness of illustration. We have first the lateral ranges, and then the central peaks, with their resulting forms, *aiguilles*, crests, precipices; and last, banks and stones.

We see, as it were, the mountains assume their peculiar forms according to the action of natural forces upon the mixed materials of which they are composed: we learn what kinds of rock must of necessity occupy the higher ranges, what shapes they must assume, how these will stand with respect to results upon more plastic matter; and we know where to look for, and how to distinguish, what these have given up and cast down for man's

more immediate use. And all this we learn as the work seems to go on before our eyes, losing none of its grandeur, or of its beauty, in the study, because it presents itself to us as one glorious whole, and not in isolated fragments, nor in the tediousness of minute investigation. Labour, indeed, there has been in the inquiry, which comes in so winning a form before us; but for us the work has been done, and we can now reap the harvest which Mr. Ruskin has sown so carefully. Thus it is that the mind and eye are at the same time instructed; the one to distinguish, and the other to understand, what nature has done, how, and with what special materials.

And what, it may be asked—indeed it has been more than once asked contemptuously—what is the use, as far as painting is concerned, of this minute investigation into the shape of valleys and mountains when formed by the wear and tear of certain materials? What matters it how and why nature works? Is it not enough for the painter to record what he sees, and for the critic and lover of art to enjoy what the skill of the artist puts before him? I reply, that neither can the one record nor the other enjoy, in any high sense of the term, what has thus been done, where in one or both there is this acknowledged ignorance of the works of nature. As well may we look for true representations of the human form from the hands of one who is ignorant of anatomy, as for similarly true copies of nature by one who has not studied nature closely. We tolerate these impossible mountains, valleys, and, indeed, general misrepresentations, with which picture galleries have made us familiar, only while we are content to draw our knowledge of nature from art and not from nature itself. But train the critic and the picture buyer to look around them, so that they may be able to compare what is represented with what passes for a fair transcript, and we shall soon have a higher, because better instructed, school of criticism; and then it must needs follow that painters will study what they now so often neglect, and will bring to the skilful manipulation that higher and deeper knowledge which will show itself in landscape painting worthy of the name.

But this, of course, however true and obvious in itself, will be protested against by those who are contented with art as it is. So we must not wonder when shallow critics and uneducated artists—shallow where depth alone gives value to the works of the one, and true art education to those of the other—cry out against such high argument as is herein implied. But what,

after all, is it but a demand that those who paint should understand what they undertake to represent?

It is true [said Ruskin in an earlier volume] that the distinctions of rocks and plants and clouds are less conspicuous, and less constantly subjects of observations, than those of the animal creation; but the difficulty of observing them proves not the merit of overlooking them. It only accounts for the singular fact, that the world has never yet seen anything like a perfect school of landscape. For just, as the highest historical painting is based on perfect knowledge of the workings of the human form and human mind, so must the highest landscape painting be based on perfect cognizance of the form, functions, and systems of every organic definitely structured existence which it has to represent.

Now, here is what to many will seem a very startling statement, and yet it is the great truth which underlies the whole of Ruskin's teaching. If these principles of close and accurate study of nature are to guide landscape painters, what are we to call our great masters who, on the whole, did not follow them, probably did not care for them, perhaps did not understand them? Are they great masters at all? There can be but one of two answers, either they were great landscape painters, or, as Ruskin here says, it is a fact, though, of course, a singular fact, that the world has never yet seen anything like a perfect school of landscape painting.

Of course, a mere assertion of this would go but for little or nothing, save to irritate old adversaries and raise new ones; and, therefore, Ruskin sets himself to work to prove what he asserts, by a close examination of the chief schools, and by a careful comparison of their works with the truths they profess to represent.

But when this is done, and his point is proved, his opponents have another answer ready at hand. They did not copy nature accurately because they would not. When proved to have failed in what one would suppose to be the chief, if not the sole aim of a landscape painter, namely, a faithful rendering of what they professed to imitate, then it is asserted that they did it of design, and were intentionally misrepresenters. They could, but they would not! How often is this excuse urged in other matters, yet how seldom is it accepted: why, then, should it avail in landscape painting? Ruskin will not allow it to pass muster, but with his strong common sense attacks it, and shivers to pieces the showy sophism which, in so many various shapes, and of such fragile materials, is put forth in its defence.

And when it was urged that this would reduce landscape painting to "mere portraiture of inanimate substances, . . . and that ancient landscapists took a broader, deeper, higher view of their art; that they neglected particular traits and gave only general features; and that thus they attained mass and force, harmonious union and simple effects, elements of grandeur and beauty"—to all this familiar jargon, which glides so glibly from the tongue or pen, and passes muster for art-criticism, what is Ruskin's rejoinder? His answer is simple and straightforward—

It is just as impossible to generalize granite and slate as it is to generalize a man and a cow. An animal must be either one animal or another animal—it cannot be a general animal, or it is no animal; and so a rock must be either one rock or another rock—it cannot be a general rock, or it is no rock. If there were a creature in the foreground of a picture which he could not decide whether it were a pony or a pig, such a critic would perhaps affirm it to be a generalization of pony and pig, and consequently a high example of "harmonious union and simple effect." But I should call it simple bad drawing. Generalization, as the word is commonly understood, is the act of a vulgar, incapable, and unthinking mind. To see in all mountains nothing but similar heaps of earth; in all rocks, nothing but similar concretions of solid matter; in all trees, nothing but similar accumulations of leaves, is no sign of high feeling or extended thought. The more we know, and the more we feel, the more we separate; we separate to attain a more perfect unity. Stones, in the thoughts of the peasant, lie as they do on his field; one is like another, and there is no connection between any of them. The geologist distinguishes, and in distinguishing connects them. Each becomes different from his fellow, but in differing from, assumes a relation to, his fellow; they are no more each the repetition of the other, they are parts of a system; and each implies and is connected with the existence of the rest. That generalization, then, is right, true, and noble, which is based on the knowledge of distinctions and observance of the relations of individual kinds. That generalization is wrong, false, and contemptible, which is based on ignorance of the one and disturbance of the other. It is, indeed, no generalization, but confusion and chaos; it is the generalization of a defeated army into undistinguishable impotence, the generalization of the elements of a dead carcass into dust.

With these sound principles in his mind, we may imagine with what care and industry Ruskin fulfils his office of an instructor, as well as critic, in this division of his subject. I believe I cannot do a greater kindness to any one who meditates a mountain tour than by recommending to his careful study this fourth volume of *Modern Painters*. I speak from personal experience when I say, that the difference between travelling

without and with the knowledge that will therein be found, is as the difference between travelling without and with a knowledge of the language of the country. And what difference can well be greater? Indeed, I may say these volumes are the grammar to nature, without the previous study of which she speaks to us in a well-nigh unknown tongue. Her loudest utterances are as terrible, but as unintelligible, as thunder; her gentlest whispers but as the murmuring of a passing breeze. But by the knowledge herein laid up for us, the eye is instructed to see and the mind to comprehend what it sees. No longer is there ignorance in our admiration, nor vague wonder at what we gaze upon. And when we return home to enjoy that which is surely not the least part of the pleasure of the wandering, the grouping and classifying in the mind's eye the pictures which are to abide therein for years of future enjoyment, how much the more easily, because how much the more intelligently, will that duty be performed when it is the arranging of the corresponding portions of what, at hardest, is but an easy puzzle, rather than the connecting together vague, because ill-understood impressions, and the joining into one what are like the rude rubbings from some half-effaced inscription, in what is, to our ignorance, an undeciphered hieroglyphic.

And here I must say just one word, which I will fortify with a quotation, to guard my readers from a misapprehension into which they might fall by the great stress which Mr. Ruskin has laid upon careful study and accurate copy of the works of nature on the part of painters, thinking, perhaps, that as he makes this so important a matter, he may be inclined to exaggerate it into the all-important one—that, in short, it should become the be-all and the end-all here. I cannot vindicate him from such a charge better than by letting him speak for himself, as he does thus—

Painting, or art generally, as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing. He who has learned what is considered the whole art of painting, that is, the art of representing any natural object faithfully, has as yet only learned the language by which his thoughts are to be expressed. He has done just as much towards being that which we ought to respect as a great painter, as a man who has learned how to express himself grammatically and melodiously has towards being a great poet.

The language is, indeed, more difficult of acquirement in the one case than in the other, and possesses more power of delighting the

senses, while it speaks to the intellect; but it is, nevertheless, nothing more than language, and all those excellences which are peculiar to the painter as such, are merely what rhythm, melody, precision, and force are in the words of the orator and the poet, necessary to their greatness, but not the tests of their greatness. It is not by the mode of representing and saying, but by what is represented and said, that the respective greatness either of the painter or the writer is to be finally determined.

Speaking with strict propriety [he continues], we should call a man a great painter only as he excelled in precision and force in the language of lines, and a great versifier, as he excelled in precision or force in the language of words. A great poet would then be a term strictly and in the same sense applicable to both, if warranted by the character of the images or thoughts which each in their respective languages convey. Take, for instance, one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen, the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," by Landseer. Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid, close and motionless, upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely had been the life, how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep; these are all thoughts, thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin, or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of mind.

The third and fourth volumes of *Modern Painters* appeared, as I have said, in 1856. It was after an interval of four more years, and seventeen years from the date of the first volume, that the fifth and last came forth. This is divided into four books, which treat respectively of leaf beauty, of cloud beauty, of ideas of relation under two heads, of invention formal and of invention spiritual. In the first two foliage and clouds undergo as close and rigid a scrutiny as the mountains did in what had preceded, while the latter are principally occupied with parallels and contrasts of great painters. I can only find space to illustrate the spirit of this volume by a quotation, which thus brings into striking contrast two very different schools of art in the characteristics of two representative men, Wouvermans and Angelico—

The thoughts of Wouvermans are wholly of this world. For him there is no heroism, awe or mercy, hope or faith. Eating and drinking, and slaying; rage and lust; the pleasures and distresses of the debased body—from these his thoughts, if so we may call them, never for an instant rise or range. The soul of Angelico is in all ways the precise reverse of this; habitually as incognizant of any earthly pleasure as Wouvermans of any heavenly one. Both are exclusive with absolute exclusiveness; neither desiring nor conceiving anything beyond their respective spheres. Wouvermans lives under grey clouds; his lights come out as spots. Angelico lives in an unclouded light. His shadows themselves are colour; his lights are not the spots, but his darks. Wouvermans lives in perpetual tumult—tramp of horse, clash of cup, ring of pistol-shot; Angelico in perpetual peace. Not seclusion from the world; no shutting out of the world is needful for him. There is nothing to shut out. Envy, lust, contention, discourtesy, are to him as though they were not, and the cloister walk of Fiesole no penitential solitude, barred from the stir and joy of life, but a possessed land of tender blessing, guarded from the entrance of all but holiest sorrow. The little cell was as one of the houses of heaven prepared for him by his Master. "What need had it to be elsewhere? Was not the Val d'Arno, with its olive woods in white blossom, paradise enough for a poor monk? or could Christ be indeed in heaven more than here? Was He not always with him? Could he breathe or see, but that Christ breathed beside him and looked into his eyes? Under every cypress avenue the angels walked; he had seen their white robes, whiter than the dawn, at his bedside as he awoke in early summer. They had sung with him, one on each side, when his voice failed for joy at sweet Vesper and Matin time; his eyes were blinded by their wings in the sunset, when it sank behind the hills of Luni." In Wouvermans we have the entirely carnal mind, wholly versed in the material world, and incapable of conceiving any goodness or greatness whatsoever. In Angelico you have the entirely spiritual mind, wholly versed in the heavenly world, and incapable of conceiving any wickedness or vileness whatsoever.

And here, perhaps, I may as well say a word or two on a question which this allusion to Beato Angelico and Catholic art as typified in him suggests. It is but fair to mention that Mr. Ruskin is a Protestant, and, being such, we may be sure that he is a very decided one; for I think we must have noted by this time this one of his special characteristics, that he is nothing by halves. Of course, this must be to us a matter of regret on all grounds; but here I have only to do with the artistic question, and viewing it from that standpoint, one cannot but grieve over what of necessity so narrows the views and checks the sympathies of a real lover of art. There can be no need to prove, what is so obvious, that not only the power of loving, but even that of understanding, a whole class of art, and that the most important,

as well as the most extensive, must of necessity be wanting to one who has not the Faith.

Apart from this very serious drawback, I do not think Mr. Ruskin's Protestantism, fierce as it is, need trouble us much in the study of his works. Indeed, I would go further, and say, that it has its amusing side as well as its offensive one: and I am sure we must feel grateful to any one who can make so dreary a thing as Protestantism in any sense amusing. And yet Mr. Ruskin does so, in spite, perhaps because of his own earnestness. Living in the midst of Catholic art, drawing his tenderest thoughts from its inspirations, and seeing, as he cannot help seeing, how far higher and nobler it is than anything which post-Reformation days have given the world; and being too outspoken and honest to conceal his feelings and the conclusions which inevitable logic thence deduces, he is perforce carried away in a very un-Protestant direction. Then he makes a sudden stand. He cries out against the power which is bearing him off, and, like other men under similar circumstances, he clings to anything, the veriest weeds and straws that come in his way, and abuses in pretty round terms the force of the current and all that before his fright he had so admired. And so, I think, however much we may deplore, we need not dread this ungenial element in the great critic's mind.

I have confined my observations thus exclusively to his one work, *Modern Painters*, because I believe thereon is founded Mr. Ruskin's reputation as an art-critic, and therein are contained the great principles of art which he has toiled so zealously and so successfully to inculcate. His aim is best expressed in his own words, which I quote from the Preface to the last volume—

In the main aim and principle of the book, there is no variation from its first syllable to its last. It declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the works of God; and tests all works of men by concurrence with, or subjection to, that. And it differs from most books, and has a chance of being in some respects better for the difference, in that it has not been written either for fame or for money, or for conscience sake, but of necessity.

He tells us, in his own peculiar way, why it has been written of necessity—

I saw an injustice done, and tried to remedy it. I heard a falsehood taught, and was compelled to deny it. Nothing else was possible to me. I knew not how little or how much might come of the business, or

whether I was fit for it ; but here was the lie full set in front of me, and there was no way round it, but only over it. So that, as the work changed like a tree, it was also rooted like a tree—not where it would, but where need was ; on which if any fruit grow such as you can like, you are welcome to gather it without thanks ; and so far as it is poor or bitter, it will be your justice to refuse it without reviling.

That to many, artists and critics alike, it has proved bitter, the world has had proof enough, and not without reviling, we must needs confess. I would fain hope that the author may be alike, but more pleasantly, disappointed in that the fruit which we like, and which he so abundantly provides, may not be gathered without thanks.

I believe there is a very large, and a daily increasing class, both of painters and critics, who feel grateful for the labour which Mr. Ruskin has bestowed upon a great work, and who more and more appreciate the truths which he has so laboriously investigated and so eloquently set forth. Artists, and those who are to enjoy their productions, are alike educated by such a work as this. To both is that education necessary, because both must rise or sink together. Few painters have the courage to paint above the capacity of their patrons, be they few or many, be they rich purchasers or poor admirers. Train these latter, in eye if not in hand, so that they may judge if nature is correctly portrayed or academically misrepresented, and be sure the artists will rise to the requirements of a refined and enlightened judgment. Will rise to it, do I say ? They will rise above it, and in their higher flight will raise with them those for whose tastes they will then have a just respect, and for whose approbation they will delight to use to the utmost powers which are rightly estimated.

I believe there is nothing more discouraging to a true artist than the worthless praise of ignorance. How can he rouse himself to closer study and to more accurate finish, when what he feels to be unworthy of himself satisfies those upon whose applause he lives ? We may be sure the exhibition walls throughout Europe would not be crowded with such inanities, if public taste were not satisfied with such worthless productions. The supply will meet the demand in art as much as in trade, will rise as high and will sink as low : and so it is that we need teachers like Ruskin, who will train both painter and public. That he has special qualifications for the work, his writings abundantly show. His energy and untiring zeal none can question ; his

devotion, without thought or need of pecuniary reward, to a special field of investigation, which has long been regarded as the peculiar territory of clique and academy, where influence is almost unbounded through the ignorance and apathy of the world without; the boldness with which he has enunciated his ideas, and the skill and research with which he has upheld them; the hold which he has taken upon the public mind, as far that is as it cares for and understands such questions—all these combine to show that we have among us one who has something to teach, and skill to win us to listen to his teaching.

H. B.

Memory: Artist and Author.

THERE'S a wonderful old volume, known and conned in every age,
Written by the skinny fingers of a venerable sage.
Skilful monks in centuries olden, gemmed their work with rare device :
As without the legend picture, written words could not suffice.
In this treasured tome so sacred, many leaves are painted so,
Many curious legends written—tales of joy and tales of woe.
In this book, whose name is Memory, there are many pages quaint;
Some are written firm and closely, others indistinct and faint.
When old Time, the cunning author, wrought with magic pencil there,
Traced he forms of tender limning, very delicate and fair.
E'en the saddest scene he sketches has a melancholy grace,
And, beneath his mystic tinting, sorrow wears a witching face.
Here and there are glowing pictures, coloured with triumphant hand,
As the lines of autumn sunset flushed beneath his pencil-wand.
Wondrously this artist author tells his legends strange to hear,
Whether tales of joy or wonder, or perchance despair and fear.
Still, with echoings of music, dreamily the words unfold,
And with smiles our tears of sadness mingle when the tale is told.
Exquisite and all unrivalled is this noble master's art,
Which can charm, with hallowed pencil, desolation from the heart.

A. D.

The Court of Chancery and the Religion of Minors.

WHEN we consider the nature and extent of the jurisdiction which is intrusted to the Court of Chancery by the law of this country, it is satisfactory to find some assurance that in the exercise of its powers the Court is above any suspicion of religious partiality or bigotry. And it is especially satisfactory to see the impartiality of the Court exhibited, as it has recently been, in cases where questions have been raised as to the religious education of children. In the case of Meade's minors, which was decided at the beginning of this year, the Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland declined to interfere in order to secure a Catholic education for the daughters of a Catholic mother and a Protestant father; and in the still more recent case of *Hawksworth v. Hawksworth*, the Protestant Lords Justices of Appeal in England confirmed the order of a Protestant Vice-Chancellor, who had directed that the daughter of a Protestant mother and of a Catholic father, who was dead, should be taken from the control of her mother, so far as her religious education was concerned, and be brought up a Catholic, according to the wish of her father. These cases suggest many considerations; they show the fairness with which the Court administers the law, and they also afford a striking illustration of the painful and pitiable results which too frequently follow from mixed marriages. But the lesson to which this article is intended to call attention, and which is more directly inculcated in the case of Meade's minors, is one which concerns those to whose care children, especially the children of mixed marriages, have been committed upon the death of the father or mother; and it is a lesson which should be familiar to every one upon whom such a charge has been or may be imposed, whether by the law, by the will of the parent, or by the ties of relationship or friendship.

The facts upon which Lord O'Hagan had to adjudicate are soon told. Mr. Meade, a Protestant, married a Catholic lady,

and arranged with her before marriage, that the sons should be brought up Protestants, the daughters Catholics. Mrs. Meade died in the year 1867, leaving two daughters. After his wife's death, Mr. Meade invited her sister, Miss Mary Romaine, who is a Catholic, to come to his house and take charge of the children ; she did so, and continued to teach them the doctrine and the religious observances which they had learned from their mother. This state of things existed without interference from the father for more than two years, until the 31st of March, 1870. On that day, Mr. Meade, who was then on the eve of a second marriage with a Protestant lady, directed his sister-in-law not to speak to his children in future on the subject of religion. On the 2nd of April he sent them to a Protestant friend, and from that time they received Protestant instruction, and practised the religious observances of the Protestant Church. From the time when the children began to receive Protestant instruction a period of about nine months elapsed before the commencement of the suit, which was instituted by the children's aunt, and was a petition to the Court of Chancery asking it in effect to remove the children from their father's control, and to oblige him to allow them to be educated as Catholics. Before the commencement of legal proceedings, the petitioner did not appear to have interfered with Mr. Meade in the course which he had adopted as to the education of his children, and she had even advised her nieces "to yield an outward compliance with the wishes of their father."

Before giving judgment, Lord O'Hagan thought it right to see the children. He says—

The children came to me. I saw them on several occasions. I sought to learn their real sentiments ; and, for that purpose, to induce them to speak with confidence and freedom. I found the elder very bright and intelligent for her years, and the younger soft and timid, and apparently disposed to be much the reflex of her sister. Doing my best to reach the truth as to their feelings and dispositions, and pressing especially the elder to speak openly and according to the fact, in the ultimate result I learned from her that she had held only Catholic principles before her father's determination that she should be brought up as a Protestant ; but that since, having been instructed in Protestantism as she had been instructed in Catholicism, her Catholic convictions had been shaken, and she knew something of both religions, but could not say in which she believed as the true one. She thought that, hereafter, she might know which was true ; but at present she wished to go to the Protestant church with her father and to be instructed at the Protestant school. I asked her as to her belief in

some of the distinctive doctrines of the Churches, and found that she had been a good deal instructed on the one side as well as on the other, and as to each of them she expressed the same sort of doubt as with reference to the religions generally. She had learned something of both, but had confident belief in neither. The younger child spoke to the same effect, agreeing with her sister, on whom, as I have said, she seemed to be much dependent; and both expressed their wishes to go with their father to the Protestant church, although they had settled faith in neither religion.

Even at the risk of somewhat unduly lengthening this extract, it will be as well to cite the following observations of the Lord Chancellor, which, in fact, constitute the grounds of his decision—

The spectacle was a sad one. The simple, cloudless confidence of childhood adhering joyously to religion as expounded and made dear to it by loving parents, had in this case, if the children were not deceivers, been broken up by struggling influences and transmuted into premature and desolating doubt. The father, on the one side, standing by whilst the infants received a Catholic education from a thorough believer in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, though he was all the time determined that they should not be Catholics; and the aunt, on the other, inculcating the lesson of deception and remaining quiescent whilst the creed and the practices of Protestantism were made familiar to them, and commended to their acceptance by the fond indulgence of a parent whom they loved—both, in their various ways, by act and shortcoming had induced, according to their own repeated statement, the loss of certainty either way to the poor children. Both of them, I have no doubt, would make any sacrifice to promote the temporal or spiritual advantage of the infants; yet, in the contest, they have wrought this flagrant and, it may be, irremediable mischief to those they love; and, contemplating it, we may recognize some of the mischiefs of those mixed marriages, which, though sometimes fortunate and happy, too often set religion and love in unnatural antagonism, and make high principle and earnest faith the instruments of strife and sorrow in many a home. I do not know what may be the future of these little ones. Whether, as the palimpsest often shows freshly the original inscription after it has been long concealed, the impressions communicated at the mother's knee may not find development hereafter, or whether those by which they have been covered and subdued may not for ever forbid their reappearance—no one can tell with any confidence. But this is certain, so far as any one can confidently judge from the words of children who have been taught to practise deception even for a time, that they have no such fixed opinion or rooted faith as would bring them within the operation of the principles which forbid the exercise of parental power to shatter that opinion or disturb that faith without the substitution of another. Their words, so far as they were reliable, went to negative and not to assert the existence of those strong and positive religious impressions which are not to be imperilled, even that the father's right may be maintained. And seeing that that right is

paramount and sacred, save when the presence of such impressions coercively demands its abridgment for the sake of the child's spiritual and temporal advantage, I am bound to give it free operation and refuse the injunction which would forbid its exercise, having reached the conclusion after the most anxious and painful thought that the conditions to which I adverted in the opening of my judgment, as legally justifying the interventions of the Court, do not exist in this case.

The principles of law upon which Lord O'Hagan's judgment is founded are of such importance to all Catholics, that a few pages may not unprofitably be devoted to their consideration. It is well known that the Court of Chancery exercises an extensive jurisdiction for the protection of the interests of minors—that is to say, of persons under the age of twenty-one years. But how the Court came to have this jurisdiction is one of those mysteries which are so frequently to be met with in the history of English law. One learned commentator thinks that it was “an usurpation, for which the best excuse was, that the case was not otherwise sufficiently provided for.” Another writer, zealous to establish the strict legitimacy of the jurisdiction exercised by the Court of Chancery, controverts this opinion, and maintains that the care of minors (as of all persons who are supposed not to be able to take care of themselves) belongs to the Crown as *parens patriæ*, and has been delegated to the Lord Chancellor as the most suitable minister for its exercise. However, this seems to be for the most part mere theorizing, in which, nevertheless, there is this one fact to be discerned, that “the earliest instance which has been found of the actual exercise of the jurisdiction by the Chancellor to appoint a guardian is said to be that of Hampden, in the year 1696.” And it is quite certain that since that time the jurisdiction has been exercised without any serious question being raised as to its legality.

Thus, under certain circumstances, the Court of Chancery appoints guardians, and in all proper cases it enforces obedience on the part of wards to the directions of their guardians. In one case it is recorded somewhat quaintly that the ward “went to Oxford, contrary to the orders of his guardian, and the Court sent a messenger to carry him from Oxford to Cambridge; and upon his returning to Oxford there went another *tam* to carry him to Cambridge *quam* to keep him there.” And as the Court will support the guardian's authority when not improperly exercised, so, as might be expected, it will

protect the ward from any improper exercise of such authority. Even as against the father himself, the Court will interfere when its interference is clearly called for to protect the interests and welfare of the child. As Lord Thurlow once observed, the Court of Chancery will not allow the colour of parental authority to work the ruin of the child, and although there was a notion that the jurisdiction was questionable, he said that the Court had arms long enough to reach such a case, and prevent a parent from prejudicing the health or future prospects of the child.

A strong and very remarkable instance of the interference of the Court with the parental authority is afforded in the case in which Lord Eldon refused to allow the poet Shelley to have the care of his own children. Shelley had separated from his wife, and his two children, during their mother's life, had lived with her and her father, Mr. Westbrooke. After her death, Shelley required Mr. Westbrooke to deliver the children up to him ; he refused, and the Court of Chancery supported him in his refusal on the ground that the father professed the most perverted opinions on the fundamental truths of religion and morality. It may be worthy of notice that, in his decision of this case, Lord Eldon appears to have been influenced chiefly by the evidence of Shelley's practical as well as theoretical repudiation of the Christian law of marriage, a repudiation whose essential principle is now adopted and enforced by the law itself in the Divorce Court. The following lines from the *Masque of Anarchy* show the bitterness of feeling with which the father, not unnaturally, regarded this painful decision—

Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Lord E——, an ermine gown ;
His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to mill-stones as they fell.
And the little children, who
Round his feet played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knocked out by them.

It is curious and not unimportant to observe that, in former times, Lord Chancellors, acting upon principles precisely similar to those of Lord Eldon, seem to have interfered, where it was possible, to prevent the education of children in the Catholic faith.

But, as might be expected from the principles now dominant, other ideas have developed themselves in the Court of Chancery

as elsewhere, and the one fundamental rule which the Court has adopted with regard to the education of children is that it must be conducted under the control or according to the wishes and directions of the father. Lord Hatherley, the present Lord Chancellor, when a Vice-Chancellor, expressed this ruling principle in a case to which reference will be made presently, and said that "the Court knew no rule but that of the highest morality and the preservation of all those sacred relations which existed between father and son. No form of the Christian faith was inconsistent with that rule of morality, or the observance of that right which Providence has conferred on the parent of superintending, directing, and taking upon himself the sole responsibility of the religious education of his child."

The case of Mr. Hawksworth's child, which has already been referred to, shows how firmly the rule is now established that a child must be brought up in the religion of its father. Mr. Hawksworth was a Catholic, and the child had been baptized at a Catholic church. When the child was only six months old the father died, without leaving any directions as to the religion in which she was to be educated. For about eight years after Mr. Hawksworth's death she had been under the care of her mother, who was a Protestant. The time having arrived when it became necessary that she should receive some distinct religious education, some of her Catholic relations applied to the Court of Chancery for an order that she should be brought up in the religion of her father. The Vice-Chancellor's feelings were much opposed to the separation of mother and child. "To direct," he said, "that the ward should be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith will be to create a barrier between a widowed mother and her only child, to annul the mother's influence over her daughter on the most important of all the subjects on which it can be exercised, with the almost inevitable effect of weakening it in all others, to introduce a disturbing element into a union which ought to be as close, as warm, and as absolute as any known to man, and, lastly, to inflict the most severe pain on both mother and child. But it is clear that no argument which would recognize any right in the widowed mother to bring up her child in a religion different from the father's can be allowed to weigh with me at all. According to the law of this Court, the mother has no such right." Accordingly, the Vice-Chancellor directed that the child should be brought up a Catholic, and his decision was

confirmed upon an appeal to the Lords Justices. There can be no doubt, therefore, as to what the rule is, but neither the Vice-Chancellor nor Lord Justice Mellish appear to have been very well satisfied with the law which they were bound to administer. And a writer in the *Times* asks, in an article upon this case, whether it is "desirable that the inequality of the sexes should be so strained as to place a dead father's implied wishes before a living mother's declared desire in judging of the true interests of a child." If, however, the principle to be adopted is that the wish of the father shall be paramount—and this principle is very deeply rooted, not only in English law but also in the feelings of English society—then surely it is not unreasonable, where the father has distinctly professed some form of religious belief, and has shown due care in the education of his child in that belief, that, if he dies without actually expressing any wish, the law should presume his wish to be that his child should be brought up in his own religion. If the law is objectionable, the objection must surely be to its absolute indifference, even after the father's death, to the feelings and wishes of the mother.

Rigid, however, as the rule of law is which recognizes only the father's will, it is not, as we have already seen, without exceptions. Under certain circumstances the Court will protect the child against the father, and will control or even set aside altogether the father's directions as to the religious education of his child. In stating legal principles it is never safe to wander far from the words of authority, and it will therefore be convenient to explain the limitations of the parent's authority in the words of Lord O'Hagan in *Mr. Meade's case*—

The authority of a father to guide and govern the education of his child is a very sacred thing, bestowed by the Almighty, and to be sustained to the uttermost by human law. But, as has been said by several of the judges, the father's authority is a trust and not a power, and the abuse of it will justify its restraint. Or, if the interests of the child cannot be secured consistently with its unfettered action, this Court will interfere to see that those interests are legitimately guarded, either by its absolute suspension or the imposition of conditions on its exercise. . . . But the case for interference must be plain and stringent. . . . One great question in these cases was as to the interest and happiness of the child; and this has always been more or less a composite question—involving regard to health, position, and prospects, as well as the most important consideration of religious faith. The Court has looked to the benefit of the minor, and whilst, *cæteris paribus*, it has deferred to the will of his father, it has guarded him, to the utmost of its power, from the evil consequences which may be wrought by the arbitrary disturbance

of fixed impressions and convictions rooted in the soul. It has not permitted the supposed or proved wishes of a parent to loosen the formed attachment of his child—capable by age and intelligence of forming such an attachment, especially if it was formed with his own assent, and by his own sufferance—to the tenets of a particular Church, with the probable result of generating indifference or disbelief as to the tenets of all Churches, and the very foundations of the Christian faith.

Lord O'Hagan said that it would be his duty to take into consideration the position and prospects of the children ; but, in justice to the principles of the Court, it must be observed that this consideration is not by any means paramount. As Lord Cottenham once said, the religious faith in which a child is to be brought up cannot be a matter of barter in the Court of Chancery.

A guardian may be so forgetful of his duty as to neglect the religious education of his ward, and even allow him to receive religious instruction not in accordance with the directions of the father. If in such a case a child had really acquired settled religious convictions or impressions, of such a kind that it would seem dangerous to attempt to efface them, the Court would not allow the attempt to be made, or at all events would not lend the assistance of its authority in making it. Unfortunately, the Court appears to have had occasion to act on this principle for the most part in cases where children have been allowed to receive Protestant instruction against the wishes and directions of the father. Thus, where the mother had become a Protestant after the father's death, and her son had remained for some years under her care, before any application was made to the Court, Lord Justice Knight Bruce, assuming that the father's wish had been that the child should be a Catholic, observed that—

The Protestant seed which had been sown appeared to have taken such a hold on his mind that the tares, if tares they were, could not be rooted up without danger to the wheat. The child's tranquillity, health, happiness, and spiritual welfare, were too likely to suffer from an attempt to efface his Protestant impressions for such a course to be attempted.

And in another case, where a guardian had allowed his ward to be brought up a Protestant, the same judge said—

With every respect for what may be allowed to be the feelings and wishes of the father on so important a subject, it is impossible not to see that great danger to the spiritual welfare and to the moral character of

the infant, may arise (I do not say will arise) from a change of religious education. On this ground, and on this ground alone, it is the duty of the Court to pause.

The Court, acting upon similar principles, will refuse to enforce the father's wishes, when the neglect has been on the part, not of the guardian, but of the father himself. Thus, where a father had left directions in his will that his children should be brought up Catholics, and, rather inconsistently, appointed for their guardians their mother, who was a Unitarian, and a gentleman who was a Catholic, a question arose as to the religious education of the children, and the direction of the Court was sought. The following passage explains the reasons which influenced Vice-Chancellor Wood (now Lord Hatherley) in arriving at his decision—

Looking at the letters written by the testator before his marriage, showing no trace of any theological convictions in his mind, and his conduct afterwards, was there any exercise by him of that duty, which was his right, of directing the religious instruction of his children? Throughout his life he allowed the children to be openly introduced by the act and at the request of their mother to a form of religion utterly opposed to Romanism. He allowed her to select a governess who was certainly not a Roman Catholic. He altered his former will by leaving the children to the guardianship of one whom he knew to have most determined feelings on the subject of religion; and under all these circumstances there had been what amounted to a total abdication by the father of his right of controlling the religious education of his children.

And now, to return to Mr. Meade's case, it must be obvious that the facts there fall very far short of those which have induced the Court of Chancery, as in the cases already considered, to interfere with the father's authority. In the first place, there were these singular facts, that, at the time of the application to the Court, the father was living and that his children were then actually receiving a Protestant education under his directions. The only apparent ground for asking that they should be removed from his control was, that he, in fulfilment of a promise made to their mother before her marriage, had allowed them for years to receive a Catholic education, and that they had acquired such clear and firmly established religious convictions, that it would be cruel to the children to attempt to efface them, and dangerous to their health, happiness, and spiritual welfare. Even if all this had been established, there would scarcely have been as strong a

case for the intervention of the Court as there was in Shelley's case, which must be considered a very extreme instance of the Court's interference with the parental rights. But Lord O'Hagan, following a reasonable and well established practice of the Court, had an interview with the children, and discovered that in the nine months which had, unfortunately, been allowed to elapse from the time when they first began to receive Protestant instruction before any application was made to the Court, all traces of settled religious belief had been effaced. Under such circumstances, the children being satisfied with the religion in which they were being instructed, it was perfectly plain that the Court could not take them from their father in order that they might be taught the religion of their mother.

It appears to be one of the painful conditions of human society, that the best laws cannot be so administered as never to inflict individual hardships; and perhaps this submission which must occasionally be made to a law which does not seem to satisfy the requirements of justice, is part of that price which the individual has to pay for the advantages of a social existence. Thus it cannot be pretended that the Court of Chancery has not sometimes arrived at unsatisfactory decisions with regard to the religion of minors. Painful and unfortunate results may arise from the strict obedience to the father's wish, which the Court requires even after his death, when it may necessitate the separation of the child from its surviving parent. But, on the other hand, the great advantages of a certain and intelligible rule are manifest; and, without either denying or asserting that the present rule might be amended and improved, we think it may safely be affirmed that nothing would be gained from its looser interpretation. The *Hawksworth* case shows that the Court is not disposed to extend or add to the exceptions; and, from what we have seen, it is clear that Catholicism is quite as likely to lose as to gain from such an extension. Perhaps, as a last example of the operation of the law, we may refer to a case in which, as in the case of the *Hawksworths*, the Court helped to save the faith of a child, by securing for him—a boy of twelve years—a Catholic education, against his own wishes and those of his mother.

The father had died, leaving directions in his will that his son should be educated "in the faith of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church." The child, during his father's lifetime, had

shown a strange precocity, especially with regard to religion. Twice he had run away from Catholic schools, and when only eight years old, had written a letter to his father, expressing a repugnance to Catholic observances. The father was firm; he did what he could to remove the impressions which the child had received, probably from his mother, and insisted on his practising all the usual observances of the Catholic religion. After the father's death, the boy's guardians wished to remove him from his mother's control and send him to a Catholic school; the mother wished to educate him as a Protestant. The case came before Lord Hatherley (then a Vice-Chancellor), who saw the boy, and came to the conclusion that his dislike to the religion of his father and his desire to be a Protestant were not such as should induce the Court to refrain from enforcing a compliance with the father's directions.

Since the above pages were written, Lord O'Hagan has had occasion to give effect to the principles which he laid down in *Mr. Meade's case*, and with a somewhat singular result. The facts of the case were peculiar, and there was considerable conflict of evidence. Edward Kearney, who was a Catholic, married a Protestant, and, though his children were baptized by a Catholic priest, he allowed his wife to bring them up as Protestants. This seems to have been clearly established, but at the same time there was strong evidence from Kearney's letters that some time before his death he believed that his wife had become a Catholic. He died, leaving directions that the children should be "piously and religiously brought up," and appointed for their guardians three Catholics, together with his wife. The Catholic guardians filed a petition in the Court of Chancery praying that the children might be brought up Catholics. Notwithstanding the evidence of neglect on the part of the father, the Lord Chancellor was clearly of opinion that he wished his children to be brought up in his own faith. As to the younger children, he thought that their years and capacity did not enable them to form decided religious impressions, and he therefore directed that they should be educated as Catholics according to their father's wishes. He said that the "expressed directions, or the presumed desire of the father, could not be overborne by any opposition on the part of the mother, and nothing but the plain interests of the children, arising from the formation of decided opinions or otherwise, gave the Court the power to interfere with that direction or

desire." But he considered that the case of the elder children was different. They declared themselves Protestants, and strongly desired to continue in the Protestant faith. His Lordship "believing, after the most careful inquiry in lengthened interviews, that their religious opinions were really Protestant," held that "the Court must enforce the legal doctrine which would permit them to retain those principles, lest they should lose all attachment to the Christian faith, and act under coercion the part of hypocrites." This case illustrates very clearly both the rule and the exception.

It is not necessary to develop the practical conclusions which are obviously suggested by the consideration of this branch of the law as administered by the Court of Chancery. It is to be hoped, however, that no one who has had the patience to read these pages will fail to carry away from their perusal at least two definite and permanent notions—that there are circumstances under which the assistance of the Court of Chancery may be obtained to protect and save the faith of a child, not only by the father or the lawful guardian, but sometimes even as against them; and secondly, that in seeking such assistance, the suitor will meet with no impediment so fatal as his own neglect or delay. There is an old maxim of equity which is applied with a special force in this class of cases—*Vigilantibus, non dormientibus Æquitas subvenit*.

J. W.

The International Exhibition at South Kensington.

WE cannot see into the future. It is well in most matters, in all indeed, that we cannot. Still there are some events, changes, and combinations, of which we should be glad to have a view from some point in time well onward from the present. How will our political changes, our great nostrums for the improvement of "the people," Land bills, Church bills, Ballot bills, Education bills—how will they appear to us when the fever of our day is past, and the fruits, good or bad, shall have arrived at maturity? And amongst the nostrums we mention, we own to an occasional sentiment of speculative curiosity as to our future retrospect on Great Exhibitions. What on earth will they look like? How will they have affected the industry, the social sentiments, the aspirations in matters of sentiment, the tendencies to or away from luxury and materialism of this generation?

Since the days of the great Crystal Palace of Messrs. Fox and Henderson and Sir Joseph Paxton, which included two noble elm trees upwards of a century in age, what a fever for such displays has swept over Europe! London set the example to Paris, Paris to Italy. London took the matter up again, and Paris again. In 1867 the Champ de Mars was partly covered in with a vast inclosure, like a gasometer in form, hideous but carefully laid out; and what was not covered in of that historic space of ground was laid out in gardens, and filled with a perfect host of minor exhibitions, models of cottages, stables, churches, some for Catholic, some for Evangelical usages. We are not exaggerating, if our memory serves us, in adding to these a mosque, a joss house, and what more we know not. All these were specimens or types, not absolute places of worship. But we remember the string of well-bred picturesque horses that used to take their daily exercise in front of the Russian stables, and the noble hounds exhibited in the same buildings by the

Emperor. All this dazzling show, these quaint constructions, this picturesque assemblage of animals, have faded away into dim chaotic distance. We remember the outer circle or street of cafés and restaurants. They represented, as the place itself did, every nationality. We drank Russian tea, with a squeeze of lemon, in a glass. It was served by comely peasant girls in national costume. It was the same with Italians, English, Turks, till we got to the Celestial Empire. Whether, indeed, all these strange outlandish beauties were really representatives of the various lands and languages they professed to stand for, or whether a good proportion were not damsels of native Parisian growth, whose versatility of talent and powers of impersonation enabled them to beguile the rush of sight-seers, eager to be pleased, and not over-discriminating; this, we say, is more than we can decide. And now they are all gone. Nothing is left on the scene of so much noise and gaiety but mournful evidences of a terrible contest barely ended. Volleys of rifle-fire are, or were but lately, disposing, on this brilliant patch of ground, of the lives of miserable men, who died as they had inflicted death, maddened by a delirium horrible to think of.

Well, all this Paris show (with how much more!) is at an end, and this year we turn once more to a London International Exhibition. The cycle has been pretty well run through, and we find ourselves again where this system began—in London. Any Londoner, whose memory can carry him back twenty years, will remember the buoyancy of hope to which the London Exhibition gave rise. The era of wars was to cease, the reign of Universal Peace was begun. Instead of quarrels, diplomatic or armed, we were to have intimate union of peoples, founded on their best, *i.e.*, their material and commercial, interests. The wants which were mutual were to be met by friendly interchanges. Each nation would supply what was wanting to its neighbour, and receive the superfluities of foreign manufacture or industry in return.

We are far, indeed, from any desire to hold up this amiable forecasting of the future to ridicule or contempt. As far as it goes, this honest desire to work in peace, to give and to take from our neighbours, in all fairness and freedom from jealousy, is admirable. Certainly, the prognostications of the day were made in all good faith. Nevertheless, the reign of peace was not then inaugurated. The long repose of Europe lasted well-nigh forty years, till the old Duke, the last great actor in the long wars of

the beginning of the century, died in 1852. Then came the French Empire, and with it, or contemporaneously, a long train of desperate and bloody wars. It is still too early to say whether an era of twenty years of war that has followed the Empire is enough. The last has been the most terrible. We recall to mind, how, in 1867, enormous pieces of artillery, one a thousand-pound gun of steel from Krupp, were amongst the significant contributions of the Prussian section. Men believed on all sides that a Prussian war was then imminent. At one time, it was doubtful whether the Exhibition itself could be brought to a close without a violation of the existing peace. Strings of horses, bought as remounts for cavalry, filed along the beautiful avenues of the Champs Elysées, morning after morning, brought by the railways from the provinces. But it was hoped that the peaceful interchange of industrial products would be carried on to the end. Above all, it was pretty clearly known that the Empire was not prepared for war, such a war at any rate as the Prussian. From that time till the collapse of the Empire, France was preparing for a struggle. Her infantry was re-armed, the terrible force of artillery, which we know as *mitrailleuse*, was put into shape and equipped, and less than a year ago, all France rushed forward *à Berlin*.

What connection have wars with exhibitions? Have they any whatever? Is what we point out an accidental coincidence only, or is there any seed of jealousy sown, any international enmity engendered, by what promises to be a joyous and instructive interchange of neighbouring nations? Is there any oblivion or obscuration of deeper causes, loftier hopes of peace and goodwill, produced by these scenes and periods of excitement? These are questions which our philosophy is too blind to penetrate, and we must leave them aside.

The Exhibition of this year is, though small by comparison, far greater in importance than that of 1851. It is one of an annual series. Once in ten years, the cycle of products of industry in its various branches is to come round again. Worsteds this year, cottons next, and so on. In every year's exhibition, some one industry is to be completely exhibited,* and anything unusual,

* The following are the arrangements for exhibiting manufactures in each of the nine Exhibitions to follow the present one of 1871—

1872.—Cotton; jewellery; musical instruments; acoustical apparatus and experiments; paper, stationery, and printing—(a) paper, card, and millboard, (b) stationery, (c) plate, letterpress, and other modes of printing; machinery for the group; raw

or worth recording as a novel invention in machinery, will be allowed a place, whether belonging to the classes of industry exhibited that year, or not. It will, in fact, be a means of editing and publishing a sort of living advertiser of new inventions.

materials for all the above-mentioned objects. Any modifications in the year 1873 or the following years will be duly announced.

1873.—Silk and velvet; steel, cutlery, and edge tools—(a) steel manufactures, (b) cutlery and edge tools; surgical instruments and appliances; carriages not connected with rail or tram roads; substances used as food—(a) agricultural products, (b) dry-saltery, grocery, preparations of food, (c) wine, spirits, beer, and other drinks, and tobacco, (d) implements for drinking, and the use of tobacco of all kinds; cooking and its science; machinery for the group; raw materials for all the above-mentioned objects.

1874.—Lace, hand and machine made; civil engineering, architectural, and building contrivances and tests—(a) civil engineering and building construction, (b) sanitary apparatus and constructions, (c) cement and plaster work, &c.; leather, including saddlery and harness—(a) leather and manufactures of leather, (b) saddlery, harness; artificial illumination by all methods, gas and its manufacture; bookbinding of all kinds; machinery in general for the group; raw materials used for all the above-mentioned objects.

1875.—Woven, spun, felted, and laid fabrics (when shown as specimens of printing or dyeing); horological instruments; brass and copper manufactures; hydraulics and experiments, supply of water; machinery in general for the group; raw materials used for all the above-mentioned objects.

1876.—Works in precious metals and their imitations; photographic apparatus and photography; skins, furs, feathers, and hair; agricultural machinery and results; philosophical instruments, and processes depending upon their use; uses of electricity; machinery in general for the group; raw materials used for all the above-mentioned objects.

1877.—Furniture and upholstery, including paper-hangings and papier mâché—(a) furniture and upholstery, (b) paper-hangings and general decoration; health, manufactures, &c., promoting, with experiments; machinery in general for the group; raw materials used for all the above-mentioned objects.

1878.—Tapestry, embroidery and needlework; glass—(a) stained glass used in buildings, (b) glass for household purposes; military engineering, armour and accoutrements, ambulances, ordnance and small arms—(a) clothing and accoutrements, (b) tents, camp equipages, and military engineering, (c) arms, ordnance and ammunition; naval architecture, ships' tackle—(a) ships for purposes of war and commerce, (b) boats, barges, and vessels for commerce, amusement, &c., (c) ships' tackle and rigging, (d) clothing for the navy; heating and combustion, with experiments; machinery in general for the group; raw materials used for all the above-mentioned objects.

1879.—Matting of all kinds, straw manufactures; flax and hemp; iron and general hardware—(a) iron manufactures, (b) tin, lead, zinc, pewter, and general brazing; dressing cases, travelling cases, &c.; horticultural machinery and products; uses of magnetism; machinery in general for the group; raw materials used for all the above-mentioned objects.

1880.—Chemical substances and products, and experiments, pharmaceutical processes—(a) chemical products, (b) medical and pharmaceutical products and processes, (c) oils, fats, wax; articles of clothing—(a) hats and caps, (b) bonnets and general millinery, (c) hosiery, gloves, and clothing in general, (d) boots and shoes; railway plant, including locomotive engines and carriages; machinery in general for the group; raw materials used for all the above-mentioned objects.

Besides these complete representations of silk produce, cotton produce, leather work, cutlery, and so on, every year is to show a fine art gallery, or galleries, for pictures, drawings, and sculpture. As far as fine art goes, we see this year what will be seen every year, and no galleries could be better contrived for showing off pictures. The width of the galleries is thirty feet, the height twenty-five feet. The light is obtained by a long central skylight. It is dimmed by blinds below. The width thus obtained, and the moderate distance of the skylight from the picture, are as satisfactory, and set off paintings as well, as is possible. Larger or higher galleries would house and exhibit very large paintings, but for the sizes to which our modern canvasses range, no better proportions could be contrived. Most pictures look their best on these walls.

In this present year the central portions of the galleries are crowded with sculpture and furniture—a great mistake, as the spectator is unable, in consequence, to retire across the room to look at any work that may require such a distance. But this is a mere question of arrangement. Next year a special sculpture gallery should be provided.

The buildings, as every one knows, are constructed at the back of the brick arcades that surround the Horticultural Gardens in South Kensington. The arcades are massive enough to bear a story above, and we hope, if these exhibitions go on, to see them inclosed as sculpture galleries. The arcades and accompanying galleries join the conservatories which lead to the large central conservatory of the gardens, and from that we obtain access to the Royal Albert Hall. On the lower end of the ground are a series of galleries with an elegant architectural exterior, built by Captain Fowke for the refreshment-rooms of the Exhibition of 1862. They serve the same purpose on the lower story in the present arrangement. Portions, however, contain the Meyrick collection of armour, and the upper story has the national portrait gallery, and other show-rooms containing, for the present, part of the national collections from over the way. In this way an entire chain is made up of long narrow galleries and corridors completely surrounding the two or three and twenty acres of the garden. It is to be regretted that the journey through the building should be as long as it is, but we obtain, owing to this arrangement, the attractions of the garden as well. Music may be heard here, and floral displays be seen. A vast tent, less grand than Captain

Fowke's noble tent of iron wire three hundred feet long, contains a beautiful display of rhododendrons, perhaps the most picturesque and agreeable sight of its kind that can be met with. In short, there is no lack of outdoor pleasures. To these must be added the constant musical performances in the Great Hall, round the sides of which are also galleries containing a portion of the general display.

The combined attractions of such an Exhibition are sufficient to account for the press of visitors, which is really large, to the place. The Commissioners, however, in the organ which gives a partial utterance to their views, the *Key*, a short periodical printed daily in the building and sold for a penny, give us to understand that their intentions are more serious. They aim at making their Exhibition a means of stimulating useful curiosity, and of conveying solid instruction.

The industry of the year's display is the manufacture of wool. Every form of manufacture, and every step in the process, are put before the public. Pens in the back garden contain sheep of various breeds, lamas, &c., puffing and panting under loads of wool unnaturally and unseasonably kept on their backs to show the material in its very rawest condition. Passing into the lower building on the west side of the gardens, we see a number of machines for cleaning, carding, and preparing the wool. One of these, a beautiful piece of mechanism, shows us the wool cleaned and freed from extraneous matter, while the prepared portions are handed down and received by an outlying member of the machine like a set of fingers with regulated motions and continuous recurrence, by which each portion or handful is carefully deposited on a second circular and revolving framework, and there the process is completed. Other engines spin, others wind the yarn. A complicated machine known by the name of Jacquard, from its inventor, shows us a Brussels carpet with five distinct warp threads or yarns moving up and down while the shuttle flashes between conveying the threads that keep the whole together. The inexhaustible movement, energy, and order of these mechanical operators are at first bewildering, then satisfying, as we watch the finished work slowly emerging on a roller behind.

The machine galleries are inconveniently narrow, and insufficient for machinery in motion. Not only can machines scarcely be placed leaving a passage in the centre, but there would be an unendurable crush and smell, as well as an atmosphere of

flying particles of wool fibre were these parts of the building as attractive to the multitude as those containing finished work.

In the hall galleries are collected the piece goods—cloths, and woollen stuffs of every description. Except a few contributions from Austria, English exhibitors and the Chambers of Commerce of our great wool manufacturing capitals have this matter to themselves. But the finer productions of the loom, such as carpets, shawls, and tapestry work, embroidery, &c., are treated not as manufactures, but works of art in wool. They, accordingly, occupy glass cases in the picture galleries, or hang on the walls of the gallery devoted to pottery. French productions are shown apart in an annex or quadrangle built by the French themselves. The dreadful crisis the country has passed through has left little opportunity for attending to such matters. Nevertheless, M. du Sommerard, the enterprising head of the Musée des Thermes in the Hotel de Cluny in Paris, has, by great perseverance, energy, and courage, got together a number of beautiful productions, and a large array of paintings. It is to the French that we are indebted for such tapestries as have been sent. They are Aubusson productions. Whether the Gobelin factories can send any specimens, or whether all have been destroyed in the devouring flames, we shall know later. At present this beautiful form of French art work is not represented, except as we have noted.

The Indian carpets are beautiful productions. The sober but rich hues of green and dull blue with orange, white, creamy and low, and the solemn Indian red, form combinations which are thoroughly Indian, and remind us of Indian colours in plumage and furs. Those from Turkey are good. The Persian are elegant and rich. But we see with dismay what changes have been ordered and effected by home dealers, both English and French, in some of these once charming compositions of colour. Whites are bleached, aniline colours of mauve hue have been supplied to the makers, and reds and other colours made gay and gaudy. We do not know whether our own dealers or the French have been the principal sinners in this respect, perhaps the latter. The deterioration in some of these examples is manifest at a glance.

The shawls from Cashmere exhibited by the East Indian Government are beautiful. But French houses have invaded even the remote schools of design of that beautiful region, and we see, in many of the modern shawls, garish bands and borders

of white altogether clashing with the subdued richness of the older systems of colour. These galleries contain some good embroidery for curtain stuffs, table-covers, &c., and in the Indian court we have specimen pieces of the gold and silver tissues and other sumptuous fabrics which have found their way from India to previous Exhibitions. Lace is exhibited, but only in a few specimens.

Besides these representatives of the art work of modern looms, the galleries contain admirable furniture designs. The leading firms of cabinet-makers contribute cabinets, tables, and other pieces, not numerous, but all good, for the "exhibits" have passed through the ordeal of a council of judges, and inferior or common-place objects are *generally*, though not entirely, excluded.

The various wood-carvings and the inlaying from India deserve careful examination. So does a cabinet from Japan, in the picture galleries. This is contributed by Sir Rutherford Alcock, and is decorated with marquetry entirely made of straw. How it is laid on, unless it is glued like marquetry, we do not see. The most delicate golden hue predominates on the groundwork. This is a straw selected for its colour. On it are designed graceful boughs, leaves, carts, animals, birds especially, all drawn with a perfect knowledge of the form and movements of the creatures designed, and all represented in coloured straw. The upper shelves are subdivided into quaint receptacles, drawers, boxes, and the like. There are many real novelties in furniture, and admirable revivals of the old painted satin-wood furniture of the last century, so light, bright, and cheerful for our gloomy climate. Under the pompous name of xylotechnography are shown ways of decorating common light woods, such as sycamore, red pine, &c., by means of stains which sink into the grain, and can then be French polished, by which means the coloured parts are uninjurably wet.

The second grand division of the class of objects fully represented is pottery. In a gallery on the east side of the garden, under that containing foreign pictures, are ranged a number of carefully chosen and very beautiful specimens of modern ceramic art. The Mintons (Minton and Campbell), Wedgwoods, and other great families of porcelain and pottery producers, and the Worcester factories, are the chief representatives of British skill. Specimens of French work are gradually arriving in the French annex. Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Egyptian, and Indian specimens are exhibited, and will interest many visitors.

Pottery is exhibited in the form of wall-tiles, stair-fronts, balusters, fire-places, mosaics—in short, wall and house decorations of many kinds, colours, and qualities. The use of these materials of decoration in the galleries and staircases of the Kensington Museum has, very probably, given an impulse to this kind of decorative manufacture, and we shall do well to note it as a feature in our future artistic productions in this country.

For a long time French taste seemed to preside and reign in the pictorial treatment of our modern porcelain. The influence of French designers was evident on every side in the Staffordshire products. We trace this year more of native inspiration. The designs of Morris and Co., of Queen Square, as shown in the refreshment-rooms at the Kensington Museum, with those of Mr. Poynter, have certainly contributed not a little to rouse designers to some originality and individuality of conception. The tiles painted with the seasons, &c., of which we see different examples about the galleries, are humorous and quaint. This class of designs seems due, in great degree, to the sources we have named. The National Art Schools have executed various copies of drawings in pottery, rather copies, however, than original designs. Still it is a move in the right direction that students—ladies, we believe—should have their skill cultivated in this direction. Under the arcades of the gardens pottery may be studied in its most ponderous form—tiles, crucibles, and building materials of every kind. Some of the latter, such as chimney-bricks, terra-cotta building ornaments, &c., are worth careful examination.

In our towns, red brick and red brick earth ornaments, or terra cotta, are *the* material, *par excellence*, to build with, our heavy smoke-charged climate considered.

No buildings keep so much of their original warmth, splendour, or dignity of hue as do those in good red brick in London. Black and dirt do not leave the ignoble stain on full red brick that they do on the dull grey or mawkish white modern bricks, or on any stonework but one. That one which we except is Portland stone, a hard and costly material, but the only stone we know of that is picturesquely blackened by London smoke almost to the dignity of ebony or black marble, and relieved by an ivory white caused by the washing of London rains.

The other industrial class that remains to be noticed is "Education." It consists of books, school appliances, and models, some of the latter astonishing specimens of skill and accomplished knowledge, those of anatomy, for instance. We

find a room full of toys arranged by the author of the *Schools for the People*, Mr. Bartley, and a portion of one of the arcades furnished with admirable gymnastic appliances. We hardly know whether an outrigger boat is educational, or not rather something of a hindrance to scholastic diligence (we recall our own school experiences). Nor do we see why, if one boat is exhibited, we may not have them in as a class, and fit out the basins in the gardens as wet docks for men-of-war boats, pleasure yachts, &c. Plenty of air, exercise, and physical training can be got out of any of them.

The art galleries must be noticed before we close these observations. As we before remarked, pictures look remarkably well under the light and arrangements of these galleries. Visitors will be glad to see many old friends among the pictures. Mr. Watts exhibits his portrait of Joachim the musician, another of Carlyle, the Prince de Joinville, Lord Lawrence, with others, and his bust of Clyde. No such portraits are to be seen on the walls as these. Mr. Millais' "Knight-errant," repainted in many portions, and the "Three little girls," Mr. Leighton's "Electra at the tomb of Agamemnon," Mr. Walker's "Bathing," and his "Ploughing," will be remembered. It is not easy, however, to secure the pictures of the Academicians, whose works are naturally claimed by the galleries of Burlington House. There is an interesting collection of water-colours, but we miss Burne Jones, Burton, and many leading contributors of former years to the Water-Colour Gallery in Pall-Mall. Here we do but note the character of this part of the Exhibition; we shall not embark on a detailed criticism.

The foreign galleries contain good work by Belgian artists, particularly Alma Tadema and other painters of the school of the late Baron Leys. Horse and cattle drawing we see in perfection in the German gallery; stormy coast scenes by the Danes, with much excellent painting of peasant life. The French have a large collection of well-painted pictures, but many of their leading artists are wanting, or are represented elsewhere. Two striking pictures are a portrait of the Spanish Marshal Prim, a bold Velasquez piece of design, full of life and vigour, and a powerful picture of an execution at Tunis, but which is rather too absolutely representative of disgusting details; still, it is a work of art of the greatest merit. They are by Regnault, a young painter of great promise, who returned from Morocco to Paris to give his help in fighting, and was killed in

one of the last sorties. The French are arranging another picture gallery in their annex, and to that will come, perhaps, most of the art of the year that should, in the natural order of things, have been hung on the walls of the *salon*, had there been leisure or heart for arranging it, in the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris.

The Exhibition, as an annual institution, will certainly have results not at present expected, and we can but point suggestively to some of them. If various specimens of artistic productions exhibited under the designers' names are shown in these displays, a certain blow will be given to the monopoly of the great firms. Artists will obtain some notoriety for designs of furniture, pottery, and the like, which would not otherwise have extended beyond the limits of the employer's shop. In a sense, therefore, these are "workmen's advertisements." * Again, the annual collection of foreign pictures, in union with those of our own painters, will also materially affect the sale value of the works of our own painters. We cannot but see changes in these directions as regards the old monopolies, not only of tradesmen, but of painters of established reputation. Whether the education of the nation, except in the direction of increased materialism, will progress, we cannot pretend to decide. We must wait in patience till we see. Whether wars are now come to an end for some term of years, or whether two great questions still impending, viz., the settlement of the States of the Church and the "Eastern" question, will either or both of them involve us all in other struggles more world-wide than that which is just over, it is vain to conjecture. It is curious that wars should have seemed to wait on or to follow these International Exhibitions, with which they seem to have nothing to do. But this is all we can say. The promotion of trade, commerce, and art industry are good objects, but not the only or the highest objects of the ambition of man, and while we wish them good speed, we hope the nation will awake to more earnest aims in the direction of real education of the heart and the head on a solid foundation. This is the great want of the age, and not mere multiplication of "appliances" and short cuts to omniscience. No aspirations after fraternity or material conveniences and enjoyments will make up for the want of real mental culture and careful building up of the moral character of our artistic and industrial classes.

J. H. P.

The Philosopher among the Apes.

IT is not often that a work attains in a short time so great a notoriety as the one which we have undertaken to notice in this paper, and it is probable that few books that have lately appeared have given rise to such varied feelings as have been stirred up by this crowning labour of a long scientific career. In the evening of a long life, when the fervid imagination has had time to be subdued, and correct vision is less exposed to be interfered with by the dazzling illusions of youth, Mr. Darwin has presented us with a book of a character so strange, that it would have been very startling if only its theme were new. Its calibre and its name, to say nothing of the source from which it sprung, would indicate a serious work on a subject of the greatest imaginable interest to the scientific inquirer, if only the subject were treated in a serious manner; yet we must acknowledge that the whole work would present itself to us as a pleasantry, if the subject were not quite so grave and the promise held out so high.

The descent of man from the ape is not a new theory. It was advocated in the last century by Lamarck, and was not thought too extravagant to have a few followers, who saw nothing in man but a superior species of ape; but it died a natural death, and for half a century no more was heard of it, until, as M. Quatrefage remarks, having been resuscitated by Mr. Darwin and supported upon the principle of Natural Selection, it gained great favour among those who were strangers to science, although, as he tells us in his own name, and as being the judgment of the great body of the anthropologists of France, whoever will only lay aside unscientific prejudice will come to the conclusion that, even accepting the principles of Mr. Darwin, the descent of man from any monkey whatever cannot possibly be sustained in presence of the results of ancient and modern research. And he concludes with these remarkable words—
“With respect to the simian origin of man, it is nothing but

a pure hypothesis, or rather a mere pleasantry, in favour of which no one has yet been able to adduce a single serious fact, and with respect to which, on the contrary, everything shows how slight is the foundation on which it is built."

Scarcely three months have elapsed since the appearance of this long promised work, which was to tear the veil that had hitherto shrouded the origin of our race, and to exhibit to the world for the enlightenment of future generations the accumulated learning of this age of discovery, thrown with all the light of modern science on this most interesting of questions. No wonder, then, if edition after edition quickly followed each other—no wonder if many were eager to possess this legacy of a life of scientific research such as that of Mr. Darwin.

Has the public, it may be asked, been disappointed? If we were to judge by the hostile reviews which have appeared on various sides, we should answer in the affirmative; but, on the whole, we think that Mr. Darwin knew too well for whom he was writing to have reason to be dissatisfied with the result of his labours. We believe that he had too well chosen the time and circumstances to have much cause to regret the venture. He had long prepared the way, and was well assured of sympathy before he cast the final die which was to mark him for ever as the great pioneer of true anthropology, or to brand him as one who had sacrificed a whole life of science, and an experience granted to few men, to the development of a theory which has this remarkable about it—that it gratifies the vanity of its author, while it degrades his race. We propose to spend a short time in examining what this extraordinary book pretends to be, and what it is.

Mr. Darwin tells us, in page 2 of the Introduction, that "the sole object of the work is to consider, firstly, whether man, like every other species, is descended from some pre-existing form; secondly, the manner of his development; and, thirdly, the value of the differences between the several races of man." In the first place, then, we must notice that, though he has already told us that "of the older and honoured chiefs in natural science, many are unfortunately still opposed to evolution in every form," and although M. Quatrefage* says that every attempt to arrive at the origin of organized creatures by a purely scientific process, is at least premature, and that in his judgment the question is insoluble; notwithstanding this

* *Rapport*, p. 243.

acknowledged obscurity, Mr. Darwin assumes the whole question of the origin of the various species of the vegetable and animal kingdom as definitively settled, and treats it as though nothing now remained but to put the crown on the edifice by applying to man principles already fully established in the case of lower organic beings. The sentence in page 2, to which we have referred, can have no other meaning. If the book is of any value at all, it must be a logical deduction by sound reasoning from principles either already scientifically accepted, or established beyond doubt in the course of the work. Certainly no reasoning mind will be satisfied if, instead of this, the arguments have no force except to show what might possibly have taken place; and still less, if the whole point at issue is virtually assumed throughout; and worse still, if the author shows from the very beginning that he is merely endeavouring to establish a theory which fixed itself in his mind in early years, and to sustain which the experience of a life has been made to tend.

We think we can show that the appreciation of the book here suggested is a correct one. In the very first page the author tells us that during many years he collected notes on the descent of man, with, however, no intent to publish, "as I thought," he says, "that I should thus only add to the prejudices against my views." It is quite clear from this avowal that Mr. Darwin has had his views for many years: views which preceded much of the experience of his long life, views which he had no notion of laying aside—which, however, he dared not publish; and yet he gives the name of prejudice to that attitude of the public which rendered it improbable that his views, unsupported as they must then have been, and indeed as they still are, by sound argument, would have found favour.

No one can have read Mr. Darwin's first work without being struck with remarks which from time to time fall from him, which show that even while engaged upon it he believed that man's origin was savage; and the repeated recurrence to the poor desolate Fuegians which is found in his subsequent works and in those of authors who have followed him, is an argument to us how deep an impression was made upon his active mind by the situation of those unfortunate islanders; so deep, indeed, that we believe he has never since lost the notion that the inhabitants of that wild and stormy coast are the truest representatives of the early stage of human nature, when our race first stood erect upon feet,

instead of climbing with its four hands as formerly, and when, of the caudal appendage by means of which they used to swing from branch to branch among the thickets of South America, there remained nothing but the *os coccyx*, which still survives to tell us of our origin. We shall not enter here into the circumstances that led to this change. Probably some unwary long-tailed monkey had trusted himself too boldly to uneasy heights and slender branches, and more than one rude fall had taught his posterity to discontinue so dangerous a system of gymnastics. In writing these lines, we can hardly help thinking of the fox in the fable, and speculating on the long sight into the future pictured by the early fabulist, and the mighty steps of human progress that were typified by that tail-less beast. It is true Mr. Darwin tells us that man belongs to the Old World monkeys, that the Fuegians were a weak, conquered race, and therefore outstript by the offspring of some more advanced anthropoid; and, moreover, we know of no one who holds that the cradle of the human race is to be sought in the New World, whether it be in the teeming forests and luxuriant richness of the tropics or amid the storms and glaciers and eternal mists of Tierra del Fuego. Be this as it may, it is quite evident that the barbarous countrymen of York Minster and Jemmy Buttons have left an impression upon his mind which no reason has enabled him subsequently to shake off.

We shall show from a few passages how far Mr. Darwin is from entering upon the discussion proposed in these volumes in the spirit of unbiassed reasoning. The words we have already quoted would suffice, but there is much more. We must beg our readers to remember that the avowed object of the work is to examine by careful logical process whether man is descended from an inferior animal. They will hardly believe it when they have read the following passages. In page 21, speaking of certain anthropoids, he says, "Why these animals as well as the progenitors of man should have *lost* the power of erecting their ears, we cannot say. It may be," he adds, though he acknowledges himself not quite satisfied with this view, "that, owing to their arboreal habits and great strength, they were but little exposed to danger, and so during a lengthened period moved their ears but little, and thus gradually lost the power of moving them." We should like to know whether it is a fact that squirrels are gradually losing the power of moving their ears on account of their arboreal habits;

but we notice this passage simply on account of the assumption made as early as this page 21, of the whole subject in dispute. What he adds with respect to heavy birds losing their power of flight, owing to their insular homes, is curiously inapplicable to the ostrich and birds of the same family that inhabit great continents. We should have thought that the continent of Australia, and even the *little* islands of New Zealand, would have afforded space enough for the moa itself to stretch its wings. In page 23 we read that a 'particular feature in the ear of certain animals is a "vestige of formerly pointed ears, . . . which occasionally *reappears* in man." Why *reappears*, we may ask, except that Mr. Darwin imagines that he has already carried his readers with him, and that discussion on the real point at issue is at an end.

In page 24 we are told that man *no doubt* "inherits the power of smell in an enfeebled and so far rudimentary condition from some early progenitor to whom it was highly serviceable;" in page 29, accounting for the fact, which he asserts without anything like a sufficient proof, that ancient races more frequently present structures resembling the lower animals than modern races, he says, "One cause seems to be that ancient races stand somewhat nearer in the long line of descent to their remote *animal-like* progenitors;" and in page 125 exactly the same sentence occurs, with the substitution of the word "semi-human" for the one we have italicized. It will not seem surprising to our readers, after giving attention to these expressions, that, at page 32, he already considers that he has fully established his thesis, and tells us that "we ought frankly to admit the community of descent," and that to take any other view is to admit that our own structure, and that of all animals around us, is a mere snare laid to entrap our judgment; adding that "it is only natural prejudice, and that arrogance which made our forefathers declare that they were descended from demi-gods, which leads us to demur to this conclusion"—and yet the arguments as yet adduced are, as is evident they must be, of the most insufficient and merely conjectural character.

To speak of certain features in the human skeleton as examples of reversion, as in page 122, would be very well if the fact of a descent from a lower type were established; but as Mr. Darwin treats the subject, it is simply begging the question: of which fallacy no better illustration can be given than is found in that remarkable, and not very intelligible, sarcasm which we

read in page 127—"He who rejects with scorn the belief that the shape of his own canines and their occasional great development in other men are due to our early progenitors having been provided with these formidable weapons, will probably reveal, by sneering, his line of descent. For though he *no longer* intends, or has the power to use these teeth as weapons, he will unconsciously retract his snarling muscles"—no doubt from habit acquired by inheritance, which thus clearly shows that the cur lies in the line of genealogy through which Mr. Darwin would have us claim descent.

After what we have said, we need only allude to such expressions as—"With some savages the foot has not altogether *lost* its prehensile powers," an assertion which is proved, for those who are willing to accept the proof, by their facility in climbing trees. "Man alone has *become* a biped, and we can, I think, partly see how he has *come* to assume his erect attitude." For this, he tells us, the foot must have been flattened and the great toe modified; but how this was to be effected, or what was the combination of lucky experiments which produced the actual "most dominant animal that ever appeared on the earth,"* we are not told. He does, however, assert with a positiveness which shows that he has quite forgotten any semblance of discussion, that "as the progenitors of men became more and more erect, . . . with their hands and arms more and more modified for prehension and other purposes, with their feet at the same time modified for firm support and progression, *endless other changes of structure would have been necessary.*" We think this is quite true—though we hardly think he intended to say it: the fact being, that the changes required would be so numerous, and the absence of any recognizable process by which they could have been brought about on Mr. Darwin's hypotheses so glaring, that we are surprised that he did not perceive that he was confuting himself in his own argument; but he tells us with perfect composure—"All these changes have been attained by man."†

We cannot help referring to the passage in page 136, where we read that, "if we look back to an extremely remote epoch, before *man had acquired the dignity of manhood*, he would have been guided more by instinct," and that "our early *semi-human progenitors* would not have practised infanticide, for the instincts of the *lower animals* are never so perverted as to lead them

* P. 136.

† P. 143.

regularly to destroy their own offspring." It is quite clear from this passage that our ancestors were not only semi-human, but at the same time to be classed among lower animals. But we shall now leave this part of our subject.

In some portions of these volumes, however, it becomes apparent that Mr. Darwin is really arguing a case; and it is, therefore, necessary for us now to examine fairly the arguments he brings forward, and in doing this we shall endeavour to remove from our mind the impressions which his unfair assumption of the issue has left in us. Fortunately for us, he is soon content with the establishment of his case. In the opening of the sixth chapter,* we read—"The facts given in the previous chapters, declare, as it appears to me, in the plainest manner that man is descended from some lower form, notwithstanding that connecting links have not hitherto been discovered." Here, then, is a simple declaration of an accomplished fact. Mr. Darwin looks back with satisfaction upon these five chapters, forming about one-half of his first volume, and considers that in these few pages he has established in the *plainest manner* this most momentous and in itself startling of propositions regarding the human race, which simply amounts to this—that there is really no difference of nature between ourselves and the sponges of the ocean bed. But in this, as we have said already, Mr. Darwin has worthy progenitors. Bayle, in his *Dict. Crit.*, speaking of Aristotle and Cicero, says—"It is, then, only by accident that they have become superior to beasts; it is because the organs on which their thoughts depended have acquired such and such modifications, to which the organs of beasts do not attain. The soul of a dog in the organs of Aristotle and Cicero would not have failed to acquire all the lights of these two great men." It is good that our author should realize in whose company he is. But let us now look at the arguments by which it is endeavoured once more to introduce this monstrous theory into the world, under the ever-honoured and now pre-eminent name of science. These arguments may be reduced chiefly to four. They are the arguments from bodily structure, from rudiments, from development and reversions, and—would it be believed?—from mental and moral similarity. We shall dwell briefly upon each.

It is obvious, that in treating such a question as that before

* P. 185.

us, two classes of arguments may be brought, one from which we may conclude that certain points of similarity between men and beasts may possibly indicate a common origin, and that upon such a theory, a possible explanation of known facts may be given; and another class from which we are intended to conclude that known facts inevitably prove a community of origin, inasmuch as it can be demonstrated that no other cause could produce the effects before us. It will be acknowledged by all real seekers of truth, that arguments of this last class are what we have a right to expect in the treatment of such a subject as that before us; but what are we to conclude, if not only arguments of this character are wanting, but if even the explanations given on the hypothesis of the supposed evolution from a lower form are themselves unsatisfactory and conducive to absurd conclusions? We have no hesitation in saying that this is the case. Let us, in the first place, consider the argument from bodily structure. It will be plain to the most careless reader, that it amounts to nothing more than this, that every part of the human structure bears an *analogy* to a corresponding part which is found in some form in many of the lower animals, or, as the author tells us in the words of Bischoff, "every fissure and fold in the brain of man has its analogy in that of the orang." What the same author adds, that at no period of their development do they perfectly agree, does not seem to Mr. Darwin of any consequence, for he says, "if they did, their mental powers would have been the same," showing how exactly he agrees with the sentiments of Bayle, whom we have already cited. We have seen that in another part of the same volume he tells us that the changes in the skeleton requisite for the passage from a monkey to a man are infinite; but this is clearly of no consequence, the analogy is evident, and this is all he needs for his argument. But we are compelled to ask any candid mind, if analogy between the corresponding organs of man and beast is a proof of descent.

As to the support given to the argument from the facts "not directly or obviously connected with structure," as Mr. Darwin styles them, such as the fact of some monkeys having been known to be fond of tea and coffee, of others relishing tobacco, and of others again, not only becoming intoxicated with strong beer, but, what is still more interesting, after having evidently been made ill with it, not only refusing again to indulge in it on the morrow, but even showing an inclination for lemon juice, and, no doubt, soda water to boot—we can only say that, looked upon

in their bearing on this question, they are too trifling to be discussed. Mr. Darwin tells us that parasites which attend man belong to the same families, though not to the same species, as some which are found in beasts, and that certain diseases, such as hydrophobia, are transmitted from beasts to man; and he thinks that this shows an identity of structure, such as no microscope could show. He, nevertheless, tells us,* that the fact of the *pediculi* found on different races of men being of distinct species may fairly be taken as arguments that the races themselves are of distinct species; that is, as he himself explains his meaning in page 219, that they are not directly descended from one another; how, then, identity of family and genus is a sign of descent, we must leave Mr. Darwin to explain to us. Hydrophobia is, indeed, a mysterious disease, but we fail to see that the fact of man incurring it through the bite of a mad dog is any clearer proof of descent than is the death of a human being by swallowing nicotine a proof of his being descended from a tobacco plant. In both cases, in fact, we have the introduction of a poison into the system, and it has still to be proved that poison, to be destructive, must have the same origin as its victim. There is, however, one thing in this reasoning which is curious. Though Mr. Darwin is so impressed by the argument for unity of descent drawn from the communication of hydrophobia to man, yet when a little later on in the volume, he, with an unwilling hand (as appears to us), is engaged in drawing out the arguments for the unity of the human species, he entirely passes over the important fact, that diseases of every kind are freely communicated from one race of men to another, and that whole races of Indians have been swept away by disease caught from Europeans, while, nevertheless, he thinks that these may fairly be judged to be of distinct species.

All this, however, has nothing to do with structure. We have been drawn into it because we felt ourselves bound to give a sample of Mr. Darwin's reasoning. Mr. Darwin finds great strength in the fact that there is a correspondence with various organs of man and many, we might almost say all, inferior animals. Truly the unity in nature is marvellous. It need not here be shown that the arm of the man, the foreleg of the elephant, the wing of the bird, the flapper of a seal, the fin of the fish, have all a wonderful correspondence, and exhibit in the animal creation a most admirable harmony of unity of design

* P. 220.

with variety of adaptation. We might extend this in a greater or less degree to every part—the nerves, the muscles, the organs of motion, of respiration, all corresponding and all differing, disappearing successively as we descend the scale till there is nothing left but a sack, into which the nourishment is admitted, and from which it is absorbed directly into the system, and which is the true representative of the stomach and complicated digestive organs of man. We are very far from differing from Mr. Darwin as to the existence of this unity. We believe it to exist to a far greater degree than has yet been pointed out, and that it probably passes the power of the microscope to determine the point where it ceases; indeed, the more we use the microscope the greater is the similarity. This unity is one of the chief beauties of the universe; it is an inexhaustible book, in which to study the wisdom and bounty of the Creator, but we challenge Mr. Darwin to show the slightest proof from this similarity of any unity of descent. He tells us that unless it is so, all creation is an enigma, a snare to deceive us. After all, this is but an assertion, and signifies only that the book of nature is as yet sealed even to him. We are far from pretending to read it to him, but there are certain considerations which strike us as containing the key to the solution of this most interesting question.

Nothing is more obvious than that whoever wisely accomplishes a work will, above all other things, adapt a common means to a common end, and will vary that means with every variety of the end in view. What, then, is the visible end of living things? It need not be said, it is to live and to give life. Every organized being has these two primary functions; to some is added the power of locomotion. Is it then surprising that there should be some unity of design in the means adopted to meet these universal tendencies of nature? It surprises no one that ships should bear some resemblance to one another as to keel and rudder, mast and sail; and were the constructor but one it is probable the unity of design would be still more remarkable, however much he might vary the details with every change of circumstances, according to his wisdom and the needs of the case. Whoever studies the construction of a clock will find a unity of principle, whether it be exhibited in a journeyman ticking seconds in an observatory or in the complicated machinery of Strasburg. It is not, therefore, surprising if the organs of locomotion, of nourishment, of reparation, and of

reproduction exhibit a uniformity of plan which is practically universal, as well as an infinite variety suited to fill the air and the waters, and to cover the whole surface of the globe with teeming life, whose every part is admirably suited to the needs, the characters, the habits of the various creatures. And who will dare to say that all this is the produce of the powers of nature working blindly towards a perfection of which it knows nothing, towards which it has no guide, of which in its origin it possessed not an element, and yet, by a series of marvellous ventures, resulting in the perfect harmony of life which we see around us?

Another class of arguments of which Mr. Darwin makes great store is that founded on *rudiments*. "Rudiments," he tells us, "are organs either absolutely useless, or so nearly so that we cannot suppose them to have been developed in their present state."* They are organs which exist in their full development in some animals, and in others are found in an imperfect, and as far as we know, wholly useless condition. From these Mr. Darwin argues that man must partake of a common line of descent with inferior animals. In the first place we must remark, that even if we are unable to account for a portion of an organism otherwise than by community of descent, there would still be no sufficient proof that it was due to this, as there are still many things in the structure and formation of organic bodies of which we are totally ignorant; but it seems to us that Mr. Darwin's hypothesis contains difficulties quite as great as those which he endeavours to remove. In the first place, it would be expected that a gradual diminution of development of such organs would be observed, as they became less and less useful. It is quite true we have in birds wings of every degree of expansion till we meet the curious little apteryx, or the great ostrich of the desert, whose wings in both cases are merely rudimentary; but there is no evidence—on the contrary, great improbability—that these different degrees mark different stages of one and the same direct line of descent. A true developmentist must maintain that the wings of birds were gradually developed by Natural Selection owing to the advantage gained to the individual by taking long leaps from the surface of the earth. Did the apteryx stand in less need of these flights? does it represent an early form of winged creature not yet developed, or is it a late stage of a class whose wings are gradually disap-

* P. 17.

pearing? This we are not told. At any rate we might expect to find different degrees bearing marks in other respects of a common descent. That there are such signs in certain very few cases we do not deny, but to be told again and again that the links are lost is more than we can receive, especially when we remember that the whole earth is teeming with prodigious manifestations of life, that the records of geology, though necessarily incomplete, extend to the very simplest manifestations of life, and embrace representatives of the fauna of perhaps every successive period, and yet that those creatures that seem to show gradation are in many instances found in regions so distant as to render it very improbable that they represent a common stock. The *os coccyx* in men may undoubtedly be called a rudiment of a tail, and in this there seem to be signs of gradation from the monkey through the anthropomorphic apes. But in these apes does the same rudiment appear in a more developed form? Mr. Darwin does not tell us that it does, but surely this was to be expected. At any rate, do the earlier races of men, or those whom he is pleased to consider as most representing primitive savage men, exhibit anything of the kind? We know there is nothing of the sort.

That some savage races are said to develope their wisdom teeth more perfectly than the more cultivated, is of no value whatever as an argument, for this may probably be accounted for (if true) by circumstances of national habit and locality; and moreover, we have yet to be taught that these races are any nearer to the primitive stock than we are. Some of the most learned anthropologists, in their researches as to which race most nearly represents the primitive human stock, have shown good arguments to prove that neither the black nor the red man could have been the original stock, but that the yellow has a better claim to this than any other existing race.

There is, however, one class of rudiments which appears to us not only totally inexplicable on Mr. Darwin's theory, but even leading to incredible and absurd results. We mean the *mammæ* in the male mammifers. To suppose that these are the rudiments of organs once active would be to suppose a state of things which not only does not, but never did exist, as far as we know, except in the lowest animals, and the supposition of which is opposed to every notion which is natural to us of the habits and the functions of the two sexes in the rearing of their offspring, and which would consequently be not only gratuitous, but

absurd. To refer to certain cases where the action of the sexes in rearing their young seems to be reversed, and certain rare alleged instances in which the lacteal glands have been active in the male, is no argument whatever in the case, and is as well explained as other rudiments on the principle we shall state. It is often remarked that in the embryo the various species and even genera and families of animals approach one another. There can be no doubt of this, but in our opinion it means a very different thing from what is assumed. We shall return to this again. It is enough to remark here that it accords perfectly with our belief that rudiments are the result of a vital energy common to all life, which tends to produce life according to a plan which, as to the degree in which each one is developed, and the form and character of the development of each, is determined by causes which no man can fathom; which determine why the foliage of one tree should be sparse and stunted, of another thick and luxuriant, the wings of one bird wide-stretched, of another scarcely more than rudimentary; which in some individuals develop the female organs, and in others, those of the male sex, showing of the former only rudimentary elements: all this according to the infinite variety of producing forms, modified, no doubt, by innumerable circumstances of race, of individual energy, of climate, and the like, all being produced by a vital energy, tending, according to a law planted in it by the Creator, towards the perfection of all the parts of an organism, and, according to its condition, showing every degree of development. We shall illustrate this further when speaking of development. If Mr. Darwin could lift his thoughts still higher, he might realize the idea that in everything human there is something which lower animals are made to imitate at a great distance. Just as every perfection of the Divinity has some representative in the imparted qualities of the creature, so in the scale of organic life there was a plan, a type, which all life should shadow forth, and which is the real cause of the unity of design in the whole world of life around us. But these thoughts are not contained in his philosophy. We think our readers will agree with us how far Mr. Darwin is from having shown that rudiments as found in man are a proof of community of descent from lower animals.

Much account is made of the similarity of the embryo of man, in its early stage, to that of the ape, and even of lower

animals. Mr. Darwin tells us* that "the embryo itself, at a very early period, can hardly be distinguished from that of other members of the vertebrate kingdom." He tells us that "the feet of lizards and mammals, the wings and feet of birds, no less than the hands and feet of men, all arise from the same fundamental form." We have not the slightest doubt that this is true so far as it is in our power to discern a difference; but we are very far from, on this account, concluding to a community of origin. It is unnecessary to record the instances which he adduces. The most curious is, that the great toe in the human embryo is said to approach the condition of the same organ in the quadrumana, not only as being less developed, but in being placed at an angle from the rest. Why this similarity in the embryo should still remain, notwithstanding the greater perfection of the parent, and this not as an occasional reversion, but as a general law, Mr. Darwin does not attempt to explain, nor would it be easy to do so; but if we consider what is the common law of development, and remember that all life is formed from an elementary cell, or from an atom, so to speak, of protoplasm, which is developed step by step, till first of all the family, then the genus, species, and finally the sex is apparent, it is not surprising that in the earlier stages it is difficult to distinguish the fœtus of man from an ape, a dog from a fish, a bird from a lizard. The likeness consists in the absence of the distinguishing parts, which are formed by degrees—some remaining only rudimentary, others perfected according to their kind, according to a law which we may read, for it is written in the book of nature, and every eye can see it, but which no one has ever understood, or, we may say, has made any steps towards understanding. We all know how like to one another is the young blade of grass and of wheat; we know too that the first germ of an oak tree or of a primrose are scarcely, even if absolutely, distinguishable from each other. Is this a sign of descent? Certainly not. It is a sign that there is in the germ of each a life of its own, which unfolds its energy according to its own kind by degrees, and the precise nature of which it is impossible for us to understand. All we know is, that it is developed according to the pattern of its parent; but how that pattern is impressed upon it, what teaches its fibres to knit themselves closely so as to form the hardy stem of the monarch of our forests, instead of the slender stalk of the

* P. 14.

herbaceous plant; what determines the rugged knotted arm of the one, or the delicate sheath of the other, is hidden to us. To make us believe that the one is the progeny of the other, because at a certain stage of formation they are indistinguishable, is to force upon us a theory which our own reason must convince us to be but a figment. With the view here presented, the cartilaginous projection in the human ear, which was first noticed in executing a figure of "Puck," the rudimentary nictitating membrane, the *os coccyx*, the mammæ of males, and a thousand other such formations, all have their place in the system as efforts of vital force stayed in its development according to conditions upon which generic and specific variations depend; not altogether unlike the potter who out of the same clay forms the meanest and the most honoured vessel, and works up the same rudimentary forms into various designs according to a pattern in his own mind, which in living forms is a law impressed on them by their Author, which, though so near to us, and so constant in its workings, is still as unfathomable to us as are the regions of endless space.

There are, however, other considerations connected with this subject which we must not pass over. It has been remarked by profound students of anthropology that, even accepting Mr. Darwin's theory of Natural Selection, no monkey could ever have developed into a man, and that even on his hypothesis we should have to look for some yet undiscovered class of animals through which man could claim his descent. Monkeys are essentially climbers, and, according to the first principles of Natural Selection, those which were most perfect in their kind, the most adapted to prevail in the struggle for life, would pair together, and so develop still more and transmit their advantages. Now it is evident that in this way a change of direction of development could not take place; climbers would become more perfect climbers, the foot would go on increasing in prehensile power. A change in the development, which must take place according to an imperative law, is impossible. Mr. Darwin tells us that our semi-human progenitors began to find their hands useful for other purposes besides climbing—for throwing stones, for example; they would begin to find the advantage of standing on their feet, and so by degrees, through many generations of use, the foot would be transformed, and man would stand erect, a walking animal. But he forgets that he could not stand erect till he had a foot to stand on; that during

these long generations of transition he would be in a worse position than ever, neither a climber nor a walker. The ape would not have foresight enough to know that by continual efforts he would at length, or rather his posterity would, stand erect on *terra firma*; and we shall not believe that an awkward beast capable only of climbing and running on all fours would ever so exercise himself in a style of gymnastics to which his actual nature was utterly unsuited as to transmit to his posterity an improved habit of life and a nature modified accordingly.

We can understand a beast forced by circumstances to an unusual exercise of a particular organ, transmitting to his posterity an extraordinary development of the same member, but here we are to believe that a beast is to spend its life in efforts to adopt a nature different to its own, which would be just as successful as would be our own efforts at flying by the simple, but to us unnatural, process of flapping our arms in the air. If Mr. Darwin thinks that the pectoral muscles of the next generation would increase in development, and air cells be formed in their bones, and feathers grow upon our children, posterity may indeed thank him for having initiated the experiment; but if the loss of the use of the hand were incurred before the feathers grew, as is most likely, by the ordinary law of the survival of the fittest, these poor mongrels, half man, half fowl, would be swept out of the battle of life as being unfit to work their way either on the earth or in the air. Our readers must excuse us for writing such nonsense; we really think the case requires it, and if they think we are making Mr. Darwin's theory too ridiculous, we only beg them to suspend their judgment a little longer. The truth is, every limb, every bone of the monkey, shows a destination totally different from that to which our own organism points; and, as M. Gratiolet and others show, the monkey in perfecting itself loses nothing of its fundamental type, and is always perfectly distinct from man, who could never be derived from it. So that, as M. Quatrefage explains, on Mr. Darwin's theory, the orang, chimpanzee, and gorilla might be corresponding superior terms of three different families, and remain still fundamentally monkeys, but man could only be the superior term of some other series, not one single inferior member of which has ever been discovered. But really this is heaping up assumptions beyond tolerance, to say nothing of the other improbabilities of the case. But there is still stronger argument. If man is only a development of an ape, it is

impossible that the order of development of the different parts can differ from that of an ape, since by hypothesis the development of man is only the development of the ape carried a little or a great deal further. It is found, however, and M. Quatrefage challenges contradiction in this, that the development of the brain in man and in monkeys is in an inverse order. In monkeys, the tempero-sphenoid convolutions forming the middle lobe appear and perfect themselves before the anterior ones forming the frontal lobe; in man, the frontal convolutions are formed first, and the middle last. In consequence of this, M. Gratiolet says it is impossible for the brain of a monkey to be regarded as a human brain stopped in its development. M. Alix says, "Monkeys do not approach men as they improve, nor does man approach the monkey as he recedes." Indeed, the less, says M. Gratiolet, the human brain is developed, the more it differs from that of a monkey, and the stoppage of development would only exaggerate the natural difference. If this be as alleged—and the names of such men as Alix and Gratiolet and M. Quatrefage who cites them, seem to us to place the fact beyond question—the descent of man from any known species of monkey, even if we regard merely his bodily structure, must be placed quite out of the question. We shall see later whether the difficulty is at all removed by any imagined resemblance in mental faculties.

We have already pointed out Mr. Darwin's assumptions with respect to reversions. We must here add a few words on this matter before going on to another part of our subject.

We can perfectly understand reversions in mere points of difference between varieties. And as it is evident that such varieties are descended from a common stock, it is no assumption to assert that certain characteristics which occasionally appear are reversions to a former type. But when this descent is not otherwise apparent, it is impossible to argue from what has no right to be called a reversion at all unless the whole question at issue is conceded. Indeed, we hold that to speak of reversions from one species to another has no warrant in fact, nor could they be accounted for on the supposition of their being returns of a former type of the same stock, as there would still be an absence of any sufficient apparent cause why this former type should return, when the actual improved type is by hypothesis better for the struggle of life. If, however, these so-called reversions are looked on as less perfect or abnormal developments of the

vital energy depending on peculiar individual conditions, which vary in every case, we see a simple explanation which renders it unnecessary to go further for an answer.

It can hardly have failed to occur to every reader of Mr. Darwin's work, that it is at least surprising that, supposing this universal tendency of all organic creatures to hasten forward in the race of anatomic as well as intellectual perfection, there should nowhere on the earth be found any creatures that can be called transition species between ourselves and the apes; anything, we mean, unmistakably not man, and unmistakably not monkey. Mr. Darwin treats us a good deal to such phrases as our *semi-human* progenitors, our *ape-like* forefathers; but these are in the dim vision of his fancy, conceived amidst the mists, perhaps, of Tierra del Fuego, but when pressed to point out any such creature, he is obliged to confess not only that none such exists, but that there is not the slightest evidence that any such ever did exist. Nay more, considering what we know of geology, and considering the Darwinian theory, it would be an utterly inexplicable fact that not one of these man-like apes had survived either on the face of the earth, or in the records of its strata, whereas the tropics of both the Old and the New World are peopled by hideous creatures left far behind in the struggle by their advanced brethren; creatures which it is impossible to look upon without disgust, and, we must add, without pity for those who would fain liken themselves to them. Neither is it necessary here to ask for any reason why the erect biped alone has had the fortune to develop articulate speech, or what reason there was why the advance of intellect should have been confined to this one particular line of progress; there being many reasons for supposing that ants and other creatures which display such marvellous instinct, and others whose gregarious habits would have made speech so useful to them, would have found their well-being much advanced both by the one and the other, while it seems difficult to assume that opportunities were wanting to them. At least it is quite inexplicable, whatever Mr. Darwin may pretend to say, that the line of demarcation between speech and mere inarticulate sounds, between reason and instinct, between man and brute, should be so defined, so absolute.

Speaking of the fecundity of the human race, we should have wished, for his own sake, that Mr. Darwin had not alleged, amongst the greatest of the evils to be attributed to it, that it has necessi-

tated the introduction of celibacy, which in another place he goes so far as to call a senseless practice. Now, to say nothing of the offensiveness of applying such an epithet to a practice which from the beginning of Christianity has been honoured by the greatest and most enlightened men, never was a more absurd reason given in sober earnestness. If this is not really making a cart draw a horse, it is at least reversing the one main popular objection which the world brings against that holy discipline of the Church.

There are many other things in Mr. Darwin's book which we should like to notice, but we must pass on. We cannot, however, refrain from inviting attention to what we shall call his "lunar theory." The effect on lunatics attributed to the moon is thus scientifically accounted for, and the reasoning is so ingenious, and goes back so far, that we must for the future think a man simple who fails in finding a reason for anything.

It seems that, in early days, the ancestors of a certain class of lower molluscs, inhabiting the foreshore of certain seas, produced a larva showing some signs of a spinal column, and that *probably* it was here that the great sub-division of the animal kingdom—the vertebrates—branched off. These creatures, accustomed to depend on high tides for the renewal of the more ample means of life, in process of many generations grew so accustomed to the lunar influence, that their descendants, the vertebrate animals, though no longer needing the spring-tides for their supply of food, have nevertheless inherited a sympathetic affection connected with the phases of our satellite which bears witness to our early origin. We feel that it is better to make no comment upon this. Our readers will judge it as it deserves. We pass to more serious questions.

We have already observed that Mr. Darwin is not afraid to face the subject of mental action and moral sentiments, in the vindication of his theory that there is no fundamental difference between man and beast. He tells us, indeed, that he would rather have let this part of the subject alone, and we quite believe him. We must give him credit for some degree of hesitation in approaching a subject so entirely new to him. We are sorry, however, to see that this diffidence, which was the least that was to be expected, has not prevented him from falling into the usual mistakes, and, what is worse, from drawing conclusions so unhesitating that the unwary reader is tempted to imagine that the writer is dealing with a subject with

which he has been familiar all his life, instead of one which is manifestly out of his line.

Mr. Darwin has gathered from various sources numerous anecdotes illustrating what he calls the intelligence of beasts; and by these he endeavours to drive the upholders of any essential distinction between man and lower animals from one stronghold to another by showing that there is nothing in man, even speech, the love of art, the making of tools, the moral sense, and, last of all, even religious sentiment, which is not partaken of in some degree by our less advanced brethren, whom we are pleased contemptuously to call brutes. We shall not call in question any of his facts, or suggest that some of them, after all, may be only travellers' stories, for in reality he has alleged no fact which we are not quite willing to allow; indeed, if we had chosen to ransack the books of stories about dogs which are in the hands of children, we could have found facts quite as suggestive of intelligence as any that he records. That many of the manifestations of instinct attributed to animals are truly very wonderful, we shall be the last to deny, and we can easily conceive the idea being entertained that instinct and reason do really border on each other; but when Mr. Darwin, as in page 49, adduces the wariness of animals after having been long hunted as a set-off against the progress so notorious in the human race; when, again, he adduces the various tones in the barking of a dog—its exhibition of joy and pain, or the jargon of a parrot, to prove that man does not stand alone in the possession of language; and when he brings forward the anecdote of a dog that licked a sick kitten as a proof of the existence of a moral sense, we can hardly believe him to be serious. It has been said by a great writer that the one great mark of distinction between man and brute was the knowledge of God, and that this one word places all animals at an infinite depth below us. "Who," says the great Bossuet, "could be so senseless as to say that they have even the least suspicion of this excellent nature?"* But Mr. Darwin gets over this difficulty—our readers shall see how. He tells us that our idea of spirits, and therefore of God, probably arose from dreams; indeed, he is so little at a loss that he tells us that it "is not difficult to comprehend how belief in spiritual agencies rose."† And a little later he says—"But until the above-named faculties of imagination, curiosity, reason, &c., had been fairly well developed in the mind of man, his dreams

* *Connaissance de Dieu et soi même*, ch. v., n. 5. † P. 65.

would not have led him to believe in spirits any more than in the case of a dog." This, then, is the way in which our author levels the ground before his path, telling us that our knowledge of spirits, and even of God Himself has not always belonged to man, but has probably been acquired by degrees through the instrumentality of dreams, and is therefore, by evident consequence, as shadowy and as unreal as they are. He consequently sees no ground for doubting that his dog, when his imagination, curiosity, and reason have become more developed, may at length arrive at as sublime a notion of God as himself. Indeed, he appears to think that this sagacious animal has already shown signs of the commencement of a belief in hidden agencies which, according to him, is the foundation of all religious belief, for he tells us it was noticed that when a parasol which was lying open on the grass without any one near it became agitated by the wind, "the dog growled fiercely and barked." The reflection which he draws may be thought to be profound. "He must (the dog), I think, have reasoned to himself, in a rapid and unconscious manner, that movement without any apparent cause indicated the presence of some strange living agent, and no stranger had a right to be on his territory."*

We cannot pen these lines without a feeling of deep sadness that one so gifted, and whose mind is so stored with valuable knowledge, should have been driven to write such a sentence in support of what his own great sense can hardly fail to tell him is indescribable nonsense. "Strange indeed," says the great author already cited; "man, the proud animal, who wishes to attribute to himself every excellence of which he is cognizant, and who is willing to yield nothing to his equal, endeavours to discover that beasts are of as much worth, and that there is but little difference between them. But it has long ago been said—'Man when he was in honour did not understand, but compared himself to senseless beasts and became like unto them.'"

It is interesting to notice how far philosophers were a century ago from being ignorant of the points of resemblance between men and beasts, and how little there is new in the statements relative to their instincts which are now made. In the fifth chapter† of the work we have just cited we read—"The ignorance of man is so great that he is scarcely able to know how far he is above animals. He sees they have a body like

* P. 67.

† N. I.

his own—the same organs and the same movements; he sees them in life and in death, in sickness and in health, very much as with men. They eat and drink, come and go, according to a plan and according to the needs of their body; avoid dangers, seek conveniences, attack and defend themselves as industriously as it is possible to imagine. They practise deceits, and even guard against the artifices of others, as daily does the sportsman to foil the exquisite subtleness of his game. . . . We instruct them, and they instruct one another. Birds learn to fly from seeing their mothers; parrots are taught to talk. . . . Animals seem to speak to one another. Fowls call their scattered little ones, and give notice to their companions, by a certain cry, of the grain they have found. A dog will press us when we give it nothing, and would be thought to reproach us for our forgetfulness. Animals scratch at a gate which is closed; they groan and cry so as to make known to us their wants. . . . These resemblances in the actions of beasts to the actions of men deceive men; they will have at any cost that animals reason, and all they will grant to human nature is to have, perhaps, a little more reasoning power.” Cuvier thought that the orang could generalize. An anonymous writer, in a work published at Amsterdam in 1737, argues that a dog which has been beaten for devouring a partridge, and in future carries the game untouched to the sportsman, reasons from experience, and reasons very justly; and he adds—“This animal only wants a course in some University to enable him to put his argument into form and reduce it to a syllogism.”*

It is now time for us to state in few words what we believe to be the explanation of the wonderful sagacity of many beasts, and we shall then show how completely all arguments of Mr. Darwin on this subject fall to the ground.

Those who have most deeply studied the phenomena of organic life, tell us that there are three great classes of operations which it is most important to distinguish from each other. These are the vegetative, the animal, and the rational, and they belong to three distinct characters of organized life, which may be styled by the same names—the vegetative, the animal, and the rational life. Though these three classes of operations are so distinct, they are intimately woven up together, and it is only by a careful analysis, and by studying the phenomena in those particular cases where we are able to

* *Essai Philosophique sur l'âme des Bêtes*, t. ii., p. 16.

eliminate the operations of one or more of the sources of action, that we can discover the true source to which each belongs. In plants, the vegetative alone appears ; in the brute creation, the animal is bound up with the vegetative life ; and in man we see reason in addition combined with and ennobling the other two. It must, however, here be noted that the vegetative processes in animals are not precisely similar to those in plants, but are such as are fitted to the nature of animals—more complex in their character, more perfect in their degree. The animal and the vegetative operations in man are not exactly those of animals, but are, again, more perfect, for if there is a vegetative and an animal life in man, it is life adapted to his higher destination, fitted to be the servant and the temple of his will. The distinction we have just given has been beautifully expressed as long ago as the sixth century by Boethius—"Triplex omnino animæ vis in viventis corporibus deprehenditur. Quarum una quidem vitam corporis subministrat ut nascendo crescat, alen-doque subsistat. Alia vero sentiendi judicium præbet. Tertia vi mentis et ratione subnixa est."*

The function of the first is to increase and support the bodily structure, and to give life to its like. A stone is increased by external aggregation of particles ; an organism is increased by interior assimilation, which takes place by a wonderful adaptation of parts, by which the juices and salts most suited to it are infallibly extracted from the soil, and the air is made to give that portion of its constituent which is most useful to it, to the exclusion of the rest—a constituent, it should be remembered, which, though in many ways otherwise useful to men, it is nevertheless both difficult and expensive for him to extract, whereas there is not a vile weed in the forest, not an alga by the sea-shore, but can and does unceasingly extract from the inexhaustible store ever open to it all that its nature desires ; if it has suffered injury its forces are at work to repair the evil, and the air, the water, and the earth are ready to afford their aid. When the season is fittest the fruit is developed as a protection to the seeds ; till the seeds are ready the fruit remains attached to the plant ; it then detaches itself ; the seeds are spread upon the ground, leaves protect them from the rigours of winter, the rain causes them to penetrate the soil, or the seeds themselves are furnished with a wing which bears them on the wind to a new soil, each in its own turn to be the parent of a

* *In Porphyry. Isagog.*, l. i.

numerous progeny. Here is a sample of vegetative life in its most obvious and ordinary form. There is an utter absence of anything that could be called reason or even sensation, but all things are done according to a plan, a design, exquisitely conceived and marvellously sustained, and infinitely subtle in its workings; it is the design of the Creator.

In animals we have a vegetative life of a higher order. It is no longer a merely growing, reproducing organ which it sustains, but it is a sentient, moving being, receiving impulses from without, and acting proportionately to its higher nature in its own turn; but the activity which supports this organism is still vegetation. The lungs of air-breathing animals, and the gills of fish, unerringly separate the oxygen from the surrounding medium; the lacteals of the mesentery, with an accuracy which no chemist can imitate, sift out the nutritious elements from the mass which is presented to them; the blood goes its ceaseless round, imparting strength and carrying away the waste material of the system, a true river of life, carrying in its bosom all that the life of the tissues can desire, and bearing away from its presence all that could be injurious to it: and so of countless other operations which never cease in us, the only difference in man being, that in him the operations are of a yet higher character, as the tissues which they nourish are informed by a rational soul; the brains to which they administer are the organ through which the rational spiritual soul acts upon all things created. If, then, such activity belongs to the vegetative life, if such perfect design and adaptation and selection of what is best belongs to the mere vegetative order, which is irrational, senseless, and blind even to the light of day, or perception of existence—is it to be wondered at that animals which possess the higher life, which is as much above that which is merely vegetative as the organic is above the inorganic, should act upon a plan (not their own, indeed), but, nevertheless, a plan, admirably ordered, showing yet more wonderful phenomena of adjustment, of adaptation, of selection? Is there to be no step between the life of a plant, perfect though it be in its kind, and the life of human reason? We shall see how easily explicable are the phenomena presented by animals when their actions are analyzed by the light of philosophy.

The operations which belong properly to animal life are sensation and motion. By sensation (we speak now of external sensation) we mean the reception of an impression from an external object made on an organ especially adapted to receive

it, by which the soul is rendered cognizant of the presence and, in a greater or less degree, of the character of the object.

It is necessary, in the first place, to point out that there is nothing in this that requires reason. Nature has so ordained that what is good for animal life should produce a sensation of pleasure, and what is injurious, a sensation of pain. We feel this in ourselves without the slightest exercise of reason. The fact that a prick or a cut upon our flesh gives pain is so far independent of reason, that it precedes all exercise of that faculty. It is not by any exercise of reason that we desire food when we are hungry, and rest when we are weary, that what is adapted for food attracts us, and what is unfit excites no desire in us. An idiot and an infant feel the impulse of nature indicating to them, that something is injurious by the pain it inflicts, or conformable to their nature by the sensation of pleasure which they feel. Some persons have gone so far as to deny that animals are capable of pain. We do not believe that this theory can be adopted with probability. Every observation which we can make of them, and the analogy which we can draw from ourselves, leads to the belief that a feeling of proportion or disproportion with the necessities of their nature is conveyed by external objects. Their eyes and ears convey the presence of danger, or the contrary; their skin conveys the impression of heat or cold; and so of the rest. It is an impression sufficient to draw them to act in such a manner as is necessary to remove the evil, and to seize the good that is offered to them; and this appears to be connected with some feeling of pain or pleasure, the intensity of which, however, we are unable to judge.

The difference between these animal sensations in man and the lower animals is chiefly that the reason of man renders him capable of reflecting on them, of discerning their import, comparing the past with the present, and adverting with an act of self-consciousness to the sensation of which he is the subject. In man, therefore, though in themselves independent of reason, they nevertheless accompany it and themselves form an object on which his reason acts; whereas in beasts they are the necessary and blind consequence of certain external impressions which produce their results as if reason were there, and differ mainly in this, that there is no reason to make them the object of its own reflection and judgment. The cause of this is, that the organs are adapted in the most perfect manner by the Creator to convey to each creature a sensation of what is good or evil for it,

not good or evil in general, but what is now good or evil for its particular self. And this is no more wonderful than is that instinct, so to speak, by which the fibres of a plant will seek out what is good for it, and its leaves, if inclosed in a dark chamber, will follow any course to attain the light.

It is, however, the movements of animals that have caused so many who merely look at the surface, to attribute reason to them. We find them adapting themselves with a wonderful exactness to what is suitable to themselves ; but, after all, this is no more than what plants do, proportion being had to the higher nature and more complicated wants of animals. We know how many movements take place in us over which the reason has no control ; to say nothing of the respiration and digestion, which are so perfectly and constantly ordained to their end. We know to what degree fear and the actions which follow it precede reason. The positions of our body in walking, the stretching out of our hands in falling, and many other such movements, are the results, simply, of animal life acting from its own spontaneous energy, independently of all reflection. These are the result of an adaptation of an organism to the end for which it was intended. There is a marvellous design and wisdom in this adaptation, and it would show great arrogance in ourselves as well as great ignorance, if we refuse to allow that nature, or, rather He Who is the Author of it, could extend this adaptation of spontaneous unreflecting movement to the ends of animal life far beyond those actions of which we are conscious in ourselves ; but what we have already indicated is quite sufficient to account for the phenomena which at first so astonish us. These phenomena are the result of an interior and spontaneous, but unreflecting, tendency towards what is best suited to the two-fold vegetative and animal life with which beasts are endowed ; and if they sometimes appear to us too complex to be produced by this means, it is only because we have never reflected that animals have this alone to depend upon in all the infinite variety of circumstances in which they are placed ; and that, like this visible universe with all its elements and forces, like the plants that cover the earth, and clothe even the bottom of shallow seas, they all have within themselves the elements of their own conservation. They may be compared to one of those wonderful pieces of machinery which seem to move backwards and forwards at will, to hasten or slacken their speed, and, in fine, to follow all the varying conditions of the moment,

reflecting in every movement the mind of him who made them ; and we forget that there is One Artificer, Who can not only give movement, but life, to conduct His creatures through the various conditions in which they are placed, whilst every act, though itself devoid of reason, reflects the wisdom of Him Who placed all animals, plants, and inorganic things in such wonderful harmony to work out an end common to all.

Let us look at some of the phenomena which have given rise to the assertion so often made, that our reason differs only in degree from what answers to it in beasts.

We are told of the industry with which some animals, such as beavers and bees and ants, pursue their labours. We see nothing here but instances of that adaptation of a nature to the end proposed to it of which we are speaking. It is no more than the industry of the infant at the breast ; it is the same law which has created the avidity for food, and may be compared, though of a higher order, to the constancy with which the magnet, so like a living thing, will find its true direction. We have seen that fear exists independently of reason. Joy and grief are produced by impressions from without us in the same manner, and are part of the economy ordained for the good of the individual. Animals are noticed having recourse to tricks, and even providing against snares laid to entrap them ; but this is not necessarily an effect of reason, but only a more complicated effect of that law by which their nature is drawn after what is suitable to it. It is a refinement of that discernment which we have already noticed in plants, for in all these cases there is always some external object which acts either upon the eyes, the ears, the smell, or the touch, which indicates that there is something not suitable to its nature, and irresistibly repels it. This is not more difficult to understand than the shrinking of the leaves of the sensitive plant, and the turning of the flowers to the sun which we see in so many plants.

We are told that animals show a memory, and that memory belongs to reason. But for the production of certain effects which resemble those of memory, nothing more is required than the permanence of certain impressions on the brain, or a disposition in the brain to have the impression renewed with facility. This is of the same character as the acquisition of a habit, and this, it is plain, is again independent of reason. A stick is bent more easily after repeated trials, because the fibres retain the impression, or a portion of it, which has been com-

municated to them. A spring will soon accommodate itself to the pressure put upon it. The stomach which at first rejected certain food, will at length accept it with contentment. It seems, therefore, very simple that an object which has once created deep and frequent impressions upon the brain of an animal, may after a considerable interval easily renew them; and this, on the principle we have stated, is quite sufficient to account for the joy shown by Mr. Darwin's dog and Sir Harry Smith's ape on seeing their masters after a long absence.

With us memory sometimes acts independently of reason. We often recite pieces by heart, without any reflection on what we are saying; and in sleep the part which memory plays is obvious to all. It is thus, too, we can understand how an animal may be said to learn. And in speaking of this, we must explain that it is one thing to learn—that is, to acquire real knowledge, which suppose the attainment of universals—and another thing to be bent or turned in a direction contrary to our first dispositions. The first requires reason, and we do not hesitate to say that it is beyond the power of brutes; the other is an effect of the repetition of the impressions, which at length are produced so easily that the animal seems to have acquired a second nature. A bear is taught to dance by blows and starvation, or by the equally cogent argument of sugar and coaxing, till the impression is so deep that the slightest indication of the will of the master, the raising of the hand, the notes of a barrel-organ, are enough to produce the impression which results in the act. It is the stick with difficulty bent at first, but which afterwards easily takes any form. These phenomena are familiar to us all in our own nature under the name of habits; and so far are we from identifying habits with acts of reason, that we are accustomed to entirely distinguish them as being independent of it. It is in the same way that we may explain the apparent recognition of the voice of man, and the obeying of his commands. A voice that has been long familiar has produced deep impressions which are quickly revived, and a sign with which a certain action has been compulsorily associated will at once reproduce the act; and thus we have all the phenomena of recognizing old friends, carrying and fetching, and obeying every beck of a master, which we so often see in dogs and other domesticated animals. It is not that the animal understands the word that is said; but the brain is prepared by repetition to receive the impression

of the sign, and the result is, that the animal corresponds at once by necessarily eliciting the accustomed act. The dog, therefore, which on a first essay has devoured a partridge, but now, taught by blows, brings the game to his master's feet, has really learnt nothing except inasmuch as the impression produced by the presence of the bird and the whip is again revived, and the more easily, the more frequently the chastisement and the bird have been associated in his sensorium ; so that we do not think there is evidence that he would profit by a course of logic ! He really does not reason at all, but only obeys blindly and necessarily the instinct of his nature to avoid the evil which the presence of the bird denotes.

Mr. Darwin speaks to us of the jealousies, of the suspicions, the curiosity, the sympathies of animals. We do not deny his illustrations, but we repeat they can all be explained on the principles which we have laid down. They are really not what their names signify, but they are complicated results of that innate principle of seeking what is good for their nature, by which they are necessarily led, which makes them feel pain when this is thwarted, and satisfaction when it is gratified ; all this taking place in those circumstances in which we should feel jealousy, and curiosity, and so of the rest. We can but give those manifestations the name of those rational affections which they imitate, and of which the animals seem to be giving us signs. Mr. Darwin tells us of cases of sympathy and moral sense which have been observed in animals. The licking of the sick cat was certainly a pretty trait ; but we should like to know whether Mr. Darwin really thinks the dog that is said to have done this good action (we say this, for we should like to know more about the story) really thought it would console the patient ? We are far from believing anything of the kind. A dog is impelled to show pleasure towards one object and displeasure towards another, because the one conveys in some manner a sensation of its own individual good, and the other of the opposite. Why a dog should be so affected by a sick kitten in a basket, we are not prepared to say, neither do we know any principle on which a bull that has never seen blood should be worked into fury by a red cloth. Mr. Darwin again tells us a story of an old baboon which descended from the mountains and carried off in triumph a young one which had taken refuge on a rock, and was surrounded by furious dogs. This is to him so remarkable an instance of moral sense and human feeling, that he goes so far as

to say in the conclusion of the second volume, that he would rather be descended from this noble beast than from a savage, such as he has just described the poor Fuegians, though he does tell us of Jemmy Buttons, one of this most despised race, that he "was a universal favourite, but likewise passionate; the expression of his face at once showed his nice disposition. He was merry, and often laughed, and was remarkably sympathetic with any one in pain; when the water was rough, I was often a little sea-sick, and he used to come to me and say in a plaintive voice, 'Poor, poor fellow!'"*

After this account of Jemmy Buttons, we can only say we feel bound to question either Mr. Darwin's consistency or his taste. We leave our readers to judge which. We should say both. He seems to have forgotten that the young ape may have been the old one's cub, and there is nothing new in the instinct with which beasts will risk their lives to say their young.

We feel that our space is running short, and must not pursue these remarks. We have entered at some length into this question, because the authority with which Mr. Darwin speaks might lead the unwary to believe that he had presented new and unassailable facts, and that much light had been thrown on the difficult question of the souls of beasts. The exact contrary is the truth. He has added nothing of any consequence to our knowledge of the phenomena presented by the actions of beasts, though his volumes are full of interesting anecdotes concerning them. It is a question of principle, not of multiplication of facts, and we have no hesitation in saying that any reader who will follow him, and accept his explanations, will be much further from the truth than he was before he took up this pernicious book. Mr. Darwin totally ignores the distinction between merely animal and rational acts, and confounds the results of reflection and deliberation, which belong to reason, with that adaptation to an end which belongs to animal life; which, though the result of a divine wisdom and worthy of every admiration for its marvellous fitness to the infinite variations of life, is nevertheless in the subject nothing more than a blind and necessary, though sentient, impulse.

With regard to the other great characteristic of the human soul which is to be sought in vain in beasts, we mean that of freewill, it is not surprising that we find nothing but confusion in

* *Voyage round the World*, p. 207.

Mr. Darwin's pages, for he clearly denies it to man, and consequently gives up one of the essential points of difference between man and a brute. His doctrine that we always follow the strongest instinct that is in us at the time is an old error long since condemned, and amounts to nothing less than a denial of freewill, and of course, in consequence, of imputability and merit. Here we leave our readers, and ask them to judge whether Mr. Darwin has established, as he thinks he has, that even on intellectual grounds, there is "no fundamental difference between an ape and a man."

A. W.

Leaf Shadows.

WRITTEN IN ASSONANCE.*

THE meadow-grass was gold with buttercups,
And rich with feathered sheaths and clover buds,
Wind tost, great daffodils all dewy swung
Their golden frills; and in the wood, green tufts
Of folded fern stood packed like fairy lutes,
While wind-flowers shimmered in the shimmering sun.

All down the wood-walk then I wandered soft,
The mossy wood-walk that I knew of old;
Above my head the beech boughs trembling moved,
The beech bough shadows, trembling, moved below;
And as I watched them, years long vanished rose:
I roamed, a gladsome child at home once more.

'Twas here we met, full field, in laurel glade,
When diamond icelets hung from every spray;
'Twas here the oxlip and the primrose pale
First stole our senses with their perfume faint;
Here nightingales at midnight wooed their mates,
Here first I learnt June shadow leaves to watch,

Here with my father walked, while his brown eye
Grew bright, as I unravelled all his mind,
Putting out strength to meet him, as a squire
First bends his lance against a war-tried knight;
And when I touched his shield, his rare-won smile
Was guerdon richer than green crowns of pine.

* *Assonance*, as most of our readers will know, is the kind of rhyme adopted by Calderon and other Spanish poets. The rhyme is in the *vowel* only, not in the last syllable of the respective lines.

Leaf Shadows.

Here would my mother pace with velvet tread ;
I checked my fiery march to mate her step,—
What time her wiling talk, most changeeful, sweet,
Would fill whole hours, nor know we how they went.
So lovely, loving, was she, cultured, free,
Soul-soaring, but in wifehood ever meek.

With brother, sister, here, in various mood,
I chased the fleeting tints of growing thought,
Which trace the changing pattern, warp and woof,
That life-love weaves with silk or ebon wools ;
Striving to lift the veil of years to come,
And shaping, aye, some soaring, sun-bright lot.

The evening and the morning still are day,
Though years are past, of toil, and waste, and pain,
The web of life, silk-broidered, jewelled rare,
Is faded, smirched with dust, and parcel-frayed ;
And where the trembling shadow leaves still dance,
They flicker, ghostlike, over seven graves !

This thought swift plucked me back to actual life,
For toward its trickling source my soul had slipt ;
“ O shadow leaves,” I said, “ ye still abide
While hearts with wealth untold, like freighted ships,
Lie sunk five fathoms !” Lord ! Thy watching Eye
Must guide us through this darkness black as night.

Those whom we utmost need the soonest flee,
Earth's strength and love undying make an end,
The roof tree shatters like a river reed,
The shadow waving on the moss is left ;
O shadow leaves, your beauty makes me weep,
Ye dance unchanged, while love and life are dreams !

Oxford in 1871.

THE evidence which has been recently given before the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the subject of University Tests, has naturally turned the attention of thinking men to the present condition of religious belief at Oxford and Cambridge. Some of the witnesses examined made statements respecting the modern tendencies of the philosophical teaching of the Universities, which caused almost a panic among persons of more orthodox opinions: even some Catholics have been startled at the change which appears to have come over our two great seats of learning within the last thirty or forty years. In the present article an attempt is made to represent, as fairly and dispassionately as lies within the power of the writer, the tone of thought which is generally prevalent at Oxford on religious questions. The task is not an easy one, because there are so many various phases of belief, so many different currents of opinion, so many degrees of scepticism, nicely shaded off the one from the other, that it is almost impossible not to exaggerate some and depreciate others; especially as every resident in the University is prone to judge of all from the particular circle in which he himself moves, and to pass over schools of thought which may be exercising a permanent influence, because he himself does not come into personal contact with those who specially belong to them.

No one can deny that within the last twenty-five or thirty years Oxford has completely changed. To trace the various causes which have brought about the change would be almost an endless task. They may, perhaps, be fairly summed up by saying, that men have learned, in a way unknown before, to carry out their opinions to their legitimate and logical consequences; their eyes have been opened to see that the beliefs of the last generation of Englishmen did not rest on a satisfactory basis; that the arguments of Butler and Paley have proved insufficient to resist the corroding influence of

scepticism, and that the apologists of the Church of England are unable to maintain for her a tenable position as a living teacher of dogmatic truth. Thirty years ago the Tractarian movement was at its zenith; the High Church party comprised many of the ablest residents in Oxford; the Anglo-Catholic theory still satisfied the aspirations of an earnest piety, and retained a firm hold on those whose undoubted intellectual honesty, vigorous power of thought, and extensive knowledge, gave them a well-deserved influence in the University. Opposed to them were a vast mass of orthodox Conservatives, whose general position was that of a moderate Protestantism, and who regarded the Tractarian party as unfaithful to the Church of England. Besides these two parties, there was a small minority of Liberals, feeble numerically and afraid to express their real sentiments, warned by the outcry which had more than once been raised when one of their number, bolder than the rest, had published opinions which did not satisfy the then dominant orthodoxy, even though he had used the most moderate language, and had guarded himself most carefully against misconception. The present state of things is completely different. The dogmatist party in the University, it is true, still forms a majority of the governing body; but living, teaching Oxford has passed over into the hostile camp. The most influential tutors and professors—who are moulding the thought and guiding the opinions of the rising generation, who, through their ablest pupils, will soon make their voices heard in the House of Commons, in the literature of the country, in the class-rooms of our public schools—belong for the most part to the Liberal party. It is to them that we must look in order to judge of the future of Oxford; for if we would see the direction in which an institution is drifting, we must turn our eyes to its leading men, not to its rank and file; if we would understand the tone which is prevalent in a University, we must discover what are the opinions and sentiments of those whose intellectual and moral force has won for them its posts of influence.

Now, it is hard to give a correct idea of the position and tenets of those who start from first principles different from one's own; it is hard to avoid a touch of caricature, and to keep clear of one-sidedness and misconception. But the general line of thought among a majority of the influential men is somewhat as follows, although there are of course many

exceptions, especially among those whose line of study has not led them to investigate with careful accuracy the basis of the irreligious beliefs—"In this life it is not given to man to attain to a full knowledge of truth. We see through a glass darkly, and the view which each individual obtains is necessarily a one-sided and imperfect one. We cannot shake ourselves free of the defects of our nature, of the influence of education, of the ties of self-interest. Hence it is impossible to condemn others, because what may be clear and plain to ourselves may appear in a very different light to the differently constituted mind of our neighbour; in fact, what is true to us, may even be false to him. How, then, can we venture to condemn those who differ from us? Again, when we reflect on the numerous arguments which may be adduced both in favour of, and also against, any conceivable proposition, when we see how much there is to be said on both sides of every possible question, we are compelled to be tolerant even to those from whom we differ most widely. Even in the most extreme case which we can well imagine, such as that of the existence of God, how many objections there are to the theist hypothesis, which even we, who believe in it most sincerely, must allow to have considerable weight? Is it for us to condemn those to whom these objections seem overwhelming? Hence dogma, which necessarily implies that there is nothing whatever to be said in opposition to it, is a thing impossible to the impartial and well-balanced mind. Man can never really get beyond opinion on any subject whatever, and opinion implies that there is or may be a balance of probabilities inclining to one side or the other. At the same time opinion often amounts at least to practical certitude, and in that case the human mind is prone to assign to it an absolute character which it does not possess. This is especially the case with religious beliefs, which are really opinions in which we are unconscious of any opposing probabilities, and in which sentiment and imagination come in to enlist our sympathies entirely on one side of the question. There are many subjects on which it is presumptuous even to have an opinion; those, namely, which we ourselves have never had occasion personally to investigate, and in which there is no such consensus among learned men as would enable us to adopt their verdict unchallenged. In some departments of knowledge, men allow that this is the case. In astronomy,

for instance, no educated man, unless he were an astronomer, would express a decided opinion about the possibility of the moon being inhabited by beings like ourselves; but unfortunately, in subjects into which any religious question seems to enter, every one claims a right to be heard. Thus the existence of miracles, in which the ordinary laws of nature are set aside by a special and a supernatural interposition, is a matter which can only be decided by scientific evidence. We have reason to suspect that the advance of knowledge will gradually furnish a natural explanation for each and all of them; but yet we are at present possessed of such insufficient grounds for a decided opinion that we do not presume, firm believers in Christianity though we are, to declare ourselves either for or against them; we are content to wait patiently until science shall decide the question. So, again, it is quite out of the reach of man to form any idea about the employments of a future life, or the character of the happiness which it offers us: we do not, and perhaps cannot, know anything about it; and we think that there is something morbid and unhealthy in craving after a theory on a subject where there are no established facts on which we can form our judgment."

This theory, or something like it, may, I think, be called without unfairness the dominant theory of Oxford at the present time. It has been moulding the minds of the greater part of the more intelligent men who have taken their degree within the last twenty years. They have drifted into it one by one, in spite of ancestral Conservatism and the dogmatic religious teaching of their childhood. It is in the main the theory current in those Common Rooms which are the best representatives of Oxford culture, and it forms the basis of the education imparted in those Colleges which are most distinguished in the class lists, and where all the men have the highest reputation for industry and talent. It has a special attraction for young and generous minds, since there is in it a semblance of liberality which appears to contrast most favourably with the exclusiveness of dogmatism. At the same time, it is not a theory which will ever permanently satisfy the demands of human intelligence. It is too vague, too misty, too indefinite. The mind of man is not so constituted as to be able to acquiesce in the suspension of judgment which it requires of him, and that, too, on subjects of the most vital and intense interest. The human intelligence cannot rest content with a religion founded on so shadowy a basis: where it appears

to do so, it implies either a very exceptional character, from which we cannot argue to the case of ordinary men, or else a very partial and limited interest in things unseen. It is, perhaps, a possible religion for men whose active, labourious life leaves them but little time for serious thought, and it may satisfy those who find all their affections already enlisted in behalf of some object more immediately before them. But even with these it will rarely be able to hold its ground, and the world at large will, sooner or later, have to give place to a more definite and tangible creed.

It is already doing so to some extent in the Universities. During the last few years there has been an ever-increasing number of men who go beyond the position which has been described above, and throw aside altogether the relative theory of truth, substituting for it something more resembling a positive belief. They tell us that the attempt to explain the phenomena of the world on the double hypothesis of the reign of law and the reign of a Supreme Will is distinctly unscientific and inadmissible. They look into the world around, and can discover there no single fact which cannot be explained without introducing the notion of a Supreme Being, and they therefore decline to admit any practical necessity for religious belief. If the old-fashioned moralist attempts to meet them with an appeal to the evidence of conscience as bearing witness to the authority of God, they have a theory, which is at first plausible, to account for each phenomenon, and, by a thousand illustrations, they show us how the necessities of common life, and the selfishness of our nature, have combined to form a habit which is handed on from one generation to another, and strengthened more and more by an enlarged experience, until, at length, it becomes an hereditary instinct, and is dignified by the name of the voice of God. If the defender of Christianity presses them with the argument from miracles, they often admit, fairly and honestly, that they have never had occasion really to investigate the question: or else they account for the supposed miracles of bygone ages by alleging the uncritical mind of the credulous observers, and express the fullest confidence that science will be able at some future period to explain any modern phenomena which are at present believed to be miraculous. These men are not atheists, because they do not reject as necessarily untrue the notion of a first Cause: they simply say that the evidence in favour of the existence of a God does not appear to them sufficient to justify any positive assertion on the subject. They are, perhaps, best

described by the name of "Independent Moralists," which some of them have assumed as the expression of their convictions. They contain in their ranks men of the highest character and most unblemished honour, and though they are not at present very numerous, their influence is yet beginning to make itself felt, because of their personal merit and intellectual distinction.

It may, perhaps, appear strange to Catholics that such men should feel themselves justified in subscribing their names to the test which has been hitherto required of every one who is elected to a fellowship, or who takes his M.A. degree. But the apparent difficulty vanishes almost entirely in practice, and its easy solution is a remarkable proof of the complete futility of Anglican tests, and of their inability to secure any sort of uniform belief, even among men whose honesty is unimpeachable, and who cannot, without gross injustice, be accused of a conscious fraud. The test which has to be subscribed declares that the person subscribing believes the doctrine of the Church of England to be in accordance with the Word of God. Now this does not necessarily imply any belief that the doctrine of the Church of England is implicitly true.* The subscriber may very fairly explain the Word of God as meaning the Bible as received by

* This was very clearly stated by one of the witnesses before the Committee of the House of Lords, himself a fellow of a College, and possessed of ample opportunities of ascertaining the state of Oxford opinion on the subject.

Q. 532. Supposing tests were abolished, it is your opinion that there would not be more persons who would be disposed to teach in a sense hostile to the received doctrines of Christianity than there are now?

A. I do not think it would make the slightest difference. As a matter of fact, the test at present is so framed, that it excludes a Dissenter, or a Roman Catholic, but does not exclude an atheist, or unbeliever of any kind. Unless I am mistaken, the test which is at present enacted for a Master's degree at Oxford is to the effect that the signer believes that the doctrine of the Church of England is in agreement with the Word of God. That excludes a man who believes in the Word of God, but does not believe that the doctrine of the Church of England is in conformity with it; whilst it includes, not only the man who believes that they agree, and that they both stand, but it includes also the man who believes that they agree, and that they both fall.

This statement, which is, perhaps, of a rather exaggerated character, the witness subsequently explains.

Q. You think that a disbeliever in the Scriptures could declare, nevertheless, that they were the Word of God?

A. I merely meant to say, that the test, as it stands, might admit a person who chose to strain the meaning of the words, and who believed in the coincidence of the Bible and Prayer-book, and that both fell together. I did not mean to assert that there were any such persons at Oxford. All I meant to say was, that as far as the wording of the test goes, it might so be taken.

Protestants, and he might believe that the Bible, although in some sense divinely inspired, yet contains much which cannot be taken as strictly and literally consistent with actual facts. Such a man would not deny any of the propositions contained in the Prayer-book : he would utterly refuse to assert the contradictory of any of them, but he would consider them as statements, about the truth or falsity of which he is unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, and which he may at the same time assert, without fear of error, to be in agreement with the Bible. Besides, there is a happy ambiguity about the formularies of the Church of England which allows men such as those we speak of to accept them without exposing themselves to any imputation of deliberate dishonesty. If men of ability have from time to time asserted that nothing in the Thirty-nine Articles is opposed to the doctrines of the Catholic Church, can any one venture to assert that they are incompatible with the various forms of the rationalist hypothesis? It has been said that there are on an average no less than five different senses which may fairly be assigned to each of the propositions which the Articles contain ; and the man of whom the test is exacted naturally reflects that he must, at least, be able to give his conscientious assent to the one meaning out of the five. At the same time he is aware that by common consent, some kind of latitude, more or less, is allowed even by Anglican Bishops to be admissible in explaining the various and perplexing statements of the Book of Common Prayer, and he merely stretches this latitude a little farther in his own case, making use of a liberty to which he believes himself to be fully entitled. For in what sense is he to explain them? In the sense of their framers? Surely not : for they were men who died three hundred years ago ; and since that time the progress of modern thought has effected a complete change in the meaning of words and propositions. In the sense of the authority which at present imposes them? It is hard to point out this authority, unless, indeed, it be the Privy Council, who may fairly be regarded as taking the widest and most liberal view possible of the whole matter. Or, perhaps, in the plain and obvious meaning of the words? In this case he finds contradictory statements which he cannot reconcile, and he is therefore thrown back on adopting the sense which seems to him most satisfactory and probable. And this, of course, gives him a very wide range, and gets rid of difficulties in very easy fashion.

But what has especially facilitated the subscription to Tests is the period of life at which they are exacted. They are required, once for all, at the time when a fellowship is obtained, or the M.A. degree taken. This generally means about a year or two after the course of studies is concluded, before a man's opinions have had time to take definite and permanent form, and when his traditional orthodoxy has not yet wholly disappeared under the influence of his University training. From that time forward no further test is required of him; for although the University has the power of compelling him to establish his orthodoxy at any moment by imposing the test afresh, yet this is, practically, never done, and would be considered a most invidious interference with liberty of opinion. It can scarcely be denied that there are, at both Universities, a certain number of men who would utterly refuse to repeat, in their more thoughtful years, the subscription to a test which caused them no hesitation in the thoughtlessness of their youth. Some may imagine that such men are in a false position, and ought to resign their fellowships and educational work rather than continue nominal adherents of a system to which they are opposed in their heart. But, their religious opinions once granted, any such withdrawal on their part does not appear to be demanded by any ordinary rules of honour or justice. For the test which they once took had no prospective force, and did not bind them down to a permanent tenure of the same beliefs, else the University would not have been possessed of the power of imposing it afresh. And it must also be remembered that the change which has come over them is a gradual and imperceptible one. Their opinions at the time they cheerfully subscribed the test were nothing but opinions in which the balance of probabilities then appeared to them to compel assent. During the transition period, there was no decisive step, separating the past from the present by a wide gulf, as when a Protestant becomes a Catholic, or the latter apostatizes from his faith; but there was a gradual process of disintegration, during which certain principles and methods were carried out to their legitimate consequences, and so new convictions sprang up and gradually, one by one, replaced the old. It is impossible to say that the man at any definite time ceased to be a Christian, since he still, in his own sense, claims the name; it is scarcely fair to say that he is no longer a member of the Church of England, since he still attends her services, and has no wish to join any other religious body; it is, of course, easy to say that he has "lost the faith," but this, in

the mouths of Anglicans, simply means that he does not come up to what they consider the standard of orthodoxy. At all events, whatever change has taken place has been so slow, so unconscious, so infinitesimal day by day, so nicely shaded off from the past to the present, that it seems unreasonable and extravagant to expect him to come forward at any definite moment and take a final and an important step, involving great responsibility, as well as considerable sacrifice, because certain opinions, which he never regarded as of very great practical importance, have been giving way before others inconsistent with them.

These are some of the reasons which may be fairly urged as justifying the retention of their fellowships by members of the Church of England who have drifted away from any positive religious convictions. If the Catholic regards such arguments as a sort of special pleading, he must remember the very wide difference between his own view of all religious questions and that of the rationalist and the Protestant. The complete failure of the system of tests in its attempt to maintain in the Universities an efficient dogmatism of any sort, shows how futile a weapon they are in opposing the results which must necessarily follow when Protestants of ability begin carefully to investigate the foundations of their beliefs.

But the point with which we are more specially concerned is the influence of what we may call generally the modern school of thought over the education imparted in Oxford. If those who belong to it are the most influential men and the best teachers in the best Colleges, we may be quite certain that it will gradually spread its leaven over the whole of the University. It is true that it does not appeal with much force to any except men whose interests are distinctly intellectual. There are several Colleges where it has even now obtained but little footing, and where orthodoxy holds its own in virtue of Conservative traditions and other influences hostile to change. But even in such Colleges the men who are most successful in the class lists have a tendency to drift away in the direction of Liberalism, and some of the most zealous advocates of what is called progress have been brought up at the feet of some adherent of the old school. We may then, speaking roughly, say that the modern school gives the tone to the whole teaching and examination system of Oxford at the present time. It will do so still more when tests are abolished, because, as Professor Liddon very pertinently

observes in his evidence before the House of Lords, tests have prevented teachers in the University from stating, crudely and passionately, to the great injury of their pupils, destructive and irreligious ideas which for the moment they were entertaining, and which, without any restraint of the sort, they would undoubtedly have felt themselves at liberty to set before their pupils. But even under the restriction which has prevailed hitherto, and to which Canon Liddon attributes more influence than it really deserves, the Liberal school is practically dominant in living, teaching Oxford. It is, therefore, of great importance to know on what principles it proceeds, and what are the consequences which flow from the habit of mind prevalent at the Universities, so far as their method of teaching is concerned. They may, perhaps, be summed up as follows—

1. The teacher, if he would be consistent, should not teach his pupils anything except generally acknowledged facts, and the methods by which, out of those facts, hypotheses are to be formed. He should distinctly intimate to his pupils that he does not wish them to accept unchallenged any of the theories which he may assert in the course of his teaching, but to test them for themselves, and reject them when they do not appear to be confirmed by facts. He should make it his aim to encourage in his pupils the valuable habit of private judgment, meaning by this, not individual dogmatism, but the right of each and every man to form his own opinion for himself on any subject, whether of history, morals, or religion.

2. In order to form a really satisfactory opinion on any subject, every previous prejudice should be swept out of the mind; we must start from universal doubt, and thence we should seek to build up the framework of what we are hereafter to accept as true. In many cases we must be content to suspend our judgment, and confess our ignorance, or at most to admit only a provisional hypothesis. Least of all should the student allow in himself a ready deference to authority, or to the previous opinions of others, but should seek to expel such false humility, as being a hindrance to the entrance of truth into the mind.

3. The teacher should be careful to remind his pupils that there are two possible sides to every question, and that in most cases there is much to be said on both sides; that the great intellectual vices of mankind consist in their refusal to recognize the strength of their opponents' position, and in their assump-

tion that their own beliefs, and none other, are tenable and true.

4 The teacher should express all his opinions merely as opinions, not as dogmas. He should lay stress on the relative character of truth and on the presumptuous nature of any claim on the part of any individual or religious body to a sole and entire possession of truth—a claim which can only be maintained by substituting anathema for argument, and intolerance for scientific investigation.

From this it follows that Catholics, as such, are incapable of the highest education, which consists in building up well-grounded principles from admitted facts, and this process is not a possible one, unless we start with the determination to follow at any cost where reason leads, and where authority clashes with reason to throw authority to the winds. Now the first and foremost dogma of Catholicism is the submission of reason to authority, and therefore the young Catholic, if he is to reap the full benefits of the higher education, must begin by ceasing to be a Catholic.

Perhaps these principles would not be accepted with all their consequences by even a majority of Oxford teachers; certainly they would be disowned to a great extent by the dogmatic party, who recognize with an increasing alarm the steady growth of Liberalism in the University. But they are accepted almost as axioms by the more influential teachers, and are practically adopted even by those who in theory disown them. In order more clearly to establish this, it may perhaps be worth while to give, in some detail, the attitude of Oxford teaching in respect of the Scholastic Philosophy. On this point there is an almost universal consensus, and men of every shade of opinion agree in a theory which seems to pass unchallenged alike among Conservatives and Liberals, orthodox and sceptics, adherents of German thought and of English sensationalism. It is assumed as common ground, on which all well-informed men have no doubt whatever, and which is only possible to those who are ignorant of the progress of knowledge and of the discoveries of modern science. In stating it, I will do my best to guard against any exaggerations, and I will limit myself to what I believe all, or nearly all, Protestants in Oxford would adopt without hesitation.

"The Scholastic Philosophy," says this theory, "founded, as it was upon Aristotle and controlled by the supervision of the Church, was rather an explanation of a preconceived hypothesis

than a philosophy in the strict sense of the term ; wonderful for its ingenious subtlety and its minute explanations, it was barren of any solid points of knowledge. It made no contribution to intellectual progress : its only aim being to tread as closely as possible in the steps of those who had gone before, and rather to adapt facts to a stereotyped theory than to modify the theory and try to bring it into accordance with facts. Hence it deserves nothing but a passing notice in a text-book of the history of philosophy, since it does not show us the mind of man struggling onwards towards the light of truth, but stationary and unprogressive by reason of the system under which he lived. Those who wandered from the beaten track and produced some brilliant and independent hypothesis, were mercilessly suppressed. Abelard in a secluded monastery, and Giordano Bruno at the stake, expiated the crime of originality ; and the activity of able men was obliged to expend itself in controversies, of which the most remarkable was that of the Realists, Formalists, and Nominalists ; but even here the Church interfered, discountenancing Formalism and suppressing Nominalism by main force.

The Reformation, whatever its faults and imperfections, set free the intellect of man, and both within and without the Church the result soon made itself apparent. The world of mediæval shadows disappeared before the dawning day, and modern thought little by little ousted one after another of the scholastic assumptions and substituted for them theories in accordance with fact, and arrived at either by a careful induction from nature, or by a legitimate deduction from the intuitions of mind. Of these independent thinkers, the first, and one of the greatest, to whom progress and thought is most deeply indebted, was the Catholic Descartes. Following in his steps, and carrying on the torch which he had ignited, Locke and Bacon shed a new light on the world of thought, and delivered men from illusions which had formerly universally deceived them—Locke by his *doctrine of substance*, and Bacon by his *inductive method*. The importance of these claims a separate notice.

1. The scholastic doctrine of substance was, that it was an unknown substratum which forms the basis of every individual thing and gives it its objective reality. The modern doctrine, discovered by Locke, is that substance is the sum of the phenomena, *plus* an element furnished by the mind, and in

virtue of which the mind regards these phenomena as united in an object having a separate and individual existence. Hence a substance exists only in relation to the intelligence which takes knowledge of it, and the unknown substratum has a subjective existence in the mind, not an objective existence in the external object.

2. The great principle of modern induction is, that we must build up our theories from a careful induction of facts, instead of explaining the facts by our already assumed theories. We must, in fact, follow like children where science leads us, heedless of long prejudice and resolute against sentiment and imagination, which always cling to the exploded belief of the past. To those who appeal to our reverence for antiquity, we answer that we are the true antiquity, that the world grows continually older, and each generation inherits the wisdom and experience of its predecessors. To those who fear lest the theories which are arrived at by induction should clash with revealed truth, we answer that a theology which fears to meet the evidence of facts, must rest on a very insecure basis.— But modern thought has not really succeeded in permeating the Catholic Church. That most Conservative institution has kept it fairly at bay, or rather the active and scientific minds which have accepted any of its conclusions have been lost to Rome. Many attempts have been made to reconstruct the Catholic system on a modern basis, but the endeavour has invariably failed, and has often led to the complete emancipation of those who have attempted the fruitless task."

Such is the theory, the statements of which are assumed as dogmas in the philosophical teaching of Oxford. I call them dogmas because they pass current unexamined, and form the starting-point alike of the systems of Dean Mansel and Sir W. Hamilton, of Mill and Lewes, of Morell and Schwegler. They have obtained a complete hold over the mind of the University.* The Catholic reader will not be astonished at

* A remarkable illustration of their universal acceptance is to be found in a sermon preached before the University, on November 3, 1867, by Dr. Liddell, the Dean of Christ Church, and the present Vice-Chancellor. The sermon contains an attack on the doctrine of Transubstantiation and of the objective Presence of Christ in the Sacrament. In the course of his argument, the preacher considers himself justified in assuming, as necessarily and undoubtedly true, the doctrine of substance propounded by Locke. He seems to regard it as common ground on which all his hearers will agree, whatever doctrines they may hold on sacramental questions. It is needless to say that from such a premiss he establishes, without much

the rapid advance of scepticism where orthodoxy has to be supported on a theory so eminently calculated to destroy it. He will not wonder that nearly all the ablest men, some of them pupils of the most distinguished divines, trained in a school of Conservatism, and starting with the most unblemished Anglican orthodoxy, have of late fallen away from any kind of religious dogmatism and accepted the position which they formerly regarded as pernicious and untrue. He will not wonder that the attention of the High Church party has of late been directed more and more to this desertion of their ranks by so many of their prominent followers among the younger men, and that they have been compelled to look around to try and discover a remedy. Blind to the true cause, and to the only remedy, they have selected certain authors and text-books from the rest and have ascribed to their influence the downward tendency. Abolish, they say, that undue preponderance which is given to modern sceptical teachers; implant in students a sound philosophy; put an end to the present superficial system of instruction, which gives so many opportunities for imparting to unsound minds error under the guise of truth, and then you will see faith revive and scepticism decay and almost disappear. And it is in pursuance of this theory that Keble College has been built. It is not to

difficulty, the conclusion which he wishes to prove, and on anti-Catholic principles triumphantly overthrows the Catholic doctrine. The following extract from the sermon is a good example of the "method" of Protestant dogmatism:—"The whole tenour of Bacon's philosophy was directed, as the first words of the Preface to the *Novum Organon* show, against those who had presumed to dogmatize on nature, and had set up the Idols of their own imagination in place of principles established by observation and experiment. In one of the early aphorisms of the same book, we find the scholastic notion of 'substance' placed on the list of notions unsound, not clear, fantastical, and ill-defined. About the same time, Descartes also raised a question with regard to the existence of substance independently of its attributes, but drew back when his orthodoxy was called in question. It was reserved for Locke to show by a careful analysis that substance was merely a complex notion of the mind, inseparable from the outward and palpable qualities of an object. The mental analysis of our great philosopher was followed by the material analysis of the chemists; and gradually the scholastic substance, regarded as a separate and self-existent thing, was dismissed from the region of science. This conclusion of modern science has enabled the theologian, at length, to meet the advocates of the Corporal Presence at every point, and to show that not only does this dogma mar the simplicity of the Scripture narrative, by turning images into facts; not only is it without authority, except in rhetorical and poetical figures of speech, from the early theology of the Church; not only does it deny the evidence of the senses, and propose a strange paradox for unconditional belief—but it is left without stay or support in the rarest atmosphere of metaphysics" (pp. 17—19).

be in any way a clerical College; it is not to turn the attention of its undergraduates to theology rather than to other studies; it is not to exclude even "infidel" books from its class-rooms; but yet it is to be the home of orthodoxy, to which the Anglican will be able to send his son without any fear of his becoming a rationalist or a sceptic. It has been lately compared in the pulpit of St. Mary's to the Ark, in which the faithful are to float secure while the flood of infidelity swallows up the less fortunate members of the older Colleges. It is in other respects a protest against the tendencies of the age: the table is simpler, and economy is specially encouraged; the chapel services are more frequent; there is more of common family life, and perhaps more of friendly intercourse between young and old.

Now, in all this the Catholic will see a great deal that is true and admirable, and will be inclined to wish God speed to a system which borrows so much from the system of the Church. At the same time, the experiment is one of very dubious success, because the whole spirit of Oxford is destructive to Protestant orthodoxy. When the orthodox Anglicans ascribe to certain teachers, and especially to Mr. Mill, the downward progress of the University, they forget that a teacher is influential only if he represents to some extent in his teaching the temper and opinions of his age and country. A popular writer does not make or mar a system: he is the creation of the tendencies of thought chiefly prevalent in his time; he does not make those tendencies, he only developes and advances them, and establishes them on a firmer basis and carries them further than they have gone before. If Mr. Mill is dangerous to the "faith," it is because he represents the direction in which Oxford opinion is advancing, falling in with it and enabling men to realize and put into words what was before only floating in the air. If the movement of opinion had been adverse to his philosophy, he could never have reversed the current, although he might have gained a follower here and there, just as Catholicism gains a few adherents in a Protestant country where it does not reach the masses. It is, then, impossible to destroy the influence of Mr. Mill, unless you can also turn back the stream of thought by going up to the fountain-head and starting from fresh principles which lead in an entirely opposite direction.

As long as the principles of Oxford education are those which I have stated above, so long the stream will hold its present course, and the sceptical school will go on gaining fresh

ground day by day, simply because it follows out these principles to their legitimate conclusion, sweeping away any preconceived theories which it may encounter on its way. Every attempt heretofore made by the orthodox school to encounter Mr. Mill or the German rationalists from the Anglican point of view has utterly failed. It may be that here and there the weak points in their systems have been successfully pointed out; but even when this is done, their Protestant opponents merely substitute one form of scepticism for another. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that the philosophy which is offered to Anglicans as their means of defence against Mr. Mill, is quite as sceptical in its final results as the doctrines which it is intended to refute. It is very doubtful whether any searcher after truth, whose religious convictions have been shaken by what is called infidel philosophy, has ever really found a satisfactory basis for the reconstruction of his beliefs in the writings of Dr. Mansel and Sir W. Hamilton. Protestant philosophy is barren of any except negative results; and Keble College will strive in vain to find, out of the pages of Catholic writers, any foundation for the dogmatism which it is her mission to uphold. She will, therefore, be compelled either to discourage philosophical inquiry among her students, and restrict them to subjects which do not lead them to search and look where truth is to be found, or she will have to see her ablest and most thoughtful men fall away, one by one, from the dogmatic position—not at first, not perhaps till they have left the University, since there will be a kind of *genius loci* which will influence them while they are still within her walls; but the process will be none the less certain. The progress of the minds of men from premiss to conclusion may be retarded, but cannot be stopped; nay, the deluge is the more destructive the longer the barrier is able to hinder its free outlet. The advanced rationalism of Oxford results to some extent from her long adherence to an ill-founded dogmatism.

But it may be interesting to the reader to know how such men as Canon Liddon, and the school which he so ably represents, account from their point of view for the decline of orthodoxy in the Universities. In his evidence before the Tests Committee he indicates an opinion that it is because the study of philosophy at Oxford is not sufficiently thorough, and students are compelled by lack of time to make their own the results of modern philosophy, without being able to subject them to a

critical examination under a competent guide. There is, of course, some reason in this, but it displays the strange delusion, which seems almost universal among Protestants, that, by a continual process of criticism, if only carried far enough, we shall arrive at last at a consistent body of truth. And when Canon Liddon is asked why it is that men choose the destructive side of philosophy rather than that which would give positive results, he answers that it is the intellectual fashion of the time, and that "the world of Oxford is affected to a certain extent by the general mental atmosphere of England and of Europe." He allows that the University ought to correct "one-sided excesses of thought," but he does not explain why it is that the University does not do its duty.

Dean Mansel gives a somewhat similar account of the reason why men fall away from their belief. He attributes it to "the tendency of late years to make modern writers in a great measure the substance of the examination, instead of a mere embellishment of it." This has led men into a line of reading which he considers very undesirable, and "into modern controversy upon disputed questions, and, in some instances, into the study of modern writers whose works, though works of great ability and merit, are dangerous if used without a competent guide."

Both of these witnesses appear to regard with considerable anxiety the future of Oxford. Now that Tests are abolished we imagine that their anxiety is very likely to be increased ten-fold. It is true that there will not be any noteworthy and immediate increase in what they consider sceptical teaching, but there is no doubt that before long men of extreme opinions will be much more outspoken than at present. Considering what are the principles which form the basis of Oxford training, there seems to be little hope of anything except an ever-increasing scepticism. The only means of averting it, the only hope of a permanent return to any form of positive belief is, unfortunately, one impossible in a Protestant University, which must, in virtue of its very nature, continue to work out its destructive principles without any successful attempt at the work of reconstruction.

Henri de France.

WHAT will be the state of France three months hence? Which of the many forms of government which she has so often adopted and so often thrown aside since the memorable meeting of the States-General at Versailles in 1789, will be in possession when the sad anniversaries of Sedan and of the surrender of Metz come round for the first time? To undertake to answer these questions is to avow a rashness and self-confidence from which all prudent men would shrink as ridiculous. A year ago, no one could have foretold what would be the result for France and Europe of the unexpected move made by a Spanish Marshal to secure a prince of the house of Hohenzollern for the throne on which the younger son of Victor Emmanuel already sits uneasily. And the future sequel of the tremendous catastrophes which have followed so rapidly one upon another since last July may be something equally unexpected, equally momentous—only, let us hope, not equally calamitous. But what it may be, no one can predict. The French Republic is said to be doomed: French Republics have never lived very long, and the third, so we are told, is to be more short-lived than either of its forerunners. There are Imperialist hopes, and Orleanist hopes, and Legitimist hopes: but not many very sanguine hopes for the Republic itself. If it last on, it is supposed that it will last on only on sufferance, from the fear which prudent men will naturally feel that any attempt at a change may revive the smouldering flames of intestine discord, and once more plunge the nation into civil war. If these apprehensions are correct, and if they are of weight enough to stay the hand of those who would once more make a monarchy of France, we may still suppose that they will not last for ever in their influence. A monarchy, therefore, France will eventually be, whether under a restored Empire of the Napoleons, or under a new Empire of some successful leader, or under the successors of the old Bourbon Kings of the elder or younger branch.

As it is not in our power to predict the future, so it is not, we

conceive, our business to express wishes or hopes as to one or other of these contingencies simply as such. France is infinitely precious to Europe and to the Church. She is the first of Catholic nations, and she has what has been well deemed a providential mission for the support of the Holy See and the advancement of Catholic interests in every way and in every part of the world. Our one great desire must be to see her at peace with herself, endowed with stable institutions, her people happy under a just and religious Government, which may have no temptation to corrupt her and make her childish in order to rule her the more easily, or to fan the detestable flames of national vanity and military ambition for the sake of turning attention away from domestic complaints and wrongs. Whatever government and whatever dynasty may confer this boon upon France, and so restore her to the peaceful exercise of her unquestioned influence in the world, ought to earn the gratitude of all true children of the Church, and unless this is the result of whatever change may be in store for her, it can matter very little who is the occupant of the throne, or whether he be Bourbon or Bonaparte, Emperor or King. And, indeed, the evils which have issued in the last miseries of France are so deep-rooted and have been so little, in reality, touched even by the flames which have consumed so many of the splendid buildings of Paris, or by the wholesale executions which have swept away by hundreds those partisans of the Commune who did not perish in open combat, that we may well feel sceptical as to the power of any particular form of government or the influence of any particular dynasty to heal them. When luxury and depravity have corrupted morals, when the cynical atheistic and materialist spirit which goes by the name of Voltairianism has poisoned the mind and heart of a large portion of the educated classes, when political virtue and honesty have been long banished from the conduct of affairs, and a nation has been moreover studiously fed by adulation as to its preeminence in all the arts of civilisation as well as in military prowess, until it has become intoxicated with vanity and unable to accept in a humble spirit the severest and most unmistakeable chastisements of God—we may well conceive that thoughtful men will be inclined to despair as to its possible restoration or regeneration under whatever rule it may chance to fall. These are not our views with regard to France, for we have confidence in the ineradicable result of so many centuries of Christian virtue and

civilisation, in the noble activity of her people in all enterprizes of religion and piety, in the untainted soundness of her heart, and in that wonderful power of recovery which she has already more than once shown after she has been deeply humiliated.

Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit,—

—so it has been, so we trust, it will again be, with France. But it can be nothing short of a fundamental reform running through a great part of the social and moral system of the nation that can bring back again to her her ancient and her Christian glories.

Whether this truth is sufficiently realized by the partisans of the various claimants, so to speak, for the honourable task of regenerating France, may perhaps be doubted. In the mean time, we have certainly some kind of acknowledgment of the need of some sound principle at the bottom of the social fabric in the curious phenomenon of the general feeling as to that one among the possibilities of the future of France which more than any other represents, to most minds, such a principle. The deep sense of the want of stability which has been found to be the inherent defect in all the more modern systems on which France has been governed has certainly produced in many minds an expectation that the nation will once more turn itself in its despair to the heir of its ancient kings, and seek its peace under a government based upon the principle of hereditary right. We have seen of late many curious phenomena upon the surface of that broad mirror on which English newspaper writers reflect, as a rule, so faithfully, the passing phases of that public opinion and public feeling which they profess to guide. And yet—except, perhaps, the resolute audacity of the *Times* in maintaining, against the most overwhelming evidence from documents and witnesses, its original invention that the late Monseigneur Darboy was an anti-Infallibilist—few things have been more surprising of late than to find English newspapers actually speaking with respect of the Comte de Chambord, and allowing the great probability that France may soon recognize his claims on her throne. We have seen his various proclamations spoken of without much of the usual sneering,* and Liberal papers confessing that after all, he

* We may as well insert the most formal of these documents, dated May 8.

“Like you, my dear friend, I witness with grief and pain the lamentable fortunes of this hateful civil war, which has so closely followed the disasters of invasion. I have no need to tell you how completely I sympathize with you in the sad reflections which it suggests, and how fully I comprehend your anguish.

“When the first shell from the enemy burst over Paris, I could only think of the

might do quite as well as any one else—perhaps even better than any one else,—as the King of France. After this, we may really hope to see some admissions made about the necessity of the temporal Power of the Pope or the contemptible dishonesty of the usurping government of Victor Emmanuel. So, however, it is. The Legitimist party, the Legitimist principles, have been for many years bye-words in the press of Europe and of England: and nothing has been held to be more absurd than to have any sympathy for them, except the holding as a possible opinion that the cause represented by that party might at any time rise to the surface and obtain the mastery. As for sympathy with the Legitimists, there is probably still very little of it in this country: but it cannot be denied that many sensible men are

grandeur of the city in which I was born. I gave utterance to a cry which has been heard. I could do no more, and now, as then, I am compelled to groan over the horrors of this fratricidal contest. But be confident; the hazards of this grievous enterprise are not greater than the heroism of our troops.

“You live, you say, among men of all parties, anxious to know what I wish, what I desire, and what I hope. Be good enough to acquaint them with my most cherished thoughts, and with all the sentiments which inspire me. Say that I have never deceived them, that I never shall deceive them, and that I entreat them in the name of the dearest and most sacred interests, in the name of all mankind, the witnesses of our misfortunes, to forget our dissensions, our prejudices, and our enmities. Caution them against the calumnies spread for the purpose of creating a belief that, discouraged by the greatness of our misfortunes and despairing of the future of my country, I have renounced the happiness of saving it. It will be saved whenever it ceases to confound license with liberty. Above all, it will be saved when it ceases to look for security from hap-hazard Governments, which after a few years of fancied safety leave it in difficulties truly deplorable.

“Beyond political agitations there is a France which suffers, a France which cannot be destroyed, and which will not be destroyed; for when Providence subjects a nation to such trials it is because great duties are still in reserve for it. Let us confess that the abandonment of principle is the real cause of our disasters. A Christian nation cannot with impunity tear out the venerable pages of its history, break the chain of its traditions, inscribe at the head of its Constitution a negation of the rights of God, or banish every religious idea from its laws and its public instruction.

“Under such circumstances disorder will be the rule. The oscillations will be between anarchy and Caesarism, two forms of government equally disgraceful—equally characteristic of the decadence of heathen nations, and which will ever be the lot of nations who are forgetful of their duty.

“The country was well aware of this when it elected men as enlightened as you to the wants of the time, and penetrated with a sense of the principles which are essential to every society which seeks to maintain itself in honour and in liberty. Hence it is, my dear friend, notwithstanding any remains of prejudice, the good sense of all France longs for a monarchy. It sees its way by the glimmerings of its conflagrations. It sees that order is requisite to justice and honesty, and that, apart from hereditary Monarchy, it has nothing to hope for. Oppose with earnestness the errors and prejudices which too readily find admission into the hearts of the noblest.

“It is given out that I claim absolute power. Would to God that such a power had

convinced against their will that there are now considerable prospects of the success of their cause.

The mere fact that the claims of the Comte de Chambord are now for the first time seriously considered in the world at large, may furnish us with a good reason for stating briefly what there is to be said, not in favour of those claims, which it is not our business to advocate, but concerning the past history of the Prince in whom they are personified. It may very well be, that many grown men have never heard of Henri Cinq. He was once for a short time in England, where his presence, together with that of a large number of distinguished Frenchmen who came over to do him honour, was a cause of much alarm to the ministers of Louis Philippe and the subject of some

not so readily been accorded to those who in troublous times came forward as saviours! Had it been otherwise, we should not to-day have been lamenting the misfortunes of the country. You know that what I desire is to labour for the regeneration of the country, to give scope to all its legitimate aspirations—to preside at the head of the whole Royal House of France, over its destinies, and confidently to submit the acts of the Government to the careful control of representatives freely elected.

“It is asserted that hereditary monarchy is incompatible with the equality of all before the law. I maintain that I do not on this point ignore the lessons of experience and the conditions of the life of a nation. How could I advocate privileges for others—I, who only ask to be allowed to devote every moment of my life to the security and happiness of France, and to share her distress before sharing her honour?”

“It is asserted that the independency of the Papacy is dear to me, and that I am determined to obtain efficacious guarantees for it. That is true. The liberty of the Church is the first condition of spiritual peace and of order in the State. To protect the Holy See was ever the honourable duty of our country, and the most indisputable cause of its greatness among nations. Only in the periods of its greatest misfortunes has France abandoned this glorious protectorate. Rest assured if I am called it will be, not only because I represent right, but because I am order, reform—because I am the essential basis of that authority which is required to restore that which has perished, and to govern justly and according to law with the view of remedying the evils of the past and of paving the way for the future.

“I shall be told that I hold the ancient sword of France in my hand, and in my breast the heart of a king and a father which recognises no party. I am of no party, and I do not desire to return or to reign by means of party. I have no injury to avenge, no enemy to exile, no fortune to retrieve, except that of France. It is in my power to select from every quarter the men who are anxious to associate themselves with this grand undertaking. I only bring back religion, concord, and peace. I desire to exercise no dictatorship but that of clemency, because in my hands, and in my hands alone, clemency is still justice.

“Thus it is, my dear friend, that I despair not of my country, and that I do not shrink from the magnitude of the task.

“‘It is for France to speak the word, and for God to appoint the time!’—(La parole est à la France et l’heure à Dieu).

(Signed)

“HENRI.

“May 8, 1871.”

diplomatic communications between the two Governments, which issued, we believe, in the refusal of the Queen to receive him. But that short-lived excitement has long been forgotten. The life of the Prince of whom we speak has been in general very retired, he has imposed upon himself the strict rule, very loyally observed, never to allow his name to be mixed up with any movement that might disturb the peace of his country, and upon his followers, neither few nor uninfluential, the line of general abstention from political action under what has appeared to them an unlawful and usurping government. This line of action, if it ought not more properly to be called of inaction, honourable as it has been to the motives and feelings of those who have dictated or followed it, and consistent as it must also be allowed to have been with the principles and rights which are embodied in the person of the Prince, has yet had the natural effect of withdrawing him and his adherents from the public gaze. In our days, men are too ready to connect the idea of retirement and abstention from public action with that of incapacity and effete-ness: and it is to this that we must attribute the prevailing impression—or the impression which at one time, at all events, was prevailing—that the Legitimists had no views, no policy, no mental activity, no ability in their ranks, because they took up a position which afforded no opportunity for the display of high qualities or the development of a political system. In the same way, the Comte de Chambord has come to have the character of a man who has nothing in him, because he claims the throne not on account of his own merits or popularity, but on the ground of hereditary right, and he has been thought unfit to reign because he has left his cause to Providence and not taken a single unworthy step to ensure his reigning. It is surely a satire on the men of our time, a satire which shows how entirely they have been dazzled by the momentary success of unscrupulous self-assertion in so many various forms—all more or less, really contemptible—to say that they are seriously indisposed to believe in the existence of any high qualities in persons who have conscientiously refrained from putting forward their own claims unseasonably and urging on their success by intrigue, corruption, or violence.

Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné d'Artois, whose title before 1844 was that of Duc de Bordeaux, and who since he became the head of the house of Bourbon has chosen to be known by the name of the Comte de Chambord, was born in

September, 1820, more than seven months after his father, the Duc de Berri, had fallen by the hand of the assassin Louvel, who was no doubt instigated by the political enemies of the royal family in France to his act of murder because his victim appeared likely to perpetuate the elder line. "Ménagez-vous pour l'enfant que vous portez dans votre sein," were among the last words which the dying prince addressed to his young and disconsolate wife. Few children perhaps, even of royal blood, have had their birth welcomed by more heartfelt or more general joy than the Comte de Chambord, for France was then thoroughly royalist, and the Courts of Europe in general received with great satisfaction the news of the birth of an heir to the French throne.

The Nuncio of the Pope [writes M. Poujoulat],* in the name of the Corps Diplomatique, gave him the name of "Enfant de l'Europe," and the Emperor Alexander, writing to the King of France, said, "I beg your Majesty to believe that I ratify the title of 'Enfant de l'Europe' with which the Duc de Bordeaux has been saluted." Christian gratitude gave him the name of the Child of Miracle; and by an enthusiastic subscription, to which all classes contributed, Chambord, formerly the property of his ancestors, was bought for him, and this formerly royal domain thus redeemed was offered to him in the name of France.

But an attempt was made to put an end to his life, when he was but a month old, by firing a petard close to his mother's apartment. We need not recal the series of miserable mistakes, weaknesses, and treacheries which in 1830 forced the young boy of ten years—he had already lived as long as the poor little child of the Temple, the son of Louis XVI.—into exile, after Charles X. and the Dauphin had abdicated in his favour, and Louis Philippe had been appointed Lieutenant-General of the kingdom with commission to proclaim him King as Henri Cinq. We need not follow the young Prince through the various stages of his life of exile. Exile has for some time been a preparation for the throne of France; since the fall of Napoleon the First no one has occupied that throne without having been trained in the school of adversity, though it may well be thought that some of the number of its occupants have not brought to it much real wisdom as the fruit of their compulsory studies. It is enough to say of Henri Cinq that, if he is ever to assume that name as a reality, he will to all appearance only assume it after having sufficiently proved to the world that

* *Hist. de France depuis 1814*, t. ii., p. 67.

he has known well how to bear the exceptional and very painful position in which he has been placed for the forty most important years of his life. No reproach has ever been cast on his character, his occasional pronouncements have all been dignified and royal, he has maintained to the present time with a consistency singular in our generation the political principles and the maxims of conduct which he had adopted at the outset of his career. A very slight acquaintance with his history is enough to warrant this assertion.

After a short stay at Lulworth, the royal family of France had found an asylum at the palace of Holyrood, placed at their disposal by the English Government, though on condition that the titles of royalty should be laid aside. It was in Edinburgh that the first period of the exile was passed, and in the Catholic church of that city Henri de Bourbon made his first Communion. At the end of 1832 Charles X. and his family left Scotland, and passed between three and four years in Prague: towards the close of 1836 they once more moved to Goritz, where in the November of that year the old King died. Strange to say, the only Court in Europe which did not go into mourning for him was the Court of the Tuileries! The Duc d'Angoulême, who had taken the name of the Comte de Marne, became the head of the Bourbon family by the death of Charles X. His life was prolonged till June 2 1844—after which time the Comte de Chambord formally assumed the position of legitimate sovereign, and notified to the Courts of Europe his intention to retain the modest title under which he has generally been known. He was at this time in his twenty-fourth year, and had won the esteem and love of all who had come across him. He had been very carefully brought up. Monsgr. Frayssinous, bishop of Hermopolis, had taken great part in his education, and a number of other distinguished men of the royalist party had done their part, MM. Barrande, Cauchy, Monnier, Lavillette, General Latour Maubourg, General St. Chamans, Cte E. de Brissac, Cte di Bouillé, and the Duc de Levis. He had already travelled a great deal, to study the military establishments of the Austrian Empire, and the battle-field of Wagram, and to be present at the great manœuvres at Verona in 1839, where Radetsky was in command. The winter of 1839-40 he had spent at Rome, and it was there that he first appeared in public, giving a very favourable impression of himself to all, and exciting much

enthusiasm among those who approached him intimately. The year after this he met with a very dangerous accident in riding, in which his thigh was broken. His recovery was considered almost as a special mark of providential favour. Just a year after his escape, the eldest son of Louis Philippe was killed by an accident of the same kind at Paris. The Comte de Chambord's visit to Scotland and England in 1843 has already been alluded to. It is curious at this distance of time to read the account of the jealousies to which it gave rise on the part of Louis Philippe and his advisers. Altogether some two thousand Frenchmen, many of them of the highest distinction, came over to do honour to the heir of the Bourbons in Belgrave Square. Chateaubriand, then a very old man, was at their head, and the Comte published a short letter to him, written on his taking leave, in which he declared his satisfaction at finding that his own ideas were so much in harmony with those of the illustrious veteran. The wisest policy for the Cabinet of the Tuileries to pursue would probably have been to take no notice of what had passed, especially as the ministers of Queen Victoria had been induced to prevent the reception of the Comte de Chambord at our Court: but a sort of persecution was inaugurated against all who had taken part in the visit, several functionaries were dismissed, paragraphs relating to the "manœuvres of factions" were inserted in the addresses of the Chambers to the King, and the result was that both in the discussion and before public opinion the royalists had the best of it. Five deputies, on whom reflection had been cast in the Lower Chamber, MM. Berryer, de Larcy, de la Rochejacquelin, de Valmy, and Blin de Bourdon, resigned their seats, and were triumphantly reelected in a manner which gave M. Guizot a severe lesson for the language which he had used against les *insensés*, les *étourdis*, les *brouillons*, as he termed them, who, without any thought of intrigue or of any attempt to disturb the existing government of France, had used their undoubted liberty to pay their respects to the representative of the ancient kings of their country.

After the death of the Duc d'Angoulême, in June 1844, the Comte de Chambord has fixed his residence at Frohsdorf. In 1846 he married a sister of the Duke of Modena. As his marriage has been without children, the Comte de Paris, eldest son of the Duc d'Orleans, and the head of the family of Louis

Philippe, is now next to him in the direct line of legitimate succession—a circumstance which ought to make the much-discussed “fusion” of the partisans of the two branches of the Bourbons more easy. It may however be feared that it will be found less difficult to bring about harmony of action between the Princes themselves than unity of principle among the members of their respective parties—at least, except under the pressure of the great national calamities under which both alike are suffering, and the urgent need which all good Frenchmen must acknowledge for the combined and generous exertions on the part of all for the salvation of the country. It is the sense of this need which has already made people turn their eyes in the direction of the “Maison de France” as the best hope for the restoration of stability and security in the government: and this movement of opinion makes it a matter of some importance to enquire what are the principles which the Comte de Chambord has consistently maintained from the first. This may be gathered partly from what has been reported of his sayings, especially at times when he has received the members of his party in considerable numbers at places not very far from the frontiers of France, as at Ems in 1849 and at Wiesbaden in 1850, partly from the numerous letters which he has addressed to individuals, and which have lately been collected in a small brochure, printed at Geneva,* and partly also from documents of a more formal and authoritative character which have from time to time been issued as manifestos of his wishes or of his policy. Instead of accumulating a number of quotations from different letters and proclamations, we may as well cite a letter written in January 1851, after a great speech had been made by the statesman to whom it was addressed—M. Berryer—in the discussion in the National Assembly which followed the removal of General Changarnier from the chief military command by the then President of the Republic, Louis Napoleon. M. Berryer had declared that the precarious position of the country was not to be attributed to the monarchical party, who had lent their best aid with thorough loyalty to the measures required for the establishment of order after the Revolution of 1848. He had defended the Legitimists for their late visit to the Comte de Chambord at Wiesbaden, and had spoken highly of the prince himself as “no party to all that has happened in the country,

* *Etude Politique. M. le Comte de Chambord, Correspondance de 1841—1871.* Genève. Grosset et Tremblat, 1871.

one who has never deserved ill of France, one who is an exile because he carries in himself the principle which for a long series of ages has regulated the transmission of our monarchical sovereignty, an exile because every establishment of a new government in France is necessarily a law of proscription against him, an exile, in short, allow me to say it, because he cannot set foot on the soil of France, the France which the kings his ancestors have conquered, aggrandized, constituted, without being the first of Frenchmen, the King!" After thanking M. Berryer for his eloquent vindication, the Comte proceeds as follows.

This policy of conciliation, union, fusion, is mine, and you have eloquently expressed it. It covers with oblivion all divisions, all recriminations, all the oppositions of the past, and desires to obtain for every one a future in which, as you have well said, every good man will feel himself in full possession of his personal dignity.

I hold in trust the fundamental principle of the monarchy, and I know that that monarchy would never answer all the needs of France if it were not in harmony with her social condition, her manners, and her interests, and if France did not acknowledge how necessary it is and accept its necessity with confidence. I respect her civilization and her present glories as much as the traditions and memories of her history. Those maxims which she has so much at heart, and which you have recalled to the tribune, the equality of all before the law, the liberty of conscience, the free access of all who have merit to all offices, all honours, all social advantages—all these great principles of an enlightened and Christian society are dear and sacred to me as to you and as to all Frenchmen.

To give to these principles all necessary guarantees by institutions in conformity with the wishes of the nation, and to found, with its cooperation, a regular and stable government by placing it on the basis of hereditary monarchy and under the protection of public liberty at once strongly regulated and loyally respected—this would be the one aim of my ambition. I venture to hope that with the aid of all good citizens, and of all the members of my family, I should not be wanting either in courage or perseverance for accomplishing the work of national restoration, which alone can secure to France that prospect of a long future, without which even present tranquillity will remain precarious and struck with sterility.

After so many changes and so many fruitless attempts, France will be enlightened by her own experience, and be able, I am fully persuaded, to know for herself where her best destinies are to be found. The day on which she is convinced that the traditional and ancient principle of hereditary monarchy is the surest guarantee for the stability of her government and the development of her liberties, that day she will find in me a Frenchman devoted to her, eager to rally round him all capacities, all talents, all glorious reputations, all men who by former services have deserved the gratitude of their country.

It is probable that this letter was written at a time when, as at present, the author knew that men were seriously turning their thoughts to hereditary monarchy as the surest guarantee of social order and settled government. We can hardly be surprised at the sense of insecurity which was felt throughout France under the second Republic, even before the development of the Imperialist design, for which the removal of General Changarnier was an essential preliminary. The best men of France, as M. Berryer had said, had come forward with ready loyalty to aid the Government, such as it was, which had sprung into existence when the "monarchy of July" rolled away in a hackney-coach to land the next morning at Newhaven as the famous Mr. Smith. A breath could fade it as a breath had made. And yet there was an uneasy feeling that the Republic even of Lamartine and Cavaignac, served as it was by men like Montalembert, Berryer, Thiers and de Falloux, could never last, and men trod as over hidden fires with the angry gulf of socialism and communism just crusted over beneath their feet. And all the time, as we see when we read the history, the wisest men in France hardly appreciated the danger which was so soon to destroy their liberties under the pretext of "saving" society. Their thoughts were rather turned to Claremont or Frohsdorf, and one of the sentences in the letter which we have quoted is framed so as to intimate that in the desire of the Comte de Chambord, at least, there was no irreconcilable distance between himself and his cousins. It is one of the phenomena of history most frequently repeated, that a large portion of a nation so often expects a "restoration," and the collapse of an apparently provisional state of things, for years and years before the collapse comes, and that then the change is made in an unexpected direction. In the early years of the monarchy of July, no one expected it to last, and so it is possible that the provisional state now existing in France may outlive some of its ill-wishers. The manifesto of the Comte de Chambord which we have just quoted expresses plainly enough what he had often expressed before, and has often declared since, that his notions of the principle of hereditary right as the surest guarantee for tranquillity and stability do not exclude "constitutional" government in its fullest and widest sense. It also implies that he would never govern as the leader of a party, that he would accept the men whom former governments had raised and decorated, and entirely forget the quarrels and

rancours of the past. In this, indeed, he would personally have but little difficulty. His restoration, if it ever comes about, and if it comes about as soon as possible, will take place after a very long interval, during which the country has been subject to convulsions which have swept away old organizations and the traditions of party, and after a catastrophe more terrible for the moment than France has ever before seen, which ought to have at least the one good effect of uniting all true lovers of the country in support of any government which she may deliberately choose.

What may be called the programme of the Comte de Chambord may be found more fully stated, at least as to its main features, in the following short passage from a letter of 1866.

Power founded on hereditary monarchy, respected in principle and action, without weakness but not arbitrary ; representative government in all the fulness of its vital power : the public expenditure under real and serious control : the reign of law ; the free access of all to honour and office ; religious and civil liberty made sacred and placed beyond assault ; home administration set free from the shackles of excessive centralization ; landed property restored to life and independence by the diminution of the charges which now weigh upon it : agriculture, commerce, and industry constantly encouraged, and above all—a thing of the greatest importance, good faith ! (*honnêteté*)—which is no less an obligation in public than in private life, and which gives their moral worth to States as well as to single persons.

It is needless to enquire what particular exhibition of the contrary quality may have provoked this declaration about the superlative value of *honnêteté*. At all events, there is nothing in all these pronouncements to frighten the most liberal minded of men with the phantom of arbitrary power. The principle of hereditary succession is put forward as the guarantee of lasting and solid government, but there is nothing to intimate a desire to claim absolute power. The Comte de Chambord has always used the language of one who conceives himself to represent a necessary principle in society which involves duties as well as rights—rather, perhaps, duties as rights. This is quite consistent with a monarchy not more active or arbitrary than our own, and consequently with the utmost stretch of personal and public liberty consistent with the existence of a State.

It will be more easily understood that these principles are not mere words in the mouth of the Comte de Chambord by any one who takes the trouble to read through the little

collection of his letters which we have already referred to. In later years, especially, he has more frequently dwelt on that "decentralization" of which mention is made above, and which is so great a need in France, and on the necessity of ameliorating the condition of the labouring classes. Moreover, the Comte de Chambord has never hesitated to rebuke those on whom he looks as his faithful followers, to point out to them lines of action which he condemns, and to refuse his consent to proposals which show weakness of principle. He once told a deputation of "ouvriers" that the memorial which they had presented to him contained things of three kinds—some were matters of right, and if he were ever king, they should have them, some were good, but dependent upon circumstances, and he could not promise them, and some were detestable, and if he were king, they should never be accomplished. After the *coup d'état* of 1852 he issued a set of instructions to the royalists of France which amounted to a distinct prohibition of taking any part or office which involved an engagement of loyalty to the new government. In 1857, when the Duc de Nemours, who some years before had visited him at Frohsdorf to assure him of the adhesion of his brothers as well as himself, wrote to him to urge that he should declare in favour of the tricolour flag and constitutional government—the proposed declaration being intended as a blow at the Empire—he refused with much dignity to pledge himself beforehand, out of France, and without her concurrence, as to any such questions.

We had lately occasion to remark that the age in which we live is unfortunately very deficient in manly Catholic rulers—that those in whose hands either hereditary right, such as that on which the claims of Henri de France rest, or the popular voice, or some act of successful violence, have placed the supreme conduct of the nations of Europe, have very seldom indeed risen to the height of their mission as the leaders of that strong confraternity of Christian peoples which it cost the Church so many ages of ceaseless toil to weld together and to make the heir of all that has ever ennobled and refined human society. We fear the remark must be extended to the sovereigns of past generations, and that we shall have to look far back in the annals of the past for the ideal of a Christian King adequately realized. If royalty has fallen in the opinion of mankind, it is not altogether without some reason in the conduct of those who have inherited its privileges without having a full conception of

the duties which accompany them. A succession of weak sovereigns, governed by unscrupulous ministers, rarely spotless in their personal example, seldom altogether faithful, often outrageously unfaithful, in their dealings with the Church, little regardful of the common interests of Christianity when they have seemed to clash with the aggrandizement of their own territories or the satisfaction of their own ambition—men who have looked on while infidelity and corruption have spread on every side, who have shackled the work of the Holy See and been jealous of its influence, and who have been too ready to sacrifice the cause of the faith itself when it has seemed to be against their own policy—such, in the main, have been the rulers of Europe, save when the series has been broken by some successful adventurer like Napoleon or some patient victim of the faults of former generations like Louis XVI. If we were to seek a motto for the history of the Courts of Europe for the last three centuries, especially in their dealings with the Church and with religion, that motto might well be *Omnes querunt quæ sua sunt, non quæ Jesu Christi.*

Christian society now requires a generation of leaders who will reverse the errors of the past, and make no truce or compromise with the many bad maxims which have so long obtained currency, and which till quite of late it has needed a singular courage to contradict or question. The world is now learning by experience—and the experience is not yet exhausted—what it would not believe as to the principles on which society ought to rest when the Supreme Pontiff declared it in tones of earnest warning. The civil order of the Christian world, if it is ever to regain its stability and peace, must be anchored upon the supernatural. It must hold to the truth as to the rock on which it rests, and it must acknowledge and discharge in its turn its duty to maintain and defend the truth and discourage error. It must recognize religion as the highest duty of man, whether as a member of the State or as a private person, and the law of God as the rule of communities as well as of those who compose them. When God has had given to Him the things of God, Cæsar will not be without the things that are Cæsar's. The sovereign and the State will have their rights from Christian men, and the legitimate sanction of civil peace and authority will be seen to be from above. Then alone will authority be strong, liberty secure, order undisturbed, and peace perpetuated between nations who have no ambition but to be just and friendly to

their neighbours, brethren in the great work of Christendom, the spreading over the whole world of the Christian law and the Christian society.

It is not in our power to foretell how far the Comte de Chambord, if he ever comes to the throne of his fathers, will be a ruler of the true Christian stamp, or how far, in the present state of Europe, any such ruler is possible. But we can quite understand how many an ardent soul will form the prayer that heaven may permit

Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo,

and that the fondest hopes of the lovers of peace order and religion may rest upon him with much sanguine expectation. It is at least not probable that, if he and his family are again restored to France, the old reproach will have to be once more made against them, that they have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. Only, if they are to be in truth the harbingers of a new order of things, they must have learnt a great deal and forgotten a great deal. Europe and France have not simply to restore a partial ruin, they have almost absolutely to reverse the policy of centuries, and raise again from the dust principles of government which have been wellnigh considered as altogether dead. France in particular, has a singular unity about her history, and the evils which now tear her to pieces are the fruit of Henri Quatre and of Richelieu as much almost as of Voltaire, Robespierre, and the Empire. We think we have seen somewhere in the letters of the Comte de Chambord a mention of the "glorious reign" of Louis XIV. The future regenerator of France must unlearn such admirations. The reign of Louis XIV. has been as fatal to his country as the Empire of Napoleon itself. The true glories of France are those which are bound up with the names of Charlemagne and of St. Louis.

Reviews.

MODERN JAPAN.

1. *Correspondence respecting Affairs in Japan* (1868—70) (Presented by Her Majesty to Parliament).
2. *Tales of old Japan*. Two vols. Mitford. Macmillan, 1871.

In the introductory remarks to his *Tales*, Mr. Mitford makes the following allusion to the last notable changes in the politics of Japan, which it is to be wished he had dwelt on more at length in an ample Preface to his volumes—

The recent revolution in Japan has wrought changes social as well as political; and it may be that when, in addition to the advance which has already been made, railways and telegraphs shall have connected the principle points of the Land of Sunrise, the old Japanese, such as he was and had been for centuries when we found him eleven short years ago, will have become extinct. It has appeared to me that no better means could be chosen of preserving a record of a curious and fast disappearing civilization, than the translation of some of the most interesting national legends and histories, together with other specimens of literature bearing upon the same subject.

Considering that the changes thus mentioned have taken place in a constitution and social order of "ten thousand ages"—in reality about two thousand five hundred years—that the Tycoon's or Shogoon's Government is overthrown by the Micado again seizing the reins and becoming visible to the people, some insight into the facts of the change cannot be unwelcome to our readers. And the inquiry has this deeper interest to Catholics, that it throws light upon the mysteries of a Government and a populous country with which the Church has yet fully to deal; and where, judging from the marvellous graces and sacrifices which signalized the introduction of Christianity, we have every reason to look for even greater future results. It was in 1868 that the Micado broke up his seclusion at Kioto and entered Yedo, the Tycoon capital, in a triumphant procession, of which a remarkable account is given in the Japanese *Times* of November, 1868. The writer remarks—

The revolution which has so suddenly broken up, destroyed, almost obliterated the dynasty, the power, the very name of the Shogoons, may probably bring consequences in its train of which its promoters have little dreamed; but it is certain that the blind obedience to the word of their superiors, which is law to them, which is the real foundation of the power of the Japanese hierarchy and nobility, is still paid by the commons; that their

reverence for their temporal and spiritual chiefs is not yet shaken in the least, that the people is still ignorant of the power which is in it, and that the feudal system has still a long time of life and luxury in Japan.

The procession included the two classes of Kugés, or Japanese nobles, and Daimios, or feudal lords, chiefs, or satraps. The Kugés, or essential aristocracy, wear a long black weeper of stiffened embroidered crape; the Daimios were in gold brocade. The Micado's state norimon, or palanquin, a black lacquered wooden box, with the gilded Hô-ô, or phoenix on the top, was carried before him empty; he himself travelled in a plain new palanquin, studded with gold chrysanthemums, his crest. As he passed along, the whole court, army, and populace crouched to the earth without a movement, and holding their breath, in veneration for the authority which to them best expresses the Divine Presence. After this remarkable visit to the ancient capital, which effectually set aside the *Maire du Palais* of Japan, the Micado issued a manifesto desiring that "his ancestral tombs" should be informed of the general peace of the country.

This was not secured, apparently, without much thought and some struggle, and some of the leading Daimios were induced to give up their septs, or clans, and join the Micado in forming a strong executive. These leaders in the movement issued a remarkable memorial, translated by Mr. Mitford, in which the great foundation-stone of Japanese permanence, the sanctity of authority, is laid down with all the force of traditional conviction—

Since the heavenly ancestors established the foundations of the country, the imperial line has not failed for ten thousand ages. Heaven and earth (*i.e.*, Japan) are the Emperor's; there is no man who is not his retainer; this constitutes the Great Body. By the conferring of rank and property the Emperor governs his people; it is his to give, and his to take away; of our own selves we cannot hold a foot of land; of our own selves we cannot take a single man; this constitutes the Great Strength. In ancient times the Emperor governed the sea-girt land, and trusting to the Great Body and the Great Strength, the imperial wisdom of itself ruled over all; truth and property being upheld, there was propriety under heaven. In the middle ages the ropes of the net were relaxed, so that men toying with the great strength, and striving for the power, crowded upon the Emperor, and half the world tried to appropriate the people and to steal the land. Beating, and gnawing, and theft, and rapine, won the order of the day. . . . Upon this rose the Bakufu (Government of the Shogoons), which also divided territories and men . . . among private individuals, thus . . . defending its own power. Thus it was that the Emperor wore an empty and a vain rank. . . . For more than six hundred years the waters turned from their course have flooded the land. . . . Now the great Government has been newly restored. . . . The place where we live is the Emperor's land, and the food which we eat is grown by the Emperor's men. . . . We offer up our humble expression of loyalty, . . . ready to lay down our lives in proof of our faith.

A comparison might be aptly made between this, a manifesto of the oldest principles of government the world can show, with the theories of modern communism. Another Daimio writes—

The imperial Government having been re-established, and the Emperor taken upon himself the task of ruling, the owls have changed their cry,

(wicked men have repented) the grass and trees have bent to the wind. This has been one day in ten thousand years which it has been our privilege to witness.

Another—

I have studied the events of history of our country, and have observed that some five hundred years ago, when the Daimios assumed the government of their territory, they made the land their own, and called its inhabitants their subjects; they forgot that all were the people of the Emperor. Those people themselves only knew of one master, their Daimio; they forgot the existence of the Emperor who rules over all.

In all, one hundred and eighteen Daimios restored their fiefs to the Emperor. Their revenues amounted nominally to more than £24,000,000. The next event was the establishment of the "Gi-ji-in," or Japanese Parliament, the details of which are exceedingly interesting, and suggestive of the practical wisdom and discernment of the race. As the Daimios were unwilling, and by tradition unable, to yoke themselves to the discharge of heavy obligatory business, one representative was chosen out of each of the clans, and about two hundred deputies thus selected met in May, 1869, and put out a considerable scheme for public approval. Among numerous clauses, it was proposed that the Parliament should be elected for four years, with re-election of half the members every two years; that members should be twenty-five years old, and not hold any other office while in Parliament; that written notices were to be given of motions, which members would take home and consider. If they finally approved of the motion, they would write in one corner, *ka*—"aye," if they disapproved, *hi*—"no." If on collecting the ayes or noes the president found three-fifths of either predominating, he would declare the motion carried or lost. If the former, it would be submitted to the Emperor's judgment. Very early the Imperial Government began to instruct the people with great diligence upon the nature of these political changes, and the course to be pursued. In June, 1869, a translation was made by Mr. Mitford of the treatise on "politics and religion," put out by the Emperor for the general public. It contains many passages remarkable in every respect:

Man is the sublime essence of all things. Between heaven and earth there is no more honourable thing than man. Our country is specially called the country of the gods. . . . Is it not a disgrace past speaking of that the privileged being called man, who dwells in the excellent country of the gods, should pass his life in heedless vanity? Man differs from the birds and from the beast in that he can discern the laws of reason, and in that he has a heart capable of gratitude and virtue. Loyalty and filial piety are also the essence of the heart of man. If, then, a man wishes to fulfil his duties as a man, . . . let him above all things bear in mind the privilege of being born a Japanese, and set his heart upon repaying the debt of gratitude which he owes to his country. . . . Is there any man who believes that it is of his own merit he passes through the world, and who feels not the favours which he has received from his country? If there be such a man, great is his mistake.

After entering at length and with great clearness into the value of equal government, security, and order, and the close relationship of religion with the governing power, the writer goes on to point out, in a

passage which smacks rather of European inspiration, that, although these great principles must be preserved intact, social order in Japan, as everywhere else, must externally progress—

Now the spirit of the present differs from the spirit of the past. The countries of the world have joined themselves in a relationship of peace and friendship. Steamers are sent round the world heedless of stormy waves or of foul winds. The communication between lands distant ten thousand miles from one another is as that between neighbours. Country competes with country in producing rifles and guns and machinery, and each revolves plans for its own advantage and profit. Each vies with the other in devising schemes to obtain the mastery; each exerts itself to keep up the strength of its armies; each and every one strives to invent warlike contrivances. But in spite of all this there is a great principle existing over all the world, which prevents civilized countries from being lightly and lawlessly attacked. This principle is called international law. How much the more, then, would our divine country, the institutions of which excel those of all other countries, be turning her back upon the sacred precepts established by the heavenly ancestors of the Emperor should she be guilty of violent and lawless acts. Hence it is that the Emperor has extended a faithful alliance to those foreigners who come here lawfully and rightly, and they are allowed free and uninterrupted access to this country. Following this example set by the Emperor, his subjects, when they receive no insult from the foreigner, should observe the same principle, and refrain from blows and fighting, &c.

The reiteration of the doctrine that, as all government has its source from above, and that, as the weight, responsibility, and labour of government lie with the governing head, gratitude is due from the governed for every moment of social order and every privilege and act of life they enjoy, is very striking. It is worth our while to make mention of one or two Acts of the Japanese Parliament, which show the rapid development of modern ideas among this extraordinary people. In June, 1869, a motion was brought forward that the ancient methods of raising money by forced levies and loans upon the richer classes was a relic of barbarism, and that the European method of bonded funds at three or three and a half per cent. should be adopted. The measure passed by one hundred and twenty-three ayes against thirty noes. Two other debates, both later in 1869, are also of note; one on abolishing the well-known custom of *hara-kiri* or *seppuku*—disembowelling by the subject's own hand—the other on the wearing, by a special class of nobles called *Samurai*, of two swords. On the former subject it was argued on the one side that *seppuku* deprived the Government of many useful men of rank, as it was resorted to "from an elevated sense of duty and a strong sense of shame;" on the other side, that *seppuku* preserved the lofty tone of honour and contempt of danger and pain, which was necessary to reclaim the two-sworded men from degradation and an effeminate life, to which they seem much given. There ensued a prolonged and very curious debate, in which the generality of members reiterated in various ways that *seppuku* was "an old-established and valuable institution," "a truly noble institution," "a pillar of religion and a spur to virtue," one member actually enunciating this remarkable phrase—"Men of magnanimous sentiments should be encouraged, while yet their crimes are unproved, to expiate them by penitence and zealous service," while

another with true sagacity observed that "when the empire had been placed on a solid basis and the national morals established, the *seppuku* would of itself cease without any positive prohibitions." The tide of public feeling was, however, too strong in regard to this ancient custom. The ayes for abolishing *seppuku* were three, and for retaining it, two hundred. The arguments for wearing both the long and short sword are still more remarkable, and they turn chiefly upon three points. (1) That the privilege tends to preserve a high spirit among the Samurai; (2) that the soldier class should be honoured; (3) that the empire was not in a sufficiently settled state to dispense with all the weapons possible to be used. One member amusingly observed upon this point that even the lower animals had tusks as well as claws, and why should the two swords be abolished? It was finally resolved that the question was not yet ripe for discussion.

It is obvious that all genuine information upon the internal state and tone of feeling in Japan throws an important light upon missionary labours and prospects present and to come. None of our readers will forget the missions which have brought forth, as it were, ready made, the largest army of martyrs ever yet known among the labours of apostleship. That vast field of future hope, sown broadcast with such seed, can never be absent from our thoughts, our regrets, and our prayers, and in these political changes there are remarkable signs both of favour and threatening, which cannot but excite the aspirations of religious zeal. In a memoir drawn up by a Japanese naval officer in 1867, translated by M. Von Siebold, he declares that:

The Western doctrines of the religion of Jesus have of late been promulgated at the three open ports to an alarming extent. . . . Common people as well as the Yeta (a kind of parias, or outcasts excluded from society) are now professing the religion of Jesus, to the number of three thousand. . . . The foreign religion teaches that all those who believe and follow it will be happy. . . . They preach that Jesus was crucified of His own freewill and died for the atonement of the sins of all men. His followers are therefore naturally indifferent to life, and look upon dying for their faith as glory to themselves. The more particularly fanatical among them have been known to come forward and offer themselves to die on the cross. . . . In some respects its precepts resemble our Buddhist doctrines. Thus they contain a doctrine of retribution in this world and a future one, a divine guide to happiness, together with trials of hell and damnation for the wicked. . . . In the year . . . (1570) all those who professed this religion were . . . severely punished. At that time there were . . . some three hundred thousand Christians in Japan. Notwithstanding the severity of the punishment inflicted . . . it was impossible to root out the evil altogether. . . . The old flame of religious fanaticism breaks out again with such power that its extinction is almost to be despaired of. This is now the case at Nagasaki, and as the opening of Hiogo has been conceded lately, it is evident that the foreign priests will at once rush there and seize hold of the minds of our ignorant people. . . . The day when it will have overrun Kioto can be foretold. . . . Unfortunately . . . we know . . . that our clergy have nearly all become pleasure-seekers, idle and useless beings, addicted to chess-playing, reading poetry, tea-drinking, making bouquets, and given to the vices of wine and women. It is possible there may be found among them one or two exceptions who follow the precepts of Buddha, but such exceptions would be rare. . . . When . . . foreign religion is allowed to increase, as the religion of Jesus is now doing, Buddhism is thrown into great danger. . . . Every one who opposes Buddha and assists the

religion of Jesus is . . the enemy of his country. . . . Let him be exterminated. Help must come soon, for the fall of Buddha is very near. The fall of the Buddhist religion is the fall of the Micado.

Coupled with this memoir is the remarkable fact that Buddhism is not the State religion—which is Confucianism—that it is evidently looked upon with contempt and dislike by a large portion of Japanese, and that the lands belonging to the Buddhist temples and monasteries have already been secularized by the Parliament. But so long as the Japanese maxim—"When the two words *Jo I* (expulsion of barbarians) cease to be inscribed on our hearts and vitals, the constitution of Great Nipon ceases to exist," remains so largely in force, there can be no doubt that every effort at religious action in Japan must be conducted with unusual prudence, silence, and skill, as well as earnest zeal.

We have so largely entered upon the more serious subjects of this notice that we can scarcely do justice to the lighter labours of Mr. Mitford, who, in the intervals of his arduous duties as secretary and translator to the British Embassy at Japan, has compiled his two volumes of tales with the object quoted at the beginning of this notice. And they well fulfil it, giving us a very decided feeling regarding the facile, acute, courteous, and cruel people of the Land of Sunrise. The collection consists of six *bonâ fide* tales, exemplifying Japanese circumstances and customs, half a dozen stories upon various popular superstitions, nine pretty fairy tales of a lighter kind, and three Japanese sermons, the whole being illustrated by at least thirty woodcuts, designed by the Japanese artist Odaké and cut by an eminent wood engraver at Yedo. The incisive quaintness of these illustrations, even more than the absurdity of some of the tales, prove that the Japanese have that real humour and perception of the ridiculous which is said to be an essential mark of completeness of character. The business-like butchery and ferocity, which are handled in the most matter-of-fact way, spoil the interest of some both of the stories and woodcuts in the *Tales of Old Japan*, and detract even from the effect of the constancy and loving loyalty of the forty-seven Rônins.* Their graves and that of another who voluntarily shared their fate lie in a suburb of Yedo, and their story in brief was that a Japanese noble, who had been forced by etiquette to commit the suicide of the *hara-kiri*, was avenged by a secret combination of forty-seven of his followers, who, after being regaled with *grud and wine* by a neighbouring lord in admiration at their deed, made application to the abbot of the (Buddhist) monastery for sacrifices for their souls, and then "nobly" performed the *hara-kiri* upon themselves, and were laid in their graves.

The forty-seven Rônins receive almost divine honours. Pious hands still deck their graves with green boughs and burn incense upon them; the clothes and arms which they wore are preserved carefully in a fire-proof store-house attached to the temple, and exhibited yearly to admiring crowds . . . and once in sixty years the (Buddhist) monks of Sengakuji reap quite a harvest for the good of their temple by holding a commemorative fair or festival, to which the people flock during nearly two months.

* *Rônin*—"wave-man," or wanderer like a wave of the sea. A kind of mixture of a pilgrim under a vow and a free companion.

The love of relics, as well as the keen admiration for self-sacrifice and heroic death, is instinctive in all nations not blunted by sordid utilitarianism and the exclusive lust of gain. Everything the Rônins used and wore during this remarkable tragedy, which occurred at the beginning of the last century, is still carefully kept in chests and boxes. The plan of the murdered grandee's house, also preserved, was obtained by one of the confederacy marrying the daughter of the builder. There is a document yellow with years, setting forth that as it is "impossible to remain under the same heaven with the enemy of lord or father,"* this vengeance was resolved upon, "to finish that which was begun" by their dead lord. It is certainly a remarkable story.

A most singular repetition, or what may be called the duplicate, of the mediæval superstition of slowly melting the waxen image of an enemy till it is destroyed, is mentioned in relation to another of the tales. The custom is called "Going to worship at the Hour of the Ox," each twenty-four hours being divided into twelve periods of two hours each, symbolized by different animals. From twelve till two is the hour of the rat, from two till four the hour of the ox. During this silent time, any woman wishing to be revenged on a lover gets up, puts on a white robe and clogs, a metal tripod with three lighted candles on her head, and a mirror round her neck. She takes a little straw effigy in her hand, and nails it fast to one of the sacred trees surrounding a shintô, or hero's shrine, and prays for the false lover's death. A favourite mode, either of propitiating or of taking revenge on an idol, is to spit on his statue with paper chewed into pulp. It is remarkable that there is a class of diviners (the ichiko) who exactly correspond to the spirit-mediums of mesmerism. The ichikos carry about with them a square divining-box, and lean upon it muttering prayers and adjurations of their own. Any person who wishes to call up a spirit, dips a paper spill into a china bowl of water and sprinkles the medium the while. The spirit of the dead person is then supposed to speak through the medium's mouth. At the risk of being reckoned hopelessly childish, we confess that the fairy tales are the only portion of these two volumes which give us genuine pleasure. The pleasure is, perhaps, enhanced by observing how the traditional thread runs through these slight fancies, uniting or identifying them with the Indo-Teutonic or Aryan tales of all nations. Here we find the same friendly or avenging animals—among which the badger takes a new and conspicuous place—the same large rewards for little, unknown, hidden acts of kindness, the same compensation from unseen, superior beings for the circumstances of poverty, friendlessness, and ill-fortune. In the "Tongue-cut Sparrow," cut by a cross old woman because the sparrow had stolen her starch, her husband gets a present of a covered basket containing gold and silver wares, while the old woman herself, who greedily sets off in quest of a similar gift, is presented with another covered basket, full of goblins and elves who torment her. In the "Crackling Mountain," the hare represents the friendly, and the badger the evil element. In the pretty tale of the "Old Man who made Withered Trees to Blossom," the murdered dog warns his grieved old master in a dream to have a mortar made of the tree under which he

* "Thou shalt not live under the same heaven with the enemy of thy father," is a maxim of Confucius.

was buried. After which, everything brayed in the mortar turns to some gift of price. The mortar being stolen and burnt by the murderers of the dog, he again appears in a dream to his master, and desires him to rescue some of the ashes of the mortar, and sprinkle them upon dead trees. This being done, flowers, leaves, and fruit spring out, and his fortune is soon made. In the "Battle of the Ape and the Crab," we strike once more upon Grimm's avenging animals and inanimate things, as in his "Chanticleer and Partlet" and the "Four Travelling Musicians." The Japanese egg, in like manner with Grimm's, bursts in the ape's face and puts him to flight; the bee and a piece of sea-weed—a new element—attack him with stings and trip him up, and the rice mortar falling upon him, crushes him to death. "So the crab, having punished his enemy, went home in triumph, and lived ever on terms of brotherly love with the sea-weed and the mortar. Was there ever such a fine piece of fun?"

"Little Peachling" might have been taken bodily out of the *Old Deccan Days*, and the "Elves and the Envious Neighbour" has been reproduced in more than one form in the Irish legends. A poor man, watching the elves dancing, becomes so delighted with the fun, that he forgets his fright and runs to dance with them; and by so doing, pleases the elves so much that they pluck from his forehead a huge wen, as a pledge that he will come and dance with them again. An envious neighbour, also with a wen, hearing the tale, goes off on the next night to the same place, and dances and sings with the elves in his turn. They praise him and give him back his pledge, fixing the wen on the top of that which he already possesses, so that he returns home much the worse for having envied his neighbour his good luck. Perhaps the most unique and original of these little fairy stories is the "Accomplished and Lucky Tea Kettle," belonging to a Buddhist temple, which suddenly comes out all furry and sprouting a badger's head and tail. While all the novices of the Buddhist monastery are staring at it, up jumps the kettle and flies about the room. Being sold to a tinker, the kettle walks about in the night all furry, and in time makes the tinker a rich and honoured man. When his fortune is made, he gratefully restores the kettle to its original home in the temple, where it is laid up as a relic. The wood-cut illustrating this absurd story is alive with genuine fun.

There are many incidental notices of Buddhist veneration, penance, and customs, and curious notes scattered here and there in Mr. Mitford's volume, which are well worth looking at, specially an account of the Nô, or musical dramas, enacted before the Daimios, and other high-born Japanese, who may not be seen at ordinary theatres and plays. In these dramas, the masks and decorations worn are like those of the Greek tragedy. Thus, in the remotest and most hidden, as well as the best-known, corners of the earth, there is no new thing under the sun.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ABOUT IONA.

1. *Iona*. By the Duke of Argyll. Strahan and Co., 1870.
2. *The Monks of Iona*; in reply to *Iona*, by the Duke of Argyll. By J. Stewart M'Corry, D.D. Washbourne, 1871.

The Duke of Argyll is a very distinguished man, and we have more than once had to thank him for thoughtful contributions to literature on subjects of the highest importance. He writes well, and has a good store of information at command on any point which he takes in hand. It is a pity that we should now and then have to regret that his writings display qualities not altogether commendable. Something bitter rises from the midst of his fountain of pleasantness. In these democratic days we suppose it is lawful to say even of the head of the house of Campbell and of the father-in-law of a royal Princess that he is occasionally—well, uppish. M. Pellegrini's sketch of him, in the series of caricatures which have made the fortune of *Vanity Fair*, exactly represents this phase of his literary character, and recalls the joke of the late Lord Derby with regard to his power of assault.

This excellent nobleman has lately put forth a book upon Iona, which will be read with almost unmixed pleasure by all those who are interested in the ancient memories of the island, and the unchanging beauties of nature all round it. The Duke of Argyll has a right to publish a book about Iona, as he is the proprietor of the holy island itself. He describes the scenery, and the sort of archipelago of which Iona forms a part, very well; nor does he omit due reference to its historical associations. But he must have his fling at certain things which do not please his taste, on points where his taste is most narrow, and consequently he exposes himself to the criticism of those who value these things as they ought to be valued. The first little fling that we have to notice, is an attack on M. de Montalembert for his account of St. Columba's life. M. de Montalembert is set down as guilty of "an indiscriminate admiration of mediæval superstitions, and the absence of all endeavour to sift fact from fiction in the narrative we possess of Columba's life." These defects, says the Duke of Argyll, "mar the reality of the picture which Montalembert gives of the past." But there is more to come, and here it is quite possible that there may be a little more foundation for the charge. "The present does not fare better in his hands"—the hands of M. de Montalembert. The reader of these words will imagine that the great Frenchman is about to be convicted of some superstition, or of some want of sifting of the certain from the legendary as to the history of the times in which we live. Not at all. It is the outward aspect of Iona and the neighbouring isles, which M. de Montalembert has been unable to appreciate. "His disposition to extol the self-sacrifice of his hero, and the incapacity of every Frenchman to understand any form of natural beauty except those to which he has been accustomed, combine to make his description of Columba's adopted home in the highest degree fanciful and erroneous." Again, "To Montalembert all the aspects of nature around Iona are mournful and oppressive; he paints the landscape in the gloomiest colours. Its picturesqueness, he says, is without charm, and its grandeur without grace. The neighbouring isles are all naked and

desert. The mountains are always covered with clouds, which conceal the summits. The climate is one of continual mists and rains, with frequent storms. The 'pale sun of the north,' when it is seen at all, gleams only upon dull and leaden seas, and upon long lines of melancholy foam." This description stirs the bile of the Duke; and we may fairly grant to him that M. de Montalembert has written like a southerner and even like a Frenchman, though it is hard to say, in that off-hand way, that no Frenchman has the capacity of understanding any forms of natural beauty except those to which he has been accustomed. As a very large part of France is flat and uninteresting, this oracular dictum would condemn the majority of Frenchmen to a want of that appreciation of landscape and natural beauty, which may, perhaps, be found in greater intensity in one race than in another, but which can hardly be altogether absent in any nature that has received a large share of mental gifts. But, very likely, M. de Montalembert saw Iona and the neighbouring isles under some disadvantage of weather and season; and he may have made a mistake in supposing that they were always as mournful as they appeared to him at that particular moment. We do not blame the Duke of Argyll for standing up for the beauties of the scenery and "natural aspects" of Iona: but why run a muck at all Frenchmen, who are just now down in the world, and need not be kicked unnecessarily?

We can hardly expect so staunch a Protestant as the Duke not to say a few unpleasant things about monasticism, Christian antiquity, and the like. But still, after all, as he defends the climate and scenery of the Western Isles against an illogical conclusion of M. de Montalembert, who reasoned from a particular experience of his own to a general conclusion, we must be allowed to point out the equally bad reasoning of the M^r Callum More of our day on some of these points. He quotes St. Paul's warning to the clergy of Ephesus, that out of their own number some would arise speaking perverse things. "*Accordingly*," says the Duke, "the very earliest writings which have come down to us after those of the Apostles, bear upon their face the unmistakeable marks of deviation and decline. It cannot be too constantly remembered or too emphatically repeated, that there are no 'Apostolic Fathers' except the Apostles." This is a great discovery, apparently, for it requires constant remembrance and the most emphatic repetition. Because out of the small body of Ephesian presbyters collected at Miletus by St. Paul some were to go wrong, therefore the writings of those who are commonly but most erroneously named "Apostolic Fathers," Ignatius, Clement, and the rest, show unmistakeable marks of deviation and decline. That they are not equal to the Apostles, is certainly no discovery of the nineteenth century nor of the Duke of Argyll. But that they "deviate" from the Apostles in any material point, and do not rather hand on faithfully the true tradition received from the Apostles—this is a statement which it requires something more than the authority of his Grace, and some better reason than the words of St. Paul to which he refers, but which have nothing at all to do with the Apostolic Fathers, to make us accept. The Duke is probably not fond of the Apostolic Fathers, because they speak so very clearly on Episcopacy and certain other points; but we have a very strong opinion that the Scotch Duke's theory on these points

would seem to St. Paul much more of a "perverse thing" than anything that is to be found in their writings. Then, after the Apostolical Fathers, we have some remarks on monasticism. The "belief in the virtues of a monastic life," we are told, "was one of a number of certain waves of opinion which at successive periods were propelled from the ancient centres of Christendom, and which, each in time, finally overspread the whole." None the worse for that, we might imagine. Waves of opinion, from the ancient centres of Christendom, which at last became general to the whole Church—well, nothing of the sort can be said of a good many of the theories and doctrines on which the Duke of Argyll probably sets most store. He is compassionate to the monastic idea. "The community of property practised among the few first disciples [not so very few, if the history of the Acts be true], and the command addressed to the young man of great possessions, to sell all and follow Christ, have indeed been quoted as the beginning of, and the authority for, the life of monks. And certainly, if it were true that Christ's life in any way resembled that life, then indeed in the command to follow Him we might see the authority to become an anchorite or a cenobite." We hope that our Indian Empire, over which the Duke of Argyll presides, is governed with a little more clearness of head than is evinced in the foregoing sentence. A monk need not be an anchorite, and an anchorite is not the same as a cenobite; but they seem all to be jumbled together in the idea of the Secretary of State for India. If the early Christians had all things in common, they were certainly, so far, cenobites; if our Lord had invited the young man to be an anchorite, He would have sent him to imitate St. John Baptist in the desert, and not have invited him to "come and follow" Himself. But our Lord Himself, at a certain period of His life, during the forty days of His sojourn in the desert, was an anchorite; and it is commonly supposed that the purse which Judas kept and stole from was the common purse of the little religious or cenobitical community, which was composed of our Lord and the Apostles. The Duke goes on—"But there does seem to be an essential difference between the life of Him Who went about doing good, and of Whom His enemies complained that He 'ate and drank with publicans and sinners,' and the life of men who stood on the top of pillars or hid themselves in the dens of beasts." As much difference, perhaps, as between our Lord's life and that of a Secretary of State of Queen Victoria, or the head of a Scotch clan, who writes books or "hides himself" in a feudal castle. Our Lord's life touched, as it were, and hallowed, every kind of life that was to be led by the children of the Church: home life, the life of public activity, the life of society, the life of solitude, the community life, the priestly life, the lay life, the life of prayer, and the life of work—every life, in short, that we see around us, except the idle frivolous life of the luxurious worldling. Under the shadow of His holy Example and Conversation we can all rest; and the noble as well as the peasant, the rich as well as the poor, the layman as well as the priest, the married as well as the holy virgin or monk, can find in Him the law of their life and the sanction of their calling and condition in the world. But it would be just as foolish to say that all are to become monks and nuns, anchorites or cenobites, as to say that none are; and it is equally untrue to say that our Lord's

example is not followed by any one of the classes which we have enumerated as by any other. And after all, when we come to see how the Duke of Argyll justifies his onslaught on the monastic life, we find that he has nothing better to do than simply to beg the question as if he were an indolent schoolboy. "It is easy to understand how even so grotesque a parallelism has arisen, and was sure to arise. Self-sacrifice was the spirit of Christian service. It was only in the natural course of things that men should forget the essential distinction between self-sacrifice for a wise and good purpose, and self-sacrifice for its own sake, or for purposes neither wise nor good." As if there ever was monk in the deserts of Egypt, or in the Western Isles, who pursued self-sacrifice for its own sake, and not, deliberately and consciously, as a means to a good and holy end. "But I think they were mistaken as to that end," the Duke will say. Yes; but what he thinks requires to be proved; it is the very point at issue, and cannot be accepted as an argument till it is proved.

There are other similar passages to mar the real interest of the Duke of Argyll's little volume, and for a fair exposure of them we cannot do better than refer our readers to the second work named at the head of this review. Dr. M'Corry not only deals satisfactorily with the Duke, but also with a late work of Dr. Ewing, as well as with a late sermon by Dr. Alexander Forbes, the Anglo-Scotch "Bishop of Brechin." We forbear to do more than refer to these parts of his volume, for the sake of finding a little space for what may serve as an appeal to all those interested in the remains of Iona to exert themselves energetically in the cause of their preservation from the utter ruin which seems to be awaiting them. Dr. M'Corry gives the following extract from the transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society. A paper had just been read giving an account of the present state of the ruins—

This lamentable account having been given, the following conversation took place :—

"Mr. Skene thought that after the very strong statement Mr. Drummond had made as to the state in which he found the monuments in Iona, it was the duty of the Society once more to make a representation to the Duke of Argyll. He did not think they should allow his Grace to suppose that the islands were managed as he no doubt thought they were. Last summer he (Mr. Skene) spent a week in Iona, at the time when the Archbishop of Canterbury was in the island. The Duke sent his chamberlain to conduct the Archbishop over the ruins. On entering the Cathedral, the first thing the Archbishop asked was if there were no remains of the chapter-house. The chamberlain conducted them to the place, and the first thing they found was six inches of cow-dung in the bottom of it. On asking the cause, it turned out that the innkeeper had the pasture of the field in which the ruins were. The ruins were divided from the innkeeper's ground by a low dry-stone wall, and he was in the habit every year of pulling down a portion of this wall, and letting his cattle graze among the ruins. . . . He (Mr. Skene) had no doubt the Duke of Argyll was exceedingly anxious that the ruins should be properly taken care of, and if the Society were to put before him any practicable scheme they would find him perfectly willing to give effect to their views. He believed the chamberlain was equally anxious, but there seemed to be in his case a deficiency of perception of what was required for the preservation of such monuments.

"Mr. Stuart said it was not the first time that the Society had approached the Duke of Argyll, both directly and indirectly, on this subject. Some

years ago, along with the late Sir James Simpson, who was a personal friend of the Duke, he waited on his Grace, when in Edinburgh, to represent the state both of the ruins and of the monuments. The Duke said he had inclosed a certain number of the monuments, so as to prevent the continual treading of visitors. But when one saw how very small was the number inclosed, the steps taken did not seem to show much perception of what was required. It was represented to his Grace that a system of chipping and destroying the inscriptions was going on, and it was suggested that the Government would be willing to put the ruins in order, and to keep them in order if his Grace would permit it, and without depriving him of the property. The Chief Commissioner of Works, who was in Scotland at the time, seemed perfectly willing to take charge of the island. The Commissioner went on a visit to Roseneath, and he (Mr. Stuart) afterwards heard that the matter was likely to be arranged.

"Last year, when Mr. Drummond called attention to the disgraceful state of the monuments, a notice appeared in the papers and came under the eye of the Duke, who stated to Sir James Simpson his displeasure, and indicated that he thought the Society were too hard upon him. This, with various other things, made him (Mr. Stuart) believe that his Grace was in rather a touchy humour on the subject just now; and it would therefore require very delicate handling. If anything was to be done, it would be more successful if Mr. Skene, as a personal friend of the Duke, were to draw his Grace's attention to the subject.

"Mr. Skene said that what he pointed at was not that they should make a proposal to the Duke, but merely that the facts Mr. Drummond had put before them should be represented to his Grace by the Society. He could perfectly understand that the Duke might not very much relish the proposal to transfer the custody of the monuments to the Government, because, curiously enough, notwithstanding all the want of necessary care, it so happened that his Grace was particularly proud of being both the owner and custodian of the ruins."

We do most sincerely hope that the miserable manner in which the ecclesiastical remains of Iona are now as it seems, left open to the danger of speedy and irreparable ruin will be brought at once and as strongly as possible before the Scotch public in general. If the Duke will do what is required, well and good—he will then have done more for Iona than write a nice little book about it. But in any case we hope that some one will do it. A "custodian" of the ruins is a very useful person—provided he does not simply prevent other people from taking care of them without guarding them himself.

A MEMOIR OF CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG.

A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian; with extracts from his son's journal.
By Julian Charles Young, A.M., Rector of Ilmington.

The old taste for the drama seems to exist amongst us no longer. Our modern predilections in this field of recreation are altogether changed. Whether this change is for the better, we shall not inquire. That the change is great and total, as far as a change can be total which leaves the drama still one of the standing diversions of society, cannot be doubted. The Italian opera has superseded the more serious and absorbing of dramatic entertainments, and a class of plays representing modern life as exactly as it can be represented on the stage has

taken the place of the more difficult, sustained, and carefully-wrought polite comedy of former days. Sensational pieces form another class of modern favourites. They are not altogether new, and old play-goers of the days of Yates and John Reeves will recollect the performances of this description which formerly distinguished the Adelphi Theatre. But the old sensational piece was something more melodramatic, more of an attempt at a poetic idealism than such plays as the *Colleen Bawn*, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, and other well-written modern representations of the class.

These last are, perhaps, greater successes. Certainly Mr. Dion Boucicault's Irish plays have about them an Irish atmosphere, and represent, without any violation of truth, the charms and beauties of the simple, even poetical, character of the Irish peasantry as they have never been represented before. But these modern sensational plays have generally some one actor in view, and depend rather on one good impersonation than on a powerful combination of dramatic talent, involving many difficult parts, and requiring a consent or agreement of various "talents" in one united purpose. For such efforts our English stage is wholly inferior to that of the Porte St. Martin of Paris, now a heap of ruins. There is a real dramatic training recognizable throughout the *corps* of a large French company which, from some peculiarities of English character, or for want of more careful drill in earlier life, we do not find equally developed in England. The "united action" of the Olympic company in the days of Vestris, and the similar aptitude for well combining, assorting, and carrying out parts, not difficult in themselves, which we recognize in the Prince of Wales', come nearest to this good corporate action in French companies.

The most successful, however, and the most popular of modern dramas seem to be those which portray actual common-place life to the letter. The conversation, action, dresses of such plays are meant to put bodily on the stage what is actually going on every day. Much of the interest depends on minute details of portraiture—breakfasts, tea-making, toast-buttering, &c., represented absolutely as they would be in that region of easy life which is pretty nearly alike to dukes, bankers, and successful tradesmen. Whether the impatience of poetry, an ideal world requiring a certain sacrifice of the mind for its appreciation, an effort or a willingness to lay aside mere material externals of life, and look at men and actions of men as they may be viewed abstractedly, and measure them by a certain standard, not always the most obvious standard—whether this impatience accounts for present preferences, we do not inquire. It is certain that, as modern devotees will not listen to discourses such as, notwithstanding their length, riveted the attention of Louis the Fourteenth—not a very wise monarch or much given to mental abstraction—so they would not probably crowd to Drury Lane to absorb themselves in the tragedies or the comedies of Shakspeare.

We must distinguish the interest of the modern Shakspearian representations of Mr. Charles Kean's time from those of the Kembles. We recollect the minute accuracy and extraordinary splendour of the modern get-up of such plays as *Henry the Fifth*, *King John*, and others; the breach at Harfleur, the duel between Harry of Hereford and Mowbray in *Richard the Second*, the horses, armour, altars, &c., all carefully studied from antiquarian sources. But the Shakspeare of Garrick was acted in

full-bottom wigs, hoops, flap waistcoats, and velvet coats; that of the Kembles in a medium between two truths of costume still duller. These modern Shakespearian splendours attracted the interest of audiences to the beauty and picturesque exterior of mediæval England, rather than to the beauties of Shakespeare the poet and to that drama of life which he portrayed, in which the same hopes, fears, passions, and ambitions animate the players on the stage that occupies "all the world;" one stage from the days of *Pericles* and *Coriolanus* to those of *Jaques*, with scenes borrowed from Shakespeare's own familiar Arden. It will be allowed that the more palmy days of this kind of drama are passed away, and with these remarks we begin our notice of a biography, or rather a biographical memoir, full of interest, that recalls them vividly.

Charles Mayne Young was one of the band of serious dignified actors of the old school of the English drama. He belonged to the times of our great Shakespeare actors. He was born in 1777, nearly a hundred years ago. In his youth he seems to have attracted the attention of the then King of Denmark, while under the care of an aunt, Madame Müller, whose husband lived in the palace, a scientific mentor and friend of that monarch. He became so great a favourite that his remaining under this regal patronage seemed more than a probability, in which case we should not have had to chronicle him as a leading professor of the histrionic art. He remained a favourite with the King and his family, and we have interesting letters of advice from several of these exalted personages, which give touching evidence of their simple and affectionate nature.

Young was educated partly at Eton, and from thence he was removed to Merchant Tailors' School. A curious account is given of his first recollections of Edmund Kean coming as a boy to perform *Richard the Third* at his father's house. The famous Prince Lee Boo seems to have been a guest on this occasion. We recall a dim memory of a performance exactly similar on the part of Charles Kean somewhere about thirty years later.

The house of his father did not afford Young a happy home, and he lived some years with his brother. After obtaining a situation as clerk in a mercantile house, he seems to have decided that the ledger was not his vocation, and he renounced this occupation, determined to risk his chances on the stage. Before trying his fortunes on the London boards he wisely determined to go through an apprenticeship in the provinces, and he came out as Mr. Green at Liverpool in 1798.

Those who had the privilege of a friendship with Young, one of the simplest and purest characters ever known in, or connected with, the dangerous career of the stage, will remember the fund of amusing reminiscences he had of the strange life he then led, knocking about in this apprenticeship to his profession. His conduct and his whole character were always honourable and respected from this beginning of his career to the end. His success warranted his resuming his own name, and he found his way to London. Early in this century he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott while acting in Edinburgh. A warm friendship grew up between them and lasted till Scott's death.

He married a Miss Grimani, a descendant of the great Venetian family of that name—a young lady, we are informed, of great talent, beauty, and promise. She acted at the Haymarket in the days of George Colman.

The early history of this lady is somewhat sensational. Her father appears before us in a light more melodramatic than consonant with our notions of what is right. He was "ordained," but not a priest (in minor orders, we presume), and abjured his faith and left his country. Whatever, however, was the course of her father, this young lady appears before us in the light of great purity, innocence, and with many gifts for the profession she embraced. She died after the birth of her only child, Mr. Julian Young, the author of the memoir.

From this period Charles Young pursued his career a resigned and very serious character. He became one of a band of great actors, who have left an impression of the gravity and dignity of English acting that is still widely felt. He withdrew at an age comparatively early from his career, though tempting offers were made to him to prolong it. In the year 1829 he was invited to take an engagement for ten months in the United States, with a remuneration of twelve thousand pounds. He refused, however, being bent on retiring from a profession so exciting and fatiguing. On the 31st of May, 1832, he took his final farewell of the "boards," in his favourite part of Hamlet. "You first received and encouraged my efforts," he says, in his farewell address, "with a Kemble a Siddons, a Cooke, and an O'Neil." His wish was to retire while still in possession of his professional powers to the full—*Solve senescentem mature sanus equum*. He had laid by enough to maintain himself honourably in his old age.

Whether Young is to be taken as a first-rate actor, or, as he has been called, a follower of Kemble, has been matter of dispute. But it might also be asked whether personal beauty, voice, and natural solemnity and dignity of manner did not go for much in the making of the Kembles. Garrick, for instance, was such a real actor as, we presume, would surpass any comparison of the Kembles with him. He was, in this line, an artist who has had no competitor on the English stage. The Kembles and their contemporaries were gifted in many ways, and they created a sort of standard, to which all their fellow-professionals came up more or less nearly, and by which they were measured. In our own time we have little conception of the enthusiasm with which the society of their day devoted themselves to the serious dramatic performances of these artists. Shakespeare, so impossible to see adequately represented now, held a place in the education of the days of Sir Walter Scott, now known no longer. We cannot but acknowledge a debt of gratitude to a society of artists who, in their way, did so much to make an exciting and somewhat dangerous recreation, serious, heathly, and elevating.

Charles Young's later years were passed in tranquillity, and those who have the privilege of recollecting them, know well in what honour. Stage life cannot but be tempting and dangerous. It is not only the peculiar unrestraint and withdrawal from ordinary observation in which much of an actor's life is passed, that constitutes this danger; neither is it the way in which artists of both sexes are sensationally and passionately brought together—passion which it is their special business to simulate, and which may slide so readily into reality. The waiting and absolute dependance on public applause, the incessant craving for admiration which are the dangers of every artist, are to an overwhelming degree the dangers of an actor, with all the jealousies and other feelings

towards their contemporaries and fellow-workers that besiege the heart when one's life is passed before the public and in company. Authors, painters, and sculptors set their creations afloat, as it were, on the stream, and they reap success or they fail, but they do not float with them. The actor is himself, in each impersonation, his own work of art. He has both to go out of himself and to retain a mind and a spirit balanced and controlled. The cheers or hisses are present, audible, and personal; the desire to please is what can scarcely be laid aside. It is these mixed dangers and temptations that sway and try the actor, and make his life so perilous.

It is not a little that from such dangers many characters should emerge simple and unharmed. We know that it is so, happily, oftener than the world may suppose. In the case of Charles Young, a hundred voices would confirm the testimony we give so willingly. His latter years were passed in the society of old friends and admirers and in the house of his son, who became a clergyman of the Church of England, and now holds a living in Warwickshire. Young had seen Talma and all the members of his own profession who rose to any eminence. He belonged thoroughly to his profession and to his period, and in the brief memoir of his life here given us, we seem to recover the thread of traditions of thought, preferences, and sentiments seldom remembered or realized at this day. Theatrical life is changed. Theatrical tastes are for shorter, livelier, more trivial, or more commonplace representations. Modern play-goers will not be called upon for any effort or serious call upon their attention. Like other forms of the art of the day, stage success seems now to depend on a realistic minuteness that leaves one to conjecture what might be the judgment on Garrick himself, could he come to life, acting *Hamlet* or *Richard the Third* in high-heeled shoes and a full-bottomed wig.

The second portion of this book consists of jottings or table-talk from the journal of Mr. Julian Young. He is the medium through which this interesting memoir is known to us. He is naturally mixed up with much of the social recollections of his father. He bore him company in his visits to Scott and others, and gives us many personal details such as are always, when they come first-hand from the source, interesting. They go, incidentally, to complete the pictures we form for ourselves of many characters and personages now passed away, but of whom we are always glad to hear additional traits and particulars. Mr. Young knew Lord Raglan, and adds occasional facts and details to the histories of the great events and the actors in them with whom Lord Raglan began his military career. We have personal anecdotes and recollections of less important people, and of all ranks, with whom his social circle or his parochial labours have brought him into contact. Mr. Young speaks in this way of many persons, some still living. This matter is delicately touched and wounds no susceptibilities, though he gives us samples of the wondrous tales supplied by the *valets de place* at Rome and elsewhere to awe or astound the Protestant mind.

Amongst the details of a stay at Rome, he gives us a touching description of a general reception by the Holy Father of English, American, and foreign visitors of various nationalities. "I know," said the Holy Father, "that some of you are Catholics, still more of you Protestants. But, whether Catholics or Protestants, whether you

recognize me or not as your spiritual Father, I welcome you as my dear children: *for all the baptized are in the number of my children*, though not, alas! of my household. Truant children, I open the gates of my house even to you. Gladly would I open my arms to you as well. I assure you I cease not to offer up daily prayers that light may be granted you to see the errors of your ways, and induce you to return to the true fold."

We believe that no biography, certainly no autobiography, if it is written with simplicity, is otherwise than interesting and instructive. We live such an artificial life before the world, that any honest openings into the heart of a fellow-mortal, any glimpse of the thoughts and feelings of our neighbours as they really are, is worth our serious attention. Mr. Young gives us accounts of himself and of his parish, and the intercourse that his profession entails with the simple country-people of Wiltshire and Warwickshire, as well as with personages connected with dates and events of a more public and general interest. With these are mixed up anecdotes and amusing stories which have attracted his own attention from time to time. Altogether, we see in the book a sketch of English social life in many phases, much of which is greatly changed, or changing, as we drift onwards from the earlier years of the century towards social and other growths that will develop themselves at a rate still greater as the days move on, and as the startling events that have just passed under our view on the Continent, begin to make their mark on the present generation.

THE LITURGY OF THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES.

Liturgie der drei ersten Jahrhundert. Von Dr. Probst, Professor der Theologie an der Universität Breslau. Tübingen, 1870.

Catholic literature has during the last ten years been enriched by few valuable works on the history of the liturgy; and it is, therefore, a great satisfaction to be able to point to a truly excellent treatise on the liturgy of the three first centuries. The author, formerly a curé of the diocese of Rottenberg, is already well known for several smaller contributions on moral theology and liturgy, and which led to his appointment by the Prussian Government to the chair of pastoral theology at Breslau, in which University he, together with his colleagues Scholz and Bittner, lately represented with vigour and decision true Church principle when some other members of the Catholic theological faculty joined the well-known Munich and Bonn professors in opposition to Papal Infallibility.

The present volume forms the first of a large work which is to illustrate the historical development of pastoral theology. As Dr. Probst remarks in the Preface, it is hardly possible, by reason of the shortness of the time that is now usually devoted in the Universities and Seminaries to what is called in Germany pastoral theology, to treat it thoroughly on the now existing principle; in order, therefore, to fill the gap which oral instruction must necessarily leave, the author intends—first for the benefit of his pupils, and next for the wider circle of students—to give a complete account of the historical side of his

subject in the various phases of its development down to its present form, in order thus to demonstrate the living connection of the present with the past, and their substantial unity.

The Introduction first deals with the various appellations of the divine service, and with the origin of the liturgy. This second point is satisfied by the fact that the Apostles fixed a determinate form of the liturgy, although the written record of this arrangement is only to be found at the commencement of the second century. The language of the Apostolic liturgy, even in the Roman Church, was the Greek; and this gave way to the Latin at the end of the second century. Unfortunately for a more general and complete discussion on the liturgical language, and generally for these introductory questions, the author does not touch upon the Syrian liturgy and its connection with that of the Apostles. At the close of the Introduction, Dr. Probst states it as his opinion that during the first three centuries the liturgy was always and wholly the same, and that it began to experience considerable changes in the fourth. His proofs for this position are the Holy Scriptures and the earliest of the Fathers. The whole work falls into three parts; the first deals with the liturgy of the Holy Scriptures and the oldest Fathers, in the second the oldest existing liturgies are explained critically and historically, and the third gathers together into one view the results arrived at.

The first treatise opens with a short explanation of the love-feasts and the alms-offerings, which are shown to be perfectly distinct from the Eucharistic offering. The true character of the Eucharist, as far as is here necessary, is next laid down from the words of consecration, with special reference to the words of St. Luke, and the latest objection of the Protestant Kliefoth, who professes to consider the Body of Christ at the supper as a sacrificial food, but not as a sacrifice, is rejected as illogical. After this are adduced, as the three first parts of the Apostolic liturgy, the lesson, the sermon, and the so-called *Koinonia*. By this last the author understands the common love-meal, the common prayer for the faithful, the authorities, and the unbelievers, the kiss of peace, and the presentation of the sacrificial gifts of bread and wine. After this *Koinonia* comes the Eucharist. Proceeding from the assumption that Christ at the Last Supper led off the Old Testament hymn, and at the fourth cup instituted the sacred banquet, Dr. Probst assumes that the Apostles retained this rite at the celebration of the sacred mysteries, with the sole difference that they changed the subject of the hymn of praise, which was a sort of Old Testament confession of faith, and substituted the substance of the New Testament confession from the life and sufferings of Christ in the form of a prayer of thanksgiving—hence the name Canon, *i.e.*, *regula fidei*. This idea is new, and it cannot be denied that in the subsequent disquisition the author adduces many arguments which render it probable; for many passages in the Fathers can be thus admirably interpreted. The thanksgiving (Eucharist) which is found in all liturgies, and which so clearly points to its Apostolic origin, is followed by the consecration *εὐλογία* of St. Paul; other prayers, among them the Lord's Prayer, succeed, and the whole is ended by the Communion.

In the divisions of the first part which now follow, the author goes through the several ecclesiastical writers to the end of the third century,

and with astonishing industry brings together all the evidence to illustrate more clearly the various liturgical actions which he had already found alluded to in the Holy Scriptures. Moreover, the true sacrificial character of the Eucharist is convincingly proved by excellent explanations of various passages from the Fathers, more especially of St. Ignatius and of St. Justin. Though this, strictly speaking, does not belong to the special aim of the work, still for this reason it has a high value for dogmatic and polemical theologians. It would lead us too far to follow the author in his accurate survey of the Fathers; we shall therefore limit ourselves to a few brief allusions.

Attention is called to a fact hitherto little observed in the letter of the Roman St. Clement, that in his exhortations to peace he appeals to the liturgy, and draws from it his motives to concord. It is next shown that this liturgy agrees substantially with that of the Apostolic Constitutions, and recognizes the Eucharist as a sacrifice. This polemical tendency of the author appears particularly in the following division, where he strikingly proves this sacrificial character against Protestants. His line of argument is briefly this. St. Justin recognizes a real sacrifice; this sacrifice is contained in the *εὐχαριστήριον*; but this last is no mere blessing or thanksgiving prayer, but one such that in it Christ's Body and Blood are expressly given to the faithful as a sacrificial meal. The teaching of St. Cyprian is next carefully considered. From the Protestant view, this Father is the first who established and propagated the sacrificial character of the Eucharist. The refutation of this is not difficult; the evidence found in St. Cyprian is not stronger than that previously adduced from the early Fathers; and if Cyprian, as modern Protestants constantly assert, is the first, how comes it that Hippolytus bears witness to the same doctrine, and that in such unmistakeable language that, as Döllinger says, defies all cavil?

We cannot, unfortunately, mention all the fresh results to which the learned writer has come with regard to the liturgy; we must, however, acknowledge that he has completely fulfilled his promise in the first part to advance only what was thoroughly new, even though several of his positions are not so certainly proved as he would seem to think. We would make another remark. The frequently unimportant examination of the Fathers according to the parts of the liturgy which regularly come round in a fixed order, is no doubt of scientific value, but still wearies the reader not a little. The Fathers might, without serious injury to the analytical method adopted, have been dealt with in fixed groups; thus, for example, on the Scripture liturgy the Apostolic Fathers might have formed the first class, St. Justin and St. Irenæus might perfectly well have been taken as the witnesses for Rome, the West, and Asia Minor in the second group; while Clement of Alexandria and Origen might represent Alexandria; the Apostolic Constitutions, whose home the author seeks in Syria, might bear witness for Syria; Tertullian and Cyprian for the oldest African liturgy. The exposition would in this way have gained in brevity of survey, while the investigation might have been more extended.

The second part first gives a critico-historical disquisition on the liturgies of the Apostolic Constitutions, of St. James, St. Mark, and of the Roman Church. Next follows a comparison of these—their partial agreement is pointed out, their various points of difference set forth.

Briefly, and without much novelty, the liturgies of St. James and St. Mark are discussed; those of the Apostolic Constitutions at length, as Dr. Probst considers them substantially as the oldest, and as really Apostolic. By reason of their remarkable agreement with that of St. Justin, he believes that their date may be fixed at at least the beginning of the second century, even though the now existing compilation is to be referred to the second half of the third century, and partly later still. The third part forms a collective picture of the Christian liturgy of those centuries; and here the author is happy in uniting into a beautiful whole the results he has so painfully gathered on the way. The work deserves to be ranked very high; it shows a truly Catholic spirit, it embodies the fruit of much scientific investigation, and the author must certainly be credited with many new results and discoveries. This will be admitted by many who, like ourselves, do not on all points agree with the author. We hope and trust that the learned professor will keep his promise by favouring us soon with the history of the administration of the teaching office, of the Sacraments, and of the care of souls in the first three centuries. When these subjects are added to that of the volume before us, they seem to make up at least the antiquarian part of the field of "Pastoral Theology" as the words are understood in Germany.

MONARCHIA SICULA.

When one calls to mind the huge mass of pamphlets and articles which Germany has produced during the last two years on the subject of Papal Infallibility, one might be disposed to think that the whole energy of German learning has been concentrated on that single topic. And yet this is not the case. One need only look at the catalogue of Herder, who has deserved so well of Catholic science, to form a different opinion. We have previously in this periodical called attention to two great collections (Räss' *Convertiten* and the *Collectio Lacensis*), we now give a short account of two other works from the same publisher, which, though less comprehensive than the above, far surpass the ordinary productions of literature by the immense erudition and the thorough study of authorities which they display. They are *Monarchia Sicula* and *Liber Septimus Decretalium Clementis VIII.* Both works are the productions of the same author, Dr. F. Sentis, Professor in the University of Freiburg. The various rulers of Sicily have, from the close of the middle ages, claimed on the strength of a Bull of Urban the Second the title and rights of a "Legatus Natus," or of a "Legatus a Latere," throughout its whole extent, and from the days of Ferdinand the Catholic to our own times have actually exercised an ecclesiastical jurisdiction which embraced all Church questions and affairs, which made the Bishops and the clergy dependent on the sovereign even in purely spiritual matters, and almost entirely excluded the jurisdictional primacy of Rome itself. This pretended Legatine power vested in the Prince, to which it has been the custom in Sicily since the sixteenth century to give the name of "Monarchia Sicula," has been made by Dr. Sentis the object of a most thorough investigation, the results of which he now lays before the public. He has not only maturely examined the vast literature which

has been gathering during three centuries of controversy on this question, but has on every occasion recurred to the original sources. And, as during his three years' stay in Italy the first libraries of Rome and Palermo were thrown open to him, he was enabled to collect a rich store of manuscript authorities for his work, which has won the fullest recognition from Protestant as well as from Catholic periodicals in Germany. As the result of his careful investigation, Dr. Sentis describes the so-called monarchy and Apostolic legation in Sicily as historically and juristically untenable, and as a monstrous usurpation which scarcely has its equal in the history of the Church. In this Dr. Sentis agrees with the opponents of the Monarchia Sicula; but he differs from them in admitting the Bull of Urban the Second given by Malaterra, to which the defenders of the Monarchia appeal, to be genuine, and relies especially on the diploma of Pope Paschal the Second, discovered by Giesebrecht in a Vatican Codex, and printed in Taffe's *Regesta Rom. Pont.*, n. 4846. In this diploma Paschal the Second confirms to Duke Roger the Second of Sicily the privilege conferred on that noble's father by Urban the Second. But Dr. Sentis shows from both documents, that this privilege so granted and confirmed was extremely restricted, that it altogether excluded the vast pretensions of the "Monarchia Sicula," and moreover, that it was granted not to all the heirs of Roger, but only to his two sons. In fact, for four centuries the rulers of Sicily never appealed to it. Only when, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, Urban's Bull was again discovered, was an attempt made to justify by it the usurpation of ecclesiastical rights, which commenced with the Norman Princes in Sicily, and afterwards broke through all bounds during the long enmities which arose between Rome and the Hohenstaufen and Aragon sovereigns, and finally in the times of the great schism. In vain the Pope protested, in vain were their alliances with the Neapolitan Princes. The concessions of the Popes were shamefully abused, and the bounds set by them criminally outstripped, until at length Pius the Ninth by the Bull *Suprema*, Oct. 10, 1867, did away with the institution altogether with all its pretended rights. Before this last event Garibaldi, when Dictator of Sicily, had, by virtue of the "Monarchia," declared null the royal "Exequatur" to Benedict the Fourteenth's Bull, *Etsi Pastoralis*, on the Græco-Albanian rite, had appointed the notorious Fra Pantaleo grand-chaplain of the kingdom of Sicily, and on the Feast of St. Rosalia had been conducted to the cathedral of Palermo as "Legatus a latere natus Sedis Apostolicæ," in solemn procession, and in the well-known red shirt, in order to take his place on the high Legatine throne on the Gospel side of the altar, to assist at the Pontifical service, and to receive, besides other ritual honours, the usual incensings. Thus the countless number of sacrilegious usurpations which in the course of ages the "Monarchia Sicula" had perpetrated was infamously capped and crowned before Pius the Ninth gave it its death-blow by the above-mentioned Bull. It is the great merit of Dr. Sentis to have exposed, and by the aid of science to have estimated, the utter nullity and impiety of that institution.

The second work of this historian bears the title "*Clementis Pape VIII. Decretales*, quæ vulgo nuncupantur Liber septimus decretalium Clementis VIII., primum edidit, adnotatione critica instruxit, constitutionibus recentioribus sub titulis competentibus insertis auxit F. Sentis,

SS. theologiæ et j. u. d., juris eccles. in universitate. Friburgensi professor. Friburgi. 1870."

It is well known that, after John the Twenty-second, in 1317, published the so-called *Clementinæ Constitutiones*, no authentic collection of Canons has been published by the Popes. And if the collection of the *Extravagantes* (Johannis XXII. *et communes*) be excepted, no private one has been sanctioned by use (*usu receptus*). Meanwhile the law-code was becoming so large by the addition of the Canons of General Councils (Constance, Florence, Fifth Lateran, Trent,) as well as by numerous Papal Bulls, that the most earnest desire was being expressed on all sides for a new authentic collection.

This want was attended to by Gregory the Thirteenth, one of the greatest canonists of his time, by the appointment of a Congregation of Cardinals to collect those ecclesiastical regulations which had not as yet been admitted into the received collections, and by devoting much labour himself to the work. But neither he nor his successor, Sixtus the Fifth, completed the task. It was only ended under Clement the Eighth; and on August 1st, 1598, Cardinal Pinelli handed over to the Pope the code which had been printed in the Camera Apostolica, for the completion of which great Popes and the most learned Roman canonists had laboured almost thirty years. But the collection, commonly called "*Liber Septimus Decretalium*," was approved neither by Clement the Eighth nor by any subsequent Pope, and in consequence no more copies of it were printed. Dr. Sents has now published it together with an introduction. In order, however, to render it more serviceable to modern times, he has inserted the important new Constitutions of the Popes, from Clement the Eighth to Pius the Ninth, as well as some decisions of Roman Congregations; so that in this work we have an abstract of all modern Canon Law arranged according to the titles of the decretals. In order however that the extent of the work might not be unnecessarily great, he has not printed at length the Chapters and Canons of Trent and the Constitutions of the Bullaria, but has only given a short summary of them together with an exact statement as to the place where they are to be found. The pronouncements of Pius the Ninth, however, as they are to be met with in no Bullarium, are given at length. We close this notice with a warm recommendation of both the works of Dr. Sents.

A NEW ASCETICAL LIBRARY.

St. Joseph's Ascetical Library. Edited by Fathers of the Society of Jesus. *No. 1. Of Adoration in Spirit and in Truth.* Written in four books by John Eusebius Nieremberg, SJ. And Translated into English by RS. SJ. (old Translation reprinted). With a Preface by the Rev. P. Gallwey, SJ. Burns and Oates. 1871.

The Ascetical Library of which we have here the first volume, seems to be intended to consist of old standard works, old translations reprinted, or new ones made, "with the addition of perhaps new books." There will always be a large class of readers for such publications. Many of us prefer the solid old asceticism of our forefathers to anything modern, even though it be modern only in form: and, on the other hand, there are many of the old books, such as that now before

us, which are so well digested and the fruit of so much labour as to have become almost classical, notwithstanding an occasional archaism or two. It is curious, but it is certainly true, that we prefer an old book in an old dress to the same in a modern dress. It is not exactly that the translation is always better. Better indeed, an old translation generally is, because in old days the translators were generally painstaking men of education, who did their work leisurely and carefully, and thought a great deal of it. In our days, it seems to be thought that anybody can translate anything, and that a translation requires no sort of revision or correction. The truth is, it is more difficult to translate well than to write well, the same command of the subject matter being supposed in both cases. No one who cannot write well ought to attempt translation: and not all who can write well are good translators. But the fact of which we speak, our preference for old over new translations, does not entirely rest upon the carelessness or incapacity of the modern translators who have made some of our current *Lives of the Saints*, for instance, simply unreadable and unfaithful to the originals. In an old book and a foreign book, we like a foreign smack and taste: and the racy old English into which so many standard works of devotion and asceticism were translated in the seventeenth century has just that amount of strangeness in its flavour to satisfy our palate in this respect. The English of that time was in many respects richer and more elaborate than our own English: it rejoiced more in fine sonorous Latinities, in many-membered sentences, and in a profuse use of particles withal. A good deal might be said against it, and much more against any attempt to restore it: and modern English is in some respects purer, simpler, and more beautiful, at least when it is well written. But for the particular purpose of the reading of an old work done into English, we may well prefer the seventeenth century writers to those of our own day.

Nieremberg's work "*Of Adoration in Spirit and in Truth*" is not quite correctly described in its title. The old translator, indeed, finds it necessary to defend the good Spanish father for the name of his book, as if it might give rise to a misapprehension. "It will not perchance be amiss," he says, "to forewarn some less skilful reader, that he be not frightened into a prejudice of the book by the title, it seeming to sound somewhat of the sectarist, who hath nothing so frequent in his mouth, as I said above, as *spirit* and *truth*, and nothing else in substance. The words indeed, are easily named, and may serve for canting among the ignorant; but if one go to the pith and substance of spirit and truth, as the author uses them, to a true denial of ourselves, and more than a lip-love of God, here the sectary will be found as void of spirit as truth, and in both a nut without a kernel. When the reader sees the author to aim at nothing more than mortification, penance, fasting, prayer, carrying our cross, and this through the whole course of our life, he will soon discover he is no sectarist, who dares scarce so much as talk of these things, much less teach or practise them, but a Roman Catholic, who alone owns them both in doctrine and practise, as the chief means to Christian perfection."* It was frequent in those days to take some text of Scripture as a catchword for a title, and this is the whole history of the name of the book before us. It is divided into

* Preface, p. xv.

four books, the first of which relates to "those things which concern the purging of our souls"—the second relates to "the illuminative way," the third to the perfection of daily actions, and the fourth to the exercises of the love of God. It seems to have been Nieremberg's favourite work; a work which embodied his own experience, so to speak, his own method of proceeding, and the fruit of his own favourite reading. In this it resembles another work, the *Dux Spiritualis* of the more famous Louis da Ponte, which was written, we may almost say, for himself, at least from his own experience, and is in consequence, full of his gentle and tender piety. Another work of the same sort is the *Via Vitæ Æternæ* of Father Sucquet. These works belong just to that class which is most worth translating as it is: while other ascetical books may very well be rewritten, rearranged, condensed, or their material cast into a new form—anything in short, but garbled by the Puseyite process of "adaptation." The title page tells us that the substance of this work is "extracted out of the holy Fathers and greatest masters of spirit, Diadochus, Dorotheus, Climachus, Rusbrochius, Suso, Thaulerus, a Kempis, Gerson"—yet we are never troubled with long strings of quotations, indeed, there is very little indeed of direct quotation all through. The wisdom of the old "masters of spirit" is extracted, digested, and then reproduced. The author's "industry in the compilement of this work," says the old translator, "seems by his own confession to have been very extraordinary, he not sticking to aver that it was the fruit of all his labours, and the honeycomb of all his studious endeavours, while, bee-like, he sucked from each holy Father and Master of Spirit, as from so many delicious flowers, what he found in them rare and exquisite." We somewhat regret the omission of the author's "Epistle Dedicatory," on which these statements are founded.

We cannot allow ourselves to close this notice of what we hope will be the precursor of a number of similar volumes without mentioning the short but interesting Preface prefixed to the book by Fr. Gallwey. It is an earnest plea for the "frequentation," as an old writer would say, of that particular form of good work which consists in the publication of good books. "One has lately been called away from the midst of us who spent his energies for many years in an effort to increase our stock of Catholic literature in this country. I remember saying to him on one occasion, when he was feeling the irksomeness of the struggle against the difficulties which always attach to a good enterprize, that he enjoyed at least this consolation—that the bread which he earned for his family was all blessed. For after the sacred work of the Priesthood, what calling is there more profitable to souls than that of a hardworking publisher of good books? I cannot help thinking that if men reflected more on the wonderful promises which our Lord has made in favour of works of mercy, and how excellent a work of mercy it is to spread good books, we should not long be left, as we now are, in want of capital to maintain in this country a literature worthy of the Church and adequate for the wants of our nation. We cannot help seeing how great a thirst for literature prevails around us, and this thirst is still to grow. We know, at the same time, that it would be as easy to secure able writers for the cause of truth as for the spread of immorality, if we had the means of giving to talent the wages it deserves."

We trust that these words will not fall to the ground fruitless. It is

with literature as with education. Those who are most in need of each are the very persons whom it is most difficult to convince of their need: and, in consequence, there are two classes of men among us at present who are forced to labour, in season and out of season, to seem importunate, men of but one idea, hobby-riders, and the like, because they are also forced to din into ears more than half deaf the necessity of very great and united exertions on behalf of both the causes they have at heart. These two classes contain the few who are fully alive to our deficiencies in Catholic literature and to our deficiencies in Catholic education. We speak at present only of the former. The cause of Catholic literature is happily not hopeless: but few are aware of the difficulties which beset those who try to serve that cause—difficulties which would be more than half removed by a hearty cooperation from Catholics themselves, which is now wanting mainly on account, not of want of power, but of want of heartiness and zeal. The flourishing state of the literature of Protestantism in general, and of many various divisions and sects among Protestants in particular, who are in many cases not to be compared to Catholics in influence or numbers in this country, is the result of many combined causes. It is the result of a taste for reading, and reading not merely of the lightest and most frivolous kind, which taste is carefully formed and promoted by those who have the education of the young. There can hardly be a better test of the good quality of the education given to the younger members of any body whatsoever, than that which is furnished by the answer to the question, “Do the boys and girls leave their schoolroom and go out into life with a real taste for reading, with some sort of thirst of knowledge, with some power of selecting subjects of interest, with some habits of digesting and assimilating what they read, and of giving an account of it to themselves and theirs?” And yet how is this question to be answered with regard to a great number of Catholic educators, who are in other respects deserving of all praise? How many young men and young women grow up to what seems, but is not, an age beyond childhood, with the idea that no day is well spent which has not seen some time devoted to mental improvement and the acquirement of knowledge, and that it might be a possibly laudable action to go without an extra pair or two of gloves, a superfluous bonnet, or a box of cigars, for the sake of buying a Catholic periodical or a new book? We have here touched upon one only of the many sources of that prosperity of literature which exists even among the members of various “denominations” not by any means coextensive with the nation, as the Evangelicals, the Puseyites, or the Ritualists. There are of course many more: an *esprit de corps* which makes them support their own organs, their own booksellers, their own publishers, and so make it incumbent upon Messrs. Mudie and other potentates of the same class to beware of inflicting upon their magazines and other publications that ostracism to which Catholics tamely submit in the case of their own, and the like. We quite agree with the Preface from noticing which we have been led to make these remarks. It costs in reality very little to guarantee to a Catholic writer or a Catholic book a sufficient remuneration to let the labourer have the reward he deserves, and in many cases grievously wants: and among the good works open to the men of our generation this is certainly not the last nor the least useful to society and the Church.

WHAT WE ARE TO COME TO.

The Next Generation. By J. F. Maguire, M.P. 3 vols. 1871.

The Coming Race. Blackwoods, 1871.

Anno Domini 2071. Translated from the Dutch into Notes by Dr. A. V. W. Bikkers. Tegg, 1871.

It is probable that, at certain times of uneasiness and commotion, people in general are more than usually inclined to indulge in fancies as to the future, just as people of a more religious turn of mind are driven to consult those floating traditions of prophecy, true or false, as to what is coming on mankind, which are always to be found up and down the world at such times. The state of mind in which the public is placed by events such as those which have passed in the last twelvemonths is reflected in the world of literature in many ways which are not at first sight obvious. Any bookseller, especially any bookseller who deals in older and more serious books, will tell us how little he has been doing in a time even of ordinary excitement, such as that which is caused by a general election, and how his trade is almost standing still when the public mind is feeding itself day after day on the telegrams which announce the successive facts of a great war or a bloody revolution. The last few months have produced very few books of any real calibre, and some of those which have appeared have been works which would command attention at any time, such as the memoirs of Lord Palmerston and of Lord Brougham, or which are the fruit of long study and preparation only accidentally ripened at this particular moment, such as Mr. Darwin's *Descent of Man*. Apart from these we have had few books of any moment since the beginning of the year: and on the other hand we have been deluged with *brochures*, enough to fill many shelves, of the *Dame Europa* class, and with a good many useful memoirs about the late war. From the names at the head of this article it will also be seen that we are in no lack of books which promise to describe to us what we may all come to a generation or two hence, or perhaps, after a couple of centuries.

Mr. Maguire's book has made its way so well that we may dispense ourselves from many remarks upon it. He has been accused of a desire to rival the sensation created by *Lothair*, and has been reminded that he is not Mr. Disraeli. Certainly he is not, but his book is quite as much worthy of attention as Mr. Disraeli's, and if both had been published anonymously, the *Next Generation* would have had the greater run. At the same time, if it is looked upon as a joke or a quiz, it is true that three volumes are somewhat too spacious a field for a joke or a quiz.

The next work on our list is a work of real merit, evidently the production of an accomplished and well-read author. It reminds us of *Realmah*, and like *Realmah*, will not be appreciated by the class of readers to whom everything that is not sensational is dull. The *Coming Race* at present lives underground, and the book gives us an account of an involuntary sojourn in the company of its members on the part of an adventurous American who got through the bottom of a mine into the regions in the centre of the earth. The race goes by the general name of the *Vril-ya*, from its possession of a certain power called *Vril*, some-

thing it would seem like electricity, which is of wonderful efficacy. It is stored up in staffs which the Vril-ya carry with them, and enables, or would enable, any one of them to reduce all the rest to ashes in a moment. The effect of this terrible power has, strange to say, been of a softening tendency: it has put an end to war, to crime, to legal punishment, to violence and wrong of every sort. As every body can kill every body else—a perfection of destructiveness which we are only aiming at in these upper regions—the Vril-ya are all bound to be extremely civil to one another. The women are stronger and larger than the men, and have the privilege, so much sighed for by some of their sex on the earth, of taking the initiative in all matrimonial arrangements. The marriages are made for three years, but they are seldom really dissolved—and the An, or male, has the privilege of taking a second wife, after ten years, when the first may retire if she please. But polygamy, like divorce, is hardly ever practised. The women are called Gy—in the plural Gy-ci. All the race can wear wings, the women larger than the men, but on marriage the Gy drops hers altogether. There is a great deal of pretty writing in the book, and it ought to be a favourite. The writer tells us how Zee, a Gy—the daughter of his host among the Vril-ya,—fell in love with him, but how he was forced to discourage her advances on the ground that he would certainly be reduced to a cinder as a public nuisance, as the mixture of the blood of a Tish, or man, would inevitably cause the race to deteriorate. Zee, who is not the only fair creature with wings who is moved by the outlandish charms of the Tish, ultimately relieves him from his captivity and lands him in his mine again.

Here is a passage which we commend to Mr. Darwin. The scene is in a great museum—

But the greatest curiosity in the collection was that of three portraits belonging to the pre-historical age, and, according to mythical tradition, taken by the orders of a philosopher, whose origin and attributes were as much mixed up with symbolical fable as those of an Indian Budh or a Greek Prometheus.

From this mysterious personage, at once a sage and a hero, all the principal sections of the Vril-ya race pretend to trace a common origin.

The portraits are of the philosopher himself, of his grandfather, and great-grandfather. They are all at full length. The philosopher is attired in a long tunic which seems to form a loose suit of scaly armour, borrowed, perhaps from some fish or reptile, but the feet and hands are exposed: the digits in both are wonderfully long, and webbed. He has little or no perceptible throat, and a low receding forehead, not at all the ideal of a sage's. He has bright brown prominent eyes, a very wide mouth and high cheek-bones, and a muddy complexion. According to tradition, this philosopher had lived to a patriarchal age, extending over many centuries, and he remembered distinctly in middle life his grandfather as surviving, and in childhood his great-grandfather; the portrait of the first he had taken, or caused to be taken, while yet alive—that of the latter was taken from his effigies in mummy. The portrait of the grandfather had the features and aspect of the philosopher, only much more exaggerated: he was not dressed, and the colour of his body was singular; the breast and stomach yellow, the shoulders and legs of a dull bronze hue: the great-grandfather was a magnificent specimen of the Batrachian genus, a Giant Frog, *pur et simple*.

Among the pithy sayings which, according to tradition, the philosopher bequeathed to posterity in rhythmical form and sententious brevity, this is

notably recorded: "Humble yourselves, my descendants; the father of your race was a *twat* (tadpole): exalt yourselves, my descendants, for it was the same Divine Thought which created your father that develops itself in exalting you."

Aph-Lin told me this fable while I gazed on the three Batrachian portraits. I said in reply: "You make a jest of my supposed ignorance and credulity as an uneducated Tish, but though these horrible daubs may be of great antiquity, and were intended, perhaps, for some rude caricature, I presume that none of your race, even in the less enlightened ages, ever believed that the great-grandson of a Frog became a sententious philosopher; or that any section, I will not say of the lofty Vril-ya, but of the meanest varieties of the human race, had its origin in a Tadpole."

"Pardon me," answered Aph-Lin: "in what we call the Wrangling or Philosophical Period of History, which was at its height about seven thousand years ago, there was a very distinguished naturalist, who proved to the satisfaction of numerous disciples such analogical and anatomical agreements in structure between an An and a Frog, as to show that out of the one must have developed the other. They had some diseases in common; they were both subject to the same parasitical worms in the intestines; and, strange to say, the An has, in his structure, a swimming-bladder, no longer of any use to him, but which is a rudiment that clearly proves his descent from a Frog. Nor is there any argument against this theory to be found in the relative difference of size, for there are still existent in our world Frogs of a size and stature not inferior to our own, and many thousand years ago they appear to have been still larger."

"I understand that," said I, "because Frogs thus enormous are, according to our eminent geologists, who perhaps saw them in dreams, said to have been distinguished inhabitants of the upper world before the Deluge; and such Frogs are exactly the creatures likely to have flourished in the lakes and morasses of your subterranean regions. But pray proceed."

"In the Wrangling Period of History, whatever one sage asserted another sage was sure to contradict. In fact, it was a maxim in that age, that the human reason could only be sustained aloft by being tossed to and fro in the perpetual motion of contradiction; and therefore another sect of philosophers maintained the doctrine that the An was not the descendant of the Frog, but that the Frog was clearly the improved development of the An. The shape of the Frog, taken generally, was much more symmetrical than that of the An; beside the beautiful conformation of its lower limbs, its flanks and shoulders, the majority of the Ana in that day were almost deformed, and certainly ill-shaped. Again, the Frog had the power to live alike on land and in water—a mighty privilege, partaking of a spiritual essence denied to the An, since his disuse of his swimming-bladder clearly proves his degeneration from a higher development of species. Again, the earlier races of the Ana seem to have been covered with hair, and, even to a comparatively recent date, hirsute bushes deformed the very faces of our ancestors, spreading wild over their cheeks and chins, as similar bushes, my poor Tish, spread wild over yours. But the object of the higher races of the Ana through countless generations has been to erase all vestige of connection with hairy vertebrata, and they have gradually eliminated that debasing capillary excrement by the law of sexual selection; the Gy-ei naturally preferring youth or the beauty of smooth faces. But the degree of the Frog in the scale of the vertebrata is shown in this, that he has no hair at all, not even on his head. He was born to that hairless perfection which the most beautiful of the Ana, despite the culture of incalculable ages, have not yet attained. The wonderful complication and delicacy of a Frog's nervous system and arterial circulation were shown by this school to be more susceptible of enjoyment than our inferior, or at least simpler, physical frame allows us to be. The examination of a Frog's hand, if I may use the expression, accounted for its keener susceptibility to love, and to social life

in general. In fact, gregarious and amatory as are the Ana, Frogs are still more so. In short, these two schools raged against each other; one asserting the An to be the perfected type of the Frog; the other that the Frog was the highest development of the An. The moralists were divided in opinion with the naturalists, but the bulk of them sided with the Frog-preference school. They said, with much plausibility, that in moral conduct (*viz.*, in the adherence to rules best adapted to the health and welfare of the individual and the community) there could be no doubt of the vast superiority of the Frog. All history showed the wholesale immorality of the human race, the complete disregard, even by the most renowned amongst them, of the laws which they acknowledged to be essential to their own and the general happiness and well-being. But the severest critic of the Frog race could not detect in their manners a single aberration from the moral law tacitly recognised by themselves. And what, after all, can be the profit of civilisation if superiority in moral conduct be not the aim for which it strives, and the test by which its progress should be judged?"

Here is the account of the author's restoration to the upper world—

In the midst of those hours set apart for sleep and constituting the night of the Vrilya, I was awakened from the disturbed slumber into which I had not long fallen, by a hand on my shoulder. I started, and beheld Zee standing beside me.

"Hush," she said, in a whisper; "let no one hear us. Dost thou think that I have ceased to watch over thy safety because I could not win thy love? I have seen Taë. He has not prevailed with his father, who had meanwhile conferred with the three sages whom, in doubtful matters, he takes into council, and by their advice he has ordained thee to perish when the world reawakens to life. I will save thee. Rise and dress."

Zee pointed to a table by the couch on which I saw the clothes I had worn on quitting the upper world, and which I had exchanged subsequently for the more picturesque garments of the Vrilya. The young Gy then moved towards the casement and stepped into the balcony, while hastily and wonderingly I donned my own habiliments. When I joined her on the balcony, her face was pale and rigid. Taking me by the hand, she said softly, "See how brightly the art of the Vrilya has lighted up the world in which they dwell. To-morrow that world will be dark to me." She drew me back into the room without waiting for my answer, thence into the corridor, from which we descended into the hall. We passed into the deserted streets and along the broad upward road which wound beneath the rocks. Here, where there is neither day nor night, the Silent Hours are unutterably solemn—the vast space illumined by mortal skill is so wholly without the sight and stir of mortal life. Soft as were our footsteps, their sounds vexed the ear, as out of harmony with the universal repose. I was aware in my own mind, though Zee said it not, that she had decided to assist my return to the upper world, and that we were bound towards the place from which I had descended. Her silence infected me, and commanded mine. And now we approached the chasm. It had been reopened; not presenting, indeed, the same aspect as when I had emerged from it, but, through that closed wall of rock before which I had last stood with Taë, a new cleft had been riven, and along its blackened sides still glimmered sparks and smouldered embers. My upward gaze could not, however, penetrate more than a few feet into the darkness of the hollow void, and I stood dismayed, and wondering how that grim ascent was to be made.

Zee divined my doubt. "Fear not," said she, with a faint smile; "your return is assured. I began this work when the Silent Hours commenced, and all else were asleep: believe that I did not pause till the path back into thy world was clear. I shall be with thee a little while yet. We do not part until thou sayest, 'Go, for I need thee no more.'"

My heart smote me with remorse at these words. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "would that thou wert of my race or I of thine, then I should never say, 'I need thee no more.'"

"I bless thee for those words, and I shall remember them when thou art gone," answered the Gy, tenderly.

During this brief interchange of words, Zee had turned away from me, her form bent and her head bowed over her breast. Now, she rose to the full height of her grand stature, and stood fronting me. While she had been thus averted from my gaze, she had lighted up the circlet that she wore round her brow, so that it blazed as if it were a crown of stars. Not only her face and her form, but the atmosphere around, were illumined by the effulgence of the diadem.

"Now," said she, "put thine arms around me for the first and last time. Nay, thus; courage, and cling firm."

As she spoke her form dilated, the vast wings expanded. Clinging to her, I was borne aloft through the terrible chasm. The starry light from her forehead shot around and before us through the darkness. Brightly, and steadfastly, and swiftly as an angel may soar heavenward with the soul it rescues from the grave, went the flight of the Gy, till I heard in the distance the hum of human voices, the sounds of human toil. We halted on the flooring of one of the galleries of the mine, and beyond, in the vista, burned the dim, rare, feeble lamps of the miners. Then I released my hold. The Gy kissed me on my forehead passionately, but as with a mother's passion, and said, as the tears gushed from her eyes, "Farewell for ever. Thou wilt not let me go into thy world—thou canst never return to mine. Ere our household shake off slumber, the rocks will have again closed over the chasm, not to be reopened by me, nor perhaps by others, for ages yet unguessed. Think of me sometimes, and with kindness. When I reach the life that lies beyond this speck in time, I shall look round for thee. Even there, the world consigned to thyself and thy people may have rocks and gulfs which divide it from that in which I rejoin those of my race that have gone before, and I may be powerless to cleave way to regain thee as I have cloven way to lose."

We have left ourselves no space for the third book on our list. *Anno Domini 2071* has made a great sensation in Holland, and even in Germany. It is well and cleverly written. The author goes to sleep, and wakes up two centuries hence. He finds the world very much changed, and is at his wit's ends until he falls in with Roger Bacon and a certain Miss Phantasia, who explain to him all the marvellous appliances which the progress of modern science is to enable our descendants to invent for the common purposes of life. The characteristic of the book is the real mastery of scientific knowledge and of the history of discovery which it shows. Here also we have the "woman's rights" question brought in—and we are told that the settlement of that question has very naturally resulted in a state of things not at all agreeable to the fairer and more aspiring sex.

DR. WEST ON THE DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

Modern London has seen very few institutions more beautiful in their intention and more satisfactory in their results than the "Hospital for Children," and wherever the benefits which have come from that Hospital have been most fully felt, the name of Dr. West has become known also as the active and successful physician to the establishment. Any one who is aware of this fact will welcome with avidity the announcement of a book from Dr. West on *Some Disorders in the Nervous System in Childhood* (Longmans); but the reader may perhaps be checked and find his enthusiasm chilled, as was the case with ourselves, on finding that the volume consists of a series of "Lumleian Lectures" delivered in the Royal College of Physicians in London, and that he must make up his mind for a good many technical terms and a good many hard names. Neuralgia, Epilepsy, Chorea, Paralysis—these are unfortunately not altogether unknown to us, but outsiders hardly expect to find much to interest them in lectures addressed to physicians on such subjects. However, we have much consolation to promise even to a "lay" reader of these Lectures, as we shall presently show. We must, however, perforce abdicate all pretence at the exercise of the critical function on such a work as that before us. Very few of the professional men to whom Dr. West spoke when he lectured would have known half so much about the matter as himself, and we have no intention whatever of assuming a knowledge to which few even among physicians can pretend. We can judge of the style of the book, and of its tone; both of them are admirable.

The last Lecture, which is partly on the subject of the mental and moral peculiarities of the disorders of children, touches ground on which Dr. West's remarks will very greatly interest ordinary readers, and we feel, moreover, that he is here giving us the result of an unusually perfect experience. Here are some very striking remarks—

The child lives in the present, not in the future, nor much even in the past, till the world has been sometime with him, and he by degrees shares the common heritage of retrospect and anticipation. This is the great secret of the quiet happiness which strikes almost all visitors to a children's hospital.

No one can have watched the sick bed of the child without remarking the almost unvarying patience with which its illness is borne, and the extremity of peril from which, apparently in consequence of that patience, a complete recovery takes place. Much, indeed, is no doubt due to the activity of the reparative powers in early life, but much also to the unruffled quiet of the mind. No sorrow for the past, no gloomy foreboding of the future, no remorse, disappointment, or anxiety depresses the spirits and enfeebles the vital powers. The prospect of death, even when its approach is realised—and this is not so rare as some may imagine—brings in general but small alarm. This may be from the vagueness of the child's ideas; it may be, as the poet says, that in his short life's journey "the heaven that lies about us in our infancy" has been so much with him that he recognizes more clearly than we can do

the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he came.

I dwell on this truth because it is of great practical moment that we should bear in mind to how very large an extent the child lives only in the

present; because it follows from it that to keep the sick child happy, to remove from it all avoidable causes of alarm, of suffering, of discomfort—to modify our treatment so as to escape a possible struggle with its waywardness, and even if death seems likely to occur, to look at it from a child's point of view—not from that which our larger understanding of good and evil suggests to our minds—are duties of the gravest kind, which weigh on the physician, on the parent, on the nurse, and which it behoves us none the less to remember because they are not dwelt on in the lecture-room, or in the medical treatise.

One word, and but one, I would add here, and I trust I may do so without incurring the suspicion of want of respect for religion, or of want of faith in its doctrines. Some of the most painful death-beds which I have ever witnessed have been those of children whose over-anxious friends have striven to force upon their minds the deepest verities of our faith, in that definite form in which they are embodied in catechisms and formularies. It is easier to frighten than to console;—the dark grave is realised, or, at least, imagined more vividly than its conqueror; and the little child, driven to look within for the evil which it does not know, and cannot find, but vaguely dreads, and would be sorry for if it knew it, has moved me to compassion only less than that I felt for its broken-hearted torturers, who have failed to learn that the little children—of whom our Saviour said that of such was His Kingdom—were not called on to recite any creed, to profess any faith; but, just as they were in their helpless ignorance, were deemed fit to be folded in His embrace, and to be held up to us as our example.

He adds another difference between children and adults in the sentences which follow—

The child lives at first in the external world, as if it were but a part of himself, or he a part of it, and the glad-heartedness which it rejoices us to see is as much a consequence of the vividness with which he realises the things around him as of that absence of care to which it is often attributed. This peculiarity shows itself in the dreams of childhood, which exceed in the distinctness of their images those which come in later life, and shows itself, too, in the frequency with which, even when awake, the active organs perceive unreal sounds, or, in the dark at night, conjure up ocular spectra; and these not merely colours, but distinct shapes which pass in long procession before the eyes. This power fades away with advancing life, except under some conditions of disease, the occasional appearance of luminous objects in the dark remaining the only relic of this gift of seeing visions, with which, in some slight degree at least, most of us were endowed in our early years. The child who dreads to be alone, and asserts that he hears sounds and perceives objects, is not expressing merely a vague apprehension of some unknown danger, but often tells a literal truth. The sounds have been heard; in the stillness of its nursery the little one has listened to what seemed a voice calling it; or, in the dark, phantasms have risen before its eyes, and the agony of terror with which it calls for a light or begs for its mother's presence, betrays an impression far too real to be explained away, or to be met by hard words or by unkind treatment.

Impressions such as these are not uncommon in childhood, even during health. Disorder, direct or indirect, of the cerebral functions, more commonly the latter, greatly exaggerates them; and I have known them both to outlast for many weeks all other signs of ailing health after convalescence from fever. The unreal sights are far more frequent than the sounds. The sounds are usually of the simplest kind—as the tinkling of a bell, of which we all remember the exquisite use made by Hans Andersen in one of his nursery tales; or the child's own name at intervals repeated, just as the little watchful boy heard it in far-off Judæa, when it was the prelude to a wondrous communication from the unseen world. It came to him as he woke from

sleep, before the early morning dawned, while the lamp, lighted over night, was burning still ; and still it is so far the same that these occurrences which suggest to us problems that we cannot attempt to solve, mostly take place at times of transition from the sleeping to the waking state.

The ocular spectra are usually far more vivid and detailed. Those which occur in the waking state are by no means always painful, though their strangeness not unfrequently alarms the child, and his horror of the dark is due, not to his seeing nothing, but to his seeing too much.

Dr. West goes on to add some very useful remarks on the subject of the intense sensibility of children—

The broken-heartedness of a child on leaving home is not the expression only of intense affection for its friends or relations ; it is the shock of separation from the familiar objects which have surrounded it ; and I have not infrequently seen children inconsolable when removed from homes that were most wretched, or from relations who were most unkind. Every now and then, indeed, we are compelled to send children back from the hospital because no love nor care can reconcile them to the change from home ; and they have refused to eat, and spent their nights in weeping. The feeling is an unreasoning one, like the home-sickness of the mountaineer.

I remember a little girl, ten years old, who was received into the Hospital for Sick Children with diabetes in an early stage, with slight indications of tubercular mischief about the apex of the left lung. . . . She was sad and somewhat listless for the first two days of being in the hospital. On the third day her friends visited her. Their visit greatly excited her, and when they left depression followed the previous excitement : she became sick, and vomited several times, her pulse rose to 150, her skin was cold, sordes collected around her teeth, and she lay calling for her mother. On the fourth day she vomited in the morning dark, coffee-ground like fluid, but did not seem either better or worse in other respects than on the previous day. Her mother came to see her, and her presence seemed to be a comfort to the child, as shown by signs rather than by words. The same afternoon she was taken home, a distance of four miles, and seemed no worse for the short journey. She never rallied, however, but gradually sank, and the next afternoon she died.

Another anecdote, and some subsequent remarks, and we close this valuable volume—

A little boy, five years old, whose health had previously been delicate, was taken on Oct. 23 to his father's funeral. There had never been any special tie between his father and himself, but the strange sad scene overcame him : he shivered violently, became very sick, complained of signs of pains in the head, but had lost the power of speech, and was unable to protrude his tongue. He was brought home, and lay listless and indifferent to surrounding objects all day, but resting in the night, able to swallow, but refusing food. On the third day he was admitted into the Children's Hospital, when his expression was dull ; his pupils were unnaturally dilated ; he could not close his right eye ; his mouth was drawn to the left side, and the saliva dribbled from his mouth ; power over the right arm was impaired, and the head was drawn to the left side. These symptoms did not persist ; power over the right side returned by degrees, as did the power of speech, and that of protruding his tongue ; but no corresponding improvement took place in his general condition. On October 28 he had for a few hours a gleam of cheerfulness, sat up, and played with toys, but this soon passed away. His days were spent in a drowsy, apathetic condition, varied only by calls for his mother, which did not always cease even when she was by his side ; and the nights were, without exception, restless and excited. On November 3 convulsions occurred, and they were

followed by deep drowsiness. The drowsiness deepened, the convulsions from time to time returned, and early on November 7 he died, just sixteen days after his father's funeral. A little fluid in the ventricles of the brain, a little congestion of its vessels, was all that the anatomist could find. I suppose his mother was right : she said his heart was broken.

It behoves us to bear in mind that the heart may break, or the reason fail, under causes that seem to us quite insufficient ; that the griefs of childhood may be, in proportion to the child's power of bearing them, as overwhelming as those which break the strong man down. In France, during the ten years from 1835 to 1844, 134 children between the ages of five and fifteen committed suicide, or, on the average, nineteen every year.

"In the greater number of the instances," says M. Durand-Farde,* to whose researches I am indebted for the figures I have just quoted, "in which the cause of the suicide is mentioned, one sees that they have killed themselves in consequence of punishment, or of reproofs, or of ill-usage. These facts deserve special attention ; they prove how much more the susceptibility and sensitiveness of children need to be taken into consideration than is commonly done."

Notices.

1. FEW things are more to be deprecated in modern criticism, the multifarious functions of which are extending every day, than the assumption of practical omniscience which in some cases is supposed to belong to the legitimate discharge of the office of critic. It is bad enough for shallow writers of books to make a great parade of learning, to crowd their pages with footnotes referring to authors at whose works they have scarcely looked, and to give in a few pages sweeping and exhaustive descriptions of whole fields of literature, history, philosophy, perhaps even theology, or again, schools of art which it would require a whole lifetime to master. This, we say, is bad enough, but it is worse that a critic should think himself bound to assume knowledge which he does not possess over the many fields of study which come before him in rapid succession as he tries to make his way through a table covered with books, some of which may have cost long labour to some of the best scholars and deepest thinkers of his time, and all of which have to be "done" in time for the next weekly or monthly issue of some newspaper or periodical. We sincerely hope that this absurdity is on the decrease, and that reviewers are beginning not to be afraid to say sometimes that there are a few things which they are not up to, and that the authors of laborious works do sometimes surpass them in knowledge of their own particular subjects. At all events, in dealing with the work now before us, which contains the first section of what has been long promised under the title of the "Speaker's Commentary"—from the fact that the Speaker of the House of Commons had something to do with its organization—we shall content ourselves with fairly confessing that we are only able to give a

* *Etude sur le Suicide chez les Enfants ; in Annales médico-psychologiques.*

very imperfect and rapid judgment as to its contents. It forms two handsome volumes, not very dear, well printed, containing the whole Pentateuch. The Bishop of Ely is responsible for Genesis, Canon Cook and Mr. Clark, of Bredwardine, for Exodus and Leviticus. Numbers and Deuteronomy has been annotated by Mr. Espin and the late Mr. Thrupp. There can be no doubt that the work will be a great improvement on any existing commentary of the sort among the Anglicans, and that it will embody a very large amount of sound and conscientious learning, especially on the subjects which modern controversies have chiefly touched, which Catholics will often find it very useful to refer to. Large as the volumes are, however, there is an necessary conciseness as to the notes, essays, and introductions which sometimes gives the impression of overshortness. To take an early instance—there is a note by Dr. Harold Browne at page 43 “on the immediate Creation and Primitive State of Man.” It fills more than half a page—but it is impossible in so short a space to do justice to the subject, or rather to give any account of the controversy. Some books are referred to, and that is about all. It is natural to ask, whether this Commentary is likely to turn out “orthodox.” We can only say, that it is on the orthodox side on the great questions which are involved in the authenticity and veracity of the Pentateuch. Here and there we have noted what may be called “slight intermittent” flashes of weakness in this respect. We suppose that any one who wanted to know what the commentators thought about miracles would turn among other stories to the story of Balaam. On looking at the place we find, at first, no indications of scepticism. The story, we are told, must have come from Balaam himself, and it could not have happened in a vision. It was not a merely subjective miracle. So far so good. But “the opinion that the ass actually uttered with the mouth articulate speech . . . or even that the utterance of the ass was so formed in the air as to fall with the accents of man's voice on Balaam's ears seems *irreconcilable with Balaam's behaviour.*” How so? we naturally ask. “It seems scarcely conceivable that he could have actually heard human speech from the mouth of his own ass and even go on . . . to hold a dialogue with her, and show no signs of dismay and astonishment.” This is great trash. We should like to ask the writer two things. First, how does he know that Balaam “showed no signs of dismay and astonishment?” He may have been dismayed and astonished, and not the less angry for that. Secondly, did St. Peter think the speaking of the ass “irreconcilable with Balaam's behaviour” when he wrote (2 Ep. ii. 16) that the “dumb beast, used to the yoke, *speaking with man's voice*, forbade the folly of the prophet?”

2. Many students of Scripture will be much surprised to learn that our Blessed Lady was not of the tribe of Judah, and that consequently, our Lord Himself is not a descendant of Judah or of David except by virtue of the fact that St. Joseph, the Spouse of our Blessed Lady, was such a descendant. This is the startling assertion made in an elaborate volume by the Rev. F. H. Laing, DD. *The Blessed Virgin's Root traced in the Tribe of Ephraim* (Washbourne). The genealogies in the Gospel, the distinct statement of St. Paul that our Lord sprang from Judah, the frequent promises in prophecy to David, not to speak of the promise to

Judah himself in the dying blessing of Jacob his father, the constant use of the title "Son of David," and the like, will all seem to be contradicted by this theory, which, as far as we are aware, and as far as the author tells us, has been discovered by himself first of all Christians after so many centuries which have passed since the day of Pentecost. There is certainly novelty in the notion, and we are bound to say, that the author would by no means consider himself as contravening the authorities and arguments on the other side of which we have just made mention. He would "turn" them all by declaring that as long as S. Joseph was the Son of David, our Lord was so too; that the tribe of Judah and the tribe of Ephraim, as representing Joseph the son of Jacob, were to divide between them the office, so to speak, of bringing the Messiah into the world, the "paternity" or genealogy, was to be Judah's, the "maternity" and right of the first-born was to be Ephraim's. He would further add that there is a great deal of prophecy which seems to promise some great part in the Providential design of the restoration of mankind to the Ephraimites, and that this has to be accounted for on some Christian hypothesis, as it has been used by the Jews in their belief concerning a future Messias Ben-Ephraim beside the Messias Ben-Judah,—not to mention the way in which Mormonites have tried to persuade themselves that Joe Smith was an Ephraimite, and the manner in which the same mass of prophecy has been used by the Millenarians. The argument is worked out with extreme ingenuity. It certainly does not convince us, and has altogether a queer look. We prefer altogether the old-fashioned belief that our Blessed Lady was a Virgin of the tribe of Judah and of the family of David—but the enthusiastic good faith with which this new view has been worked out till it fills an octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages is truly remarkable.

3. M. Edmond de Pressensé is a good man, and a learned man, an industrious and conscientious writer, and yet, from the unfortunate Protestant warp in his mind, and from his want of grasp of Christian theology, he is an unsafe guide even when he means the best. This is the only opinion which a Catholic writer can form upon his last work—*The Martyrs and Apologists*. Translated by Annie Harwood (Hodder and Stoughton). It is well conceived, well put together, and altogether a very interesting book—and yet we cannot recommend it unreservedly. It is divided into three books, the first of which treats of Christian missions and Pagan persecutions, the second of the Fathers of the second and third centuries, and the last of the controversies of the time with the Pagans. We notice that in the Appendix M. de Pressensé has a chapter on the *Philosophoumena*, which he attributes to St. Hippolytus, following in this Döllinger and Jacobi. He does not seem even to have heard of the very lucid and exhaustive articles of Cav. de Rossi on the subject—after which, although they are mainly addressed to the vindication of St. Callistus from the charge brought against him by the anonymous author, we should hardly have thought that any one could have written so undoubtingly on the side of the question maintained by the author now before us.

4. *Selections from Private Journals of Tours in France in 1815 and 1818*. By Lord Palmerston (Bentley, 1871). These journals are

pleasant reading, and have probably been published on account of the interest attaching to anything connected with the state of things in France after Waterloo, when there was an army of occupation on her soil, and she was bleeding at every pore after her great defeat, the memory of which is so painfully revived by her present condition. Lord Palmerston, then Secretary of War, was in France in the August and September after the battle of Waterloo in 1815, and again for a few weeks in 1818, before the evacuation of the country by the army under the Duke of Wellington. Things were in a strange state then. Among other things, he found (in 1815) the people of Normandy expecting to be "annexed" to England, and not so very reluctant either! Of course his great interest was fixed on military questions, and we find him in these journals an enthusiastic admirer of the Duke of Wellington, and loud in his praises of the discipline and efficiency of the army under his command. He seems to have no doubt at all that British soldiers were the first in the world. He lived to see others surpass them, though not conquer them, and we fear he would hardly write at the present moment with that satisfaction in his country's supremacy which underlies a great part of the journals before us. The last of the two, curiously enough, almost ends at Sedan, through which town Lord Palmerston passed on his way to Brussels by Waterloo.

5. Numerous as are the lives of great servants of God, they still come to us fresh in unfailing variety at the same time that the common family characteristics of high sanctity run through them all. Those of saintly men who have lived in our own time have a peculiar charm for us, and they witness with an especial force to the perpetual fecundity of the Church and the everlasting favour of her heavenly Spouse. Thus we welcome heartily the appearance of Dr. Melia's "*Life of Vincent Pallotti of Rome*, the Founder of the Pious Society of Missions" (London, Burns and Oates). Father Pallotti, who died at Rome in 1850, may have been known personally to many of our readers, and many more, who have visited Rome since his death, may have heard traditions of his heroic sanctity and Apostolical labours. The Society which he founded has its head-quarters at San Salvatore in Onda, near the Ponte Sisto, and has the charge of the Italian Church in London. The solemn celebration of the Octave of the Epiphany by sermons in various languages, Masses after various rites, and the like, which many who have spent a winter in Rome will remember, owes its origin to him. By far the greater part of his life was spent in the holy City, in which his labours for good were endless, and where he lived with the same sort of reputation as that which made the Curé d'Ars so famous in France. The Life before us is the work of Father Pallotti's disciple and friend, Dr. Raffaele Melia, and seems to have been based upon the process which has been begun for the beatification and canonisation of the servant of God. It will be found extremely interesting, and is full of practical suggestions of the highest value for good works of various kinds.

6. Father Genelli's is the best existing life of St. Ignatius of Loyola—perhaps it would be difficult to improve upon it. It has the same advantage over the older lives with that of Fr. Mariani—in that it is

founded upon documents which earlier writers had not at their disposal, or did not use: and it surpasses Mariani's life—which unfortunately exists in English only in a very poor translation,—in that it is cast in a better literary form and makes more prominent use of the letters of the Saint. It is certainly curious how widely different our tastes in this respect are from the tastes of our forefathers, who seem to have been perfectly well content with a narration of the actions of a Saint without caring to have his thoughts and doings chronicled in his own words as far as that was possible. Modern readers require more literal accuracy, greater minuteness of detail, and value far more highly everything that brings them into the closest possible relations with the men themselves in whose works they are interested. In this respect we think that we may plume ourselves on having got the better of our ancestors. It is not so very long since that biographers thought they had a right to put speeches into the mouths of those whom they write about, after the fashion of Thucydides or Livy. Very good speeches they are, no doubt, in many cases, but still not historical. Fr. Meyrick has made us all his debtors by his very excellent translation of the work of Fr. Genelli. (Burns and Oates.)

7. *Ierne*; a Tale. By W. Steuart Trench (Longmans). Why we have this Irish romance, instead of another instalment of "Irish realities," is related by Mr. Trench in his Preface. He had, he says, completed a sketch of Irish history, tracing the various occupations of the country from that of Strongbow, under Henry the Second, to the plantations of James the First and William the Third; but as it was written when the Irish Land Bill was before Parliament, he was asked to withdraw it from publication. He did so, but worked up the materials of which it was to consist into the now published tale of two volumes. As a story, *Ierne* possesses little or no value, for although it contains several sketches and descriptions of intense vigour and interest, the chief characters are mere lay-figures for introducing the subjects of discussion. But there is no doubt that Mr. Trench is thoroughly alive to the character and temper of the Irish, and to the disaffected condition of Ireland, and its causes. We have lived through the generous and thorough, though tardy, casting-out of the one great and crying injustice to Ireland—the English Church Establishment. This did not heal the sore, which Mr. Trench has so frequently and boldly touched—the feeling that the land belongs to the Irish people, and ought to be given back to them again—not in large properties, or to large proprietors, even of native Irish, but to the people, the tillers of the soil. Mr. Trench speaks with real knowledge when he recommends a *royal residence* in Ireland as one chief remedy for much discontent.

8. We have in a former page of our present number been guilty of an unintentional act of injustice—if, at least it is an injustice to a book to say that it does not exist. We were under the impression that an English translation of the *Fioretti di San Francesco*, the subject of our first article, which had been advertised some years ago, had never seen the light. It has however been published, probably not very recently—*The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi*, translated from the Italian. Edited by the Rt Revd H. E. Manning DD. The translators are said

to have been Lady G. Fullerton, the Marchesa di Salvo, and the late lamented Subprioress of the Franciscan Convent at Bayswater. The translation, as might have been expected from such hands, is exceedingly good—and we rejoice very much to find that this beautiful work has been presented to English readers in a form as nearly as possible worthy of the original.

9. Father Gordon of the London Oratory has edited a translation of a part of Courbon's well-known treatise on mental prayer (*Familiar Instructions on Mental Prayer*. By the Abbé Courbon. Burns and Oates). The whole work consists of five parts, on Meditation, Effective Prayer, Active Recollection, Passive Recollection, and the Prayer of Union. Only the two first are here given to the English reader, and we are not told whether the remainder are to follow. The name of Courbon is sufficiently well known to secure a favourable reception for the work which, it appears, was highly valued by the late Father Faber. The treatise is plain and familiar, cast in the form of question and answer, and cannot be studied without profit by those who are not deterred by the appearance of technicality which all treatises on the same subject wear if they are put in the form of catechism.

10. Bishop Hefele's *History of the Christian Councils* is a standard work, which ought to be in the library of every theologian, and of every religious establishment of learning, though it may not be entirely satisfactory on every point of detail. Mr. Clark, the vicar of Taunton, has translated the first part into English, and published it in a handsome volume (*A History of the Christian Councils*, from the original documents. To the close of the Council of Nicæa. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh). We see that the same enterprising publishers announce a series of translations from St. Augustine, in sixteen volumes, under the editorship of Mr. Marcus Dods.

11. Who has not desired to have a careful English version of the Psalms, following literally the Hebrew text, and at the same time explaining the words by parallel passages, and the like? Many of the Psalms are, as it is, almost sealed up to ordinary Christians, who are thus deprived of the treasure-house of all devotion, the breviary, so to speak, of our Blessed Lord, His Mother, and the Apostles. Dr. Kay, formerly Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, has put forth a volume which professes to give us just what we want (*The Psalms*, translated from the Hebrew, with notes chiefly exegetical. By W. Kay, D.D. Rivingtons). He has almost every qualification for the task which he has undertaken, and appears to have fulfilled it admirably.

12. The Revd. R. Smiddy has published a very learned and a very lucid *Essay on the Druids the Ancient Churches and the Round Towers of Ireland* (Dublin, W. B. Kelly): He has compressed into the first two chapters a very exhaustive account of the Druids, ending with their conversion by the Christian missionaries. The third chapter explains the Ancient Irish Churches, their resemblance to those of Greece, and the meaning of many popular names connected with religion, as those by which penances, the Mass, and the like, are known. The last

chapter is devoted to the Round Towers, which, as Mr. Smiddy shows, were meant to be baptisteries, and owed their form to a desire to imitate the reed. The popular name in Ireland for them means "reed-house." The argument is very well put together.

13. We are very glad to receive from Mr. Washbourne a new and very neat edition of Mr. Allies' standard work, *St. Peter, his Name and his Office*. We give it the name of standard work advisedly. There is no single book in English on the Catholic side which contains the Scriptural argument about St. Peter and the Papacy so clearly or so conclusively put. It embodies all the learned and elaborate argument of Passaglia, from whose work it is derived, but the matter is condensed and arranged by the hand of a master, and thus the book is anything but a mere translation. This is the first of three unanswerable works in which Mr. Allies has treated the whole Anglican position, and we trust that the other two will be republished in the same attractive form.

14. We are glad to see that Mr. Stewart Rose's *Ignatius Loyola and the early Jesuits* (Longmans) has reached a second edition. It is encouraging to find that a conscientious and well meant attempt of this kind has met with success at the hands of the general public. The second edition has been carefully revised, and is free from several mistakes which had crept into the first.

15. *Marion Howard*, by F. A. Richardson, is a controversial tale—so far, at least, as that it relates the history of some conversions and contains a good deal of argument. It is very prettily written, and the story has a great deal of interest quite apart from the controversy.

16. We have received from Messrs. Murphy, Baltimore, a very beautiful little book *On the Happiness of Heaven*, by a Father of the Society of Jesus. It draws out in successive chapters what can be known about the Beatific Vision, the perfection of the intellect and will, the properties of the glorified body, and the social joys of heaven. The book deserves all praise. We may add to this short notice a word in acknowledgment of a pretty story, by Grace Ramsay—*Mary Benedicta*, (Burns and Oates) and some selections from Thomas a Kempis by F. H. Hamilton, MA. under the title *Golden Words* (*ib.*).



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MY DEAR PROFESSOR ROBERTSON—I beg to thank you most sincerely for the copy of your translation of the "*Anti-Janus*" of Dr. Hergenröther, which you have so kindly forwarded to me. You could scarcely have chosen for translation any work better suited to illustrate the important questions which are so often discussed in the non-Catholic and Rationalistic publications of the present day. Those enemies of the Holy See, who, in Germany, or nearer home, sought to obstruct the great work of the Vatican General Council, appealed chiefly, in support of their vain theories, to the facts of history, which they misrepresented and distorted in a thousand ways, and in the anonymous "*Janus*" was skilfully compressed all the venom of these attacks. Dr. Hergenröther, in his "*Anti-Janus*," presents an antidote against the erroneous statements of the assailants of Rome, setting forth in true light the important historic facts which were travestied and falsified by them. You have rendered a great service to our Catholic public by your excellent translation of this admirable work, which, I trust, will be widely circulated among our people. Wishing you many years to continue to enrich our literature with such important Catholic works, I remain, with great esteem, your faithful servant,

* PAUL CARD. CULLEN.

J. B. ROBERTSON, Esq.

Thurles, March 26, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. ROBERTSON—It gives me much pleasure to find that your excellent translation of Dr. Hergenröther's work, "*Anti-Janus*," has been so favourably reviewed, not only in Catholic, but even in Protestant journals. Whilst impartial judges, whatever their creed, will concur in this favourable opinion of your translation, Catholics must acknowledge themselves deeply indebted to you for having placed in the hands of the English reader so able a refutation of a very bad book, so powerful a vindication of what is now an article of our faith. Nor let it be said that "*Anti-Janus*" comes too late now that the Vatican Council has decided the great question discussed in its pages. It is never too late to defend the truth. The question of the Infallibility of the Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, has, no doubt, been decided for all time to come, and no true Catholic can appeal from the decision. But un-Catholic and anti-Catholic writer will, it may be assumed, continue to misrepresent the facts of ecclesiastical history brought to bear upon the question, and so long as they shall do so, "*Anti-Janus*" will furnish powerful weapons to combat and overthrow such insidious misrepresentations. "*Anti-Janus*" possesses a permanent value. To have made it accessible to the English reader, as you have done in your admirable translation, is not the least of the many services rendered to the cause of Catholic truth by the translator of Moehler's "*Symbolism*." I beg to remain, my dear Mr. Robertson, very faithfully yours,

* PATRICK LEAHY, Archbishop of Cashel.

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